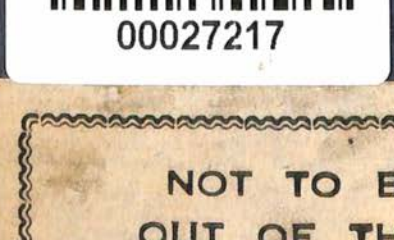
00027217

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 21 October, 2015

STATEMENTS

OF THE

Persecution of the Protestants

IN THE

27217

SOUTH OF FRANCE,

SINCE THE

RESTORATION OF THE BOURBON FAMILY,

CONTAINED IN

A PETITION,

Addressed to LEWIS THE EIGHTEENTH, by the principal PROTESTANTS OF NISMES

A Narrative

IN DEFENCE OF THE PROTESTANTS OF LOWER LANGUEDOC,

Also laid before the King,

AND OTHER IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS

TOGETHER WITH A

PREFATORY ADDRESS

AND

SUMMARY OF THE PERSECUTIONS

Endured by this oppressed People from the earliest Periods of authentic History to the present Time.

BY THE REV. J. COBBIN

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR OGLES, DUNCAN, AND COCHRAN, [illegible]; J. OGLE, EDINBURGH, AND M. OGLE, GLASGOW

1817.

C0b/5L[illegible]

SINCE this Pamphlet was printed, the Editor has received the whole History *of the* ORIGIN, *and* AUTHOR *of the* Defence, *and pledges himself that it comes from* THE MOST RESPECTABLE AUTHORITY!

S. Gosnell, Printer, Little Queen Street, London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

HAD the following Pamphlet contained any thing of *political invective*, it certainly should not have had the sanction of my name, however limited its influence; for though, in the circles of society, the Minister mingles the *Citizen* with the sacred character, and claims a right to deliver his opinions *without being responsible to any for using the freedom of the parlour or the drawing-room*, it is widely different when he presents himself to the Public either in the *pulpit* or from the *press*; and he forgets the dignity of his sacred office, if he becomes the trumpeter of *any party*, and uses the influence of his character, either to *eulogize* the powers that be, or to *declaim* against them.

I however felt some difficulty in counte-

nancing *an anonymous* Pamphlet; but, though I cannot vouch for the truth of every statement which it makes, I have several strong reasons for believing the writer, some of which are mentioned in the Prefatory Address. The enslaved state of the press in France, and the rage of party spirit, are sufficient apologies for the concealment of his name; and the communications which I myself have received, both *personally and by letter*, without regarding the current news of the day, perfectly satisfy my mind that *the general statement* in the Defence deserves credit.

If I could be indifferent to the *subject* of the Pamphlet, and leave it to die away in silence, I should consider myself as undeserving the names of *Christian* and *Minister of Jesus Christ*: I should forget one of the most distinguishing features of the Christian character—to "weep with those that weep;" and, while the voice of my brother's blood crieth from the ground, I should consider myself more wicked than Cain, to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Should this Pamphlet, and the remarks annexed to it, lead to a clearer developement of the truth of those facts to which it relates; should it stir up the friends of religious liberty to increasing vigilance; and should it be productive of any active measures for the future security of our Protestant brethren in France, who make but one ecclesiastical body with ourselves, I shall willingly bear any censures which partymen may bestow upon me for meddling with the subject.

I hope it will be clearly understood that this Publication is not designed to injure the cause of *Catholic Emancipation*; for that cause I have always been an humble but zealous advocate; and, while I remain a friend to full toleration, I must always continue so. It does not form a part of the creed which I learn in the Bible, "Let us do evil that good may come." These pages are only directed against *intolerance*; and against that, I trust I shall ever continue a decided enemy, whether I behold it in Catholic or Protestant.

I wish only to add, that the Pamphlet was put into my hands already *translated and printed*, and that I was only allowed *a few days* to draw up the hasty sketch and preface which accompany it.

J. COBBIN.

Maida Hill, Paddington,
Oct. 30, 1815.

PREFATORY ADDRESS.

THE Pamphlet here presented to the Public was printed in Paris, and *suppressed:* this is no small argument for its *truth:* had it been false, it would have been liable to prosecution; but, as it contains some unquestionable facts, this was all the remedy that could be devised to prevent the knowledge of them from spreading throughout France. Its credit, however, does not rest upon mere inference: many letters have reached this country which corroborate the awful facts here detailed, and some of them from *the most credible authorities;* were liberty granted, the names of these correspondents could be stated, and, from their *known respectability*, the public must give them credit.

Yet it is astonishing to observe how wilfully incredulous some people are about the affair which it narrates; and when these respectable names are mentioned, they reply, that these are *interested* persons, imbued with the party spirit of the sufferers. But if these witnesses are not to be credited, where is evidence to be obtained, or, how can we arrive at the truth on any subject? Is it to be supposed that the criminal party will condemn themselves, and publish their crimes to the world? And are there not to be found

among the sufferers, men of the strictest probity, who have the remains of the spirit which influenced a Du Bose, a Claude, and all the celebrated champions of the Protestant faith in France?

It cannot, however, be denied, that great commotions exist, or, at least, have existed, in the South of France; for the French Government attest the fact! and admit, too, that the Protestants have been principally involved in them; but then they gloss over the matter, as wholly of a POLITICAL NATURE: were it so, what would it serve to prove?—That the Protestants, for some reasons, not stated, and, probably, from a consideration of the former sufferings which they endured under the Bourbons, preferred even the military despotism of Bonaparte, to the ecclesiastical despotism of their ancient rulers.

But it is very disputable whether the Protestants, as a body, really are Bonapartists, and whether politics has had any concern with the late sanguinary transactions. A slight reference to *past facts* should make us very cautious how we disregard the cries of the sufferers under any such pretext. It is well worthy of observation, that *there never yet has been a persecution of the Protestants in France, whether partial or general, in which the persecutors have not been ashamed to confess their guilt, and have apologized for themselves on the same ground.*

When Francis I. published a severe edict against the Reformed, and the Protestant princes of Germany remonstrated, he said that it was only issued against some rebels, *who, under cover of religion, had endeavoured to disturb the peace of the kingdom.* The Go-

vernor Oppeda, of infamous celebrity in the annals of persecution, excused himself for slaughtering the poor Waldenses on the ground that they were *in a state of rebellion.* When the Protestants first assembled at Paris, under the countenance of the King and Queen of Navarre, in 1557, the priests obtained an edict against them on the usual pretence, that the Lutherans were *raising a sedition at Paris.* The Cardinal Guise afterwards got permission to attempt the extirpation of all the Reformed, and pleaded, that they had *a plot against the state.* When the Duke of Guise committed the massacre at Vassy, *he secured false witnesses to sign an affidavit in his favour, accusing the Protestants of being a* FACTIOUS *set of people, and charging them as the aggressors.* Nay, even THE CRUELTIES WHICH PRECEDED AND FOLLOWED THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES WERE AUDACIOUSLY DENIED BY THE CATHOLICS! "In May (1685)," says ROBINSON, "the clergy held an assembly at Versailles. Their deputies, as usual, harangued BAJAZET (meaning LEWIS XIV.), congratulated him for the success of his design to extirpate heresy, extolled the glory he had acquired by oppressing the Reformed, above all the victories that he had ever obtained. In defiance of all the blood flowing in the Cevennes, and in all the distant provinces, and in spite of all the groans that issued from galleys, banishments, and dungeons, they assured the tyrant, he had raised *the Church* to the highest pitch of glory, and filled it with joy, because he had done the great work *without fire or sword.* However, to make neat fashionable work, they added eight-and-twenty little articles more, all

despotic and penal, which were yet to be done, to finish off the exploit. This kind of orators have *a patent for lying;* and death and the devil have a commission, the first from Lewis, and the last from the Pope, to silence all who dare contradict them *." When CLAUDE published his *Complaints of the Protestants of France,* the same writer remarks, that "he understood, that Bossuet and the other French prelates had the consummate impudence to affirm, that the Government had used no force toward the Protestants, but that the Bishops had converted them by reason, and argument, and gentle measures. Shocked at the accumulated impiety of the men, he stated the facts, painted the bishops in their own colours, published the book, and appealed to all Europe. All Europe (except the Pope, and our James II., who caused the book to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman)—all Europe echoed, Everlasting infamy cover the bishops of France †! Sir Roger Le Strange and others even dared to *contradict* Claude's work when the English translation appeared, and it was the French ambassador who procured the burning of the book, and the ruin of the translator and publisher by fines and imprisonments ‡." LAVAL corroborates these accounts ||; but he gives further information, which throws additional light upon the schemes employed by the persecutors to conceal their nefarious transactions: "Though,"

---

* Life of Claude, p. 46—7. † Ibid. p. 51.

‡ Claude's Complaints of the Protestants, Preface, p. 2.

|| Laval's History of the Reformation in France, Appendix, p. 95.

says this writer, "some of these facts have been called in question, during Lewis XIV.'s life, by *a certain set of mercenary scribblers;* nay, though some of them have carried their impudence so far as to deny that there had been *any persecution* at all in *France*, or that any other but fair means had been put in use to convert the Reformed, or that any Reformed had suffered on account of religion, but only for being REBELLIOUS TO THE KING, we have had since the death of that prince the satisfaction to see the truth of these matters of fact acknowledged, even by those who had an interest to deny it. The Duke of Orleans had no sooner taken upon him the administration of the government, but the Court's sentiments were quite altered, and even the Clergy themselves, *who commonly are not the most zealous assertors of toleration*, blamed the conduct of the late ministry, and owned, that, *considering every thing only in a political view, the late persecution was directly opposite to the true interests of the state;* and at this time whoever should deny, even in France, that the late King has violently persecuted, without any just cause, his Reformed subjects, would be deemed a lunatic." BISHOP GIBSON, in one of his Tracts on Popery, says, speaking of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, "There seems to be a kind of conspiracy among the French clergy *to deny this persecution*, or at least to represent it as neither *so violent* or *universal* as indeed it was, to which purpose it is affirmed, in a discourse said to be written by order of the Clergy, under this title, 'A Letter from a Churchman to his Friend,' that there were not forty churches of Protestants demolished in

the ten years preceding 1682, when it is notoriously known that, in the province of Poitou alone, near that number were pulled down, and the agent of the Clergy had the May before said, at the opening of the assembly, that the King had demolished an infinite number of them."

These extracts from such respectable authorities should place us upon our guard when we hear the Catholics endeavouring to cry down the complaints of the Protestants, and especially against the stale trick of charging them with REBELLION, when those complaints are so loud that they must be heard.

Other means are, however, used to invalidate the testimony which is given in this pamphlet; and we are gravely told, that Nismes is not the part where the Protestants are chiefly to be found. But those who are conversant with the history of the Reformed Church of France, know that Nismes has always been celebrated as a flourishing spot among that community. There the celebrated Claude was once fixed as the pastor of a *large church*; there, for two centuries and a half, the Protestants have been remarkable for their zeal and devotedness to the Christian faith in its purity; there the blood of the Martyrs has often flowed in torrents, and its illustrious Ministers have as often received the crown of martyrdom. Such a place is, therefore, a very likely theatre on which to renew the bloody scenes of persecution that disgraced the former ages.

Another fact is worthy of notice—that the Protestants *expected* this persecution; and the re-restoration of the Bourbons was a matter of dread to them for some time before it occurred, as the Catholics had

shown such a disposition to persecute on their first return.

Besides, is there any thing new in these measures? They are such as the Papal power always employed in France when it had the ability. Down to the period of the expulsion of the Bourbons the French Protestants laboured under some of the most cruel proscriptions: is it, then, to be wondered at, if, on the restoration of the Catholic power, they should be renewed? The wolf long chained, on his release naturally breaks in upon the lambs with greater fury. The same Head of the Church that would restore the INQUISITION and the JESUITS, both of which have been the greatest scourges to Protestants, would not hesitate a moment to encourage measures so consonant with their spirit.

"But, then," say the disputants on this subject, "why is not the persecution universal? If it were a religious plot, it would spread all over France." Perhaps, it yet may, if some means are not employed to prevent it; but a fire does not burn at all parts at the commencement. Is there no persecution but what is general? Do not the pages of history state many instances, in which the most cruel persecutions were *partially* inflicted on the French Protestants? Was the massacre at *Vassy*, for instance, no persecution? And in most cases, the persecuted have suffered, not in the aggregate, but in detail.

"But the times are altered, and all men think differently of persecution now to what they did at former periods; this cannot, therefore, be any thing more than the suppression of some *rebellious* Protestants." Yes, the times are altered, but *Popery remains the*

same; and if an extraordinary spirit of zeal has appeared of late in this country, it is to be feared that it will all be wanted to stir us up to plead for the continuance of those blessings which we now so happily enjoy. The last eighteen months have, however, thrown Europe considerably backwards towards those gloomy regions of tyranny from which it was hoped that she had escaped. The greedy cells of the Inquisition have been re-opened, like so many Tophets, to receive their wretched victims; and the Jesuits, whom all Europe had agreed to banish for ever from its soil, have again been let loose upon society like so many ravenous wolves. The times are altered; yes: but it will not be long for the better, if that race of arch-fiends are suffered to stalk abroad in the world; we may then soon expect to see the renewal of those arbitrary and savage measures which have made humanity shudder, and stamped the Christian name with infamy! "If," as that respectable periodical work, the *Christian Observer*, has remarked, "if an instrument is wanted, which may at once quench the flame of charity, throw us back in the career of ages, sow the seeds of everlasting division, lay a train which is to explode upon the citadel of Truth, and overturn her sacred towers—we venture confidently to affirm, that Jesuitism is that instrument *."

Shame, shame, to the apologists for these measures! Some of them are, no doubt, Papists in their hearts, and we cannot be surprised at them; others are unwilling to confess the crimes of those whom they have always po-

* Christian Observer, March 1815.

litically supported with all their might; but there are some among them who ought to know better, or, if they have been deceived, it becomes them to throw off the veil of prejudice, and candidly avow their error.—*Humanum est errare.*

It will, no doubt, be said, and in some of our daily journals that seem to be destined to deceive us on the subject, it *has* been said, that "so much notice of so small an affair is exciting unnecessary alarms." To this it may be replied, Is there not a cause? If nothing else should rouse us, we ought at least to have a regard for *our own safety.* Were the enemy not within our territories, the demon of persecution has at least begun his march from the Vatican. His first steps are marked with blood; he is still pursuing his career, and, beneath his *Jesuitical canonicals,* he carries the torch of discord, the bolts and chains of the Inquisition, and the deadly dagger of the assassin. His secret emissaries have found their way into Ireland—his Nuncio has dared to touch the sacred soil of England, and his flattering insinuations have reached the ears of a British Court, of whom it may emphatically be said, "The words of his mouth are smoother than butter—but war was in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords." Surely, then, it is high time to awake out of sleep. When Popes and Cardinals begin to pass compliments upon a Protestant Government, it is not without some design!. Will it be believed, that the Pope's pleasure originated merely in a *political* cause, when he expressed himself thus in his Allocution on the 4th of September last: "How could we restrain the senti-

ments of joy and gratitude with which we were penetrated on learning the manner in which our envoy was received in the capital (London) of so great a kingdom! He then renewed what had not been seen for two centuries, the example of a Cardinal Legate appearing publicly in London, with the permission of the Government, decorated with the distinctive marks of his dignity, in the same manner as he would have appeared in the capital of the Christian world." Let it not be supposed that there are no dangers to be apprehended in this country. The Catholics are not indolent. In *one* district of Ireland only, they have lately made *five hundred converts.* A gentleman, who gives an account of *one of the monastic institutions in this country*, subjoins the following remark: "The number of persons at this place who, within a few years, have embraced the Romish faith, is very considerable; the contagion has spread, and is spreading, into the neighbouring villages*." The Emigrants have not been idle during their residence in the United Kingdom. There are no less than *four hundred thousand* Catholics in England and Wales, and *fifty* thousand of these are in London and its vicinity. There is no county in England which is now without Catholic chapels and congregations. The number of chapels (MOSTLY ERECTED WITHIN THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS) is about nine hundred, exclusive of the private chapels of Catholic families. In the summer of 1813, there were confirmed in the three towns of Manchester, Liverpool, and Preston alone, 3000 children. Schools

* Gentleman's Mag. Oct. 1801.

are every where increasing. At Preston there is one for a *thousand* children; and near that town is the great collegiate foundation of Stonyhurst *. They have numerous schools well attended in London; and in Ireland their numbers are enormous, being three and a quarter millions of Catholics to one and a quarter millions of Protestants. Many of the great have attended high mass in London, and subscribed liberally towards the Catholic chapels. Who can doubt, *then, but that Popery is increasing* † ?

When the Catholic leaven is, therefore, so seriously spreading among us, and we behold the spirit that yet actuates the professors of this faith, it is criminal for us to be indifferent. Our own safety is involved in it. We ought at once to check such measures in the beginning, and to take from the hands of our enemies the weapons which give them an authority almost invincible, while we have it in our power so to do.

Let us not trust to the gratitude of such men. It is true that we have long fostered them in the bosom of our country—that we have supported them when in want—and that we have nearly exhausted our blood and treasure to restore them to power: but a Catholic feels no obligations to a heretic! One of those base priests who first took shelter in this land at the revolution, and who was pensioned by the bounty of its Government, was overheard saying in a very large Protestant place of worship, into which he entered with a companion, "*I should like to see this place streaming*

* See A brief Account of the Jesuits, p. 41.

† Fashionable World Displayed.

with the blood of these heretics !"* The spirit of Popery is of that odious nature, that it quenches all sense of obligation, and all the feelings of gratitude. "Lewis XIV. is represented by his own friends as having intended the repeal of the edict of Nantes at his first coming to the throne; that is, at the very moment when the Protestants had displayed the most unquestionable loyalty, and rendered him and his family the most important services, by vigorously opposing the progress of his enemies, rejecting the great and advantageous offers which were made them, kept towns and whole provinces for him, taken his servants and officers into their bosoms when they could not find safety elsewhere; yea, they sacrificed their estates, their lives, and their fortunes, to his cause †."

After such facts as these, it is not wonderful if the Catholic government, restored by the Protestant influence, should fall upon its own subjects, who are allied to us in faith and interest; nor would it at all be surprising if we should shortly be at war with that very power; it would only be another illustration of the fable of the *serpent*, who, when restored to vigour, bit the hand that had rescued it from destruction.

But let not our own interest be the sole cause for vigilance. The peace of Europe is involved in these beginnings. The powers of Europe have thrown down a monstrous *political tyranny*—let them beware lest they suffer a worse tyranny to replace it—*an ecclesiastical tyranny!* Let them, then, strangle the mon-

* The writer is well acquainted with the witness to this fact.

† Complaints of the Protestants, p. 140.

ster in the cradle! Let them give no countenance to his first acts of barbarity! Let them at least watch all his motions with a jealous eye! Why has the Pope restored the *Inquisition*, but to enslave *subjects?* why has he restored the *Jesuits*, but to enslave *kings?* Is it forgotten who the Jesuits are? what are their professed principles? what the crimes they have perpetrated? Is it forgotten that they are a set of artful and intriguing priests, bound by oath to support the interests of the Pope, to render *him unconditional obedience* in every thing that may promote the Roman church, and to go whithersoever he shall command them to propagate that cause, without any expense to the Holy See, looking for their reward from those persons whom they may have made dupes to their principles? that they are under the absolute control of the General of the order, who is the oracle of the Pope; who, by the most effectual means, is even acquainted with all their secret inclinations, and applies them, when it pleases him, to execute the basest purposes? that they often conceal their designs under the mask of merchants, and, while they are accumulating wealth in foreign countries, exert their secret influence to destroy those governments which protect them, if they do not meet their wishes? and that one of their objects is, especially, *to root out the Protestants from the face of the earth?* that they profess that the end of an act sanctifies the means employed to accomplish it; and hesitate not to commit the greatest crimes, if they have any hopes that they will benefit the Church? that they have dared to publish such tenets concerning the duty of subjects to oppose heretical princes, as

must tend to dissolve all ties of fidelity between princes and subjects? Is it forgotten that two kings of France, Henry III. and IV. were *murdered* successively by their agents? that William, Prince of Orange, fell by the same hands? that the lives of many other sovereigns have been attempted by them? and that the Popes themselves have not been spared who resisted their spirit of domination? Is it forgotten that, after having committed the most atrocious acts, and embroiled Europe in many bloody conflicts, these wretches were gradually expelled by all the principal powers in Europe:—by England in 1604; by Venice in 1606; by Portugal in 1759; by France in 1764; by Spain and Sicily in 1767; and at last totally suppressed and abolished by Pope Clement the Fourteenth in 1773*? And now, when the peace of Europe is to be fixed upon a *permanent basis*, these COMMON DISTURBERS are to be restored! Now that the *legitimate rights* of *sovereigns* are to be universally recognised, these REGICIDES are to be TOLERATED!!! If the kings of Europe are not concerned for their safety, it belongs to the people to be concerned for their own; and, however these *arbitrary measures* may be borne by Catholic states, Protestant states ought not for a moment to endure them. When the present Pope restored the order of the Jesuits, he immediately sent four of them into IRELAND, for what purpose it is not difficult to conjecture: perhaps time may fatally show. And it is not accusing the Jesuits of more than they deserve, to suppose that they may not have been

* See Account of the Jesuits.

passive in the affair of Nismes, and in those atrocities lately committed in other parts of France.

But, whoever were the instigators, it is hoped that the fact will no longer be disputed, and that the cries of the unhappy sufferers will not be stifled by the clamours of political apologists. EVERY PROTESTANT IN EUROPE OUGHT NOW TO RAISE HIS VOICE IN BEHALF OF THE OPPRESSED, so as to cause it to be heard, before the monarchy of France is more firmly re-established. Now we have it in our power to redress their grievances, we should fence the Protestants around as with a wall of brass, and for ever endear to them our name and our country. We have a right to some return for all our sacrifices: it is a boon that must be granted. Nothing has yet been done to secure the Protestants wherever the ancient Catholics have been restored by our arms. They have been forgotten in every treaty. The POPE *no sooner recovered his territories*, than he EXPELLED THEM. FERDINAND *no sooner returned to Spain, than he sent missionaries through the country to ROOT OUT the BANEFUL HERESY with which our brave men might have infected the provinces.* LEWIS *no sooner recovered his throne than the PROTESTANTS OF FRANCE WERE BUTCHERED BEFORE THE EYES OF ALL EUROPE!!! and a secret influence behind the French throne* prevents even their Petition from obtaining an answer! The spirit of persecution is perpetuating itself in *tapestry;* and *a female of no mean rank* feasts her eyes, at the manufactory of the *Gobelins*, on the *delightful* representation of the murder of the great

Admiral Coligni, the first victim of Bartholomew Day, which is now in preparation for some *humane Catholic!!!*

Perhaps the French Protestants are partly to blame for not raising the voice of complaint much louder. Had the Catholics endured one half which they have been doomed to suffer, all Europe would have been called upon to avenge their blood, and the hardships under which they groaned would have been re-echoed from the shores of the Seine to the banks of the Tagus, the Tiber, and the Danube. In the late remonstrance of the Irish Catholics to the Pope, they complain that their clergy are rewarded who change their religion, that schools are established in which hostility to the Catholic faith forms the basis of instruction; that the poor are *proselyted;* and that their children's faith is *purchased;* and all this they sum up in the word BARBARITY! *Rewards, instruction, proselyting, bribery*—all this is described by the term BARBARITY! BARBARITY! it ill becomes Catholics to use such language, if this is all they endure. It is to be lamented that they labour under *any kind of proscription*; but surely, while their community maintain their intolerant sentiments, while they show so much ecclesiastical despotism in every country where they obtain the rule; while they are so cruelly treating the Protestants in France; they ought to be the last people in the world to *complain* of BARBARITY! Have they been interrupted in their religious exercises? Have their temples been destroyed, and their worship prohibited? Have they been driven from their habitations? Have their houses been consumed, and their property confiscated? Have their children been drag-

ged from them to be baptized? Have their persons been seized? Have any of them been burnt and roasted as heretics? These have been the evils to which their brethren have more or less subjected the poor Protestants wherever they reign paramount! Most of *these* have been inflicted upon those poor creatures *whose cries our interested journalists are endeavouring to suppress.* And scarcely a Catholic state will tolerate the worship of supposed heretics; or, if any do, they guard that toleration by the most oppressive restrictions. In *Portugal, Spain, Italy,* and all places where the immaculate successor of St. Peter sways his ghostly sceptre, the Papal tyrant, worse than *Procrustes,* would cut down the *souls* of all men to the same standard, and his arbitrary mandate commands that only ONE RELIGION should be allowed in a country!

Would to God that the Protestants could enjoy that liberty in every country which is enjoyed by the Catholics of Ireland! they would be content. BRIBERY is an unfair, but not a cruel weapon. It may be used again in return, if the parties opposed think proper to employ such a mean method to gain minds. But bribery is not arbitrary violence; this is not using the arms of the state, nor the curses of the priesthood. A Protestant may visit a Catholic place without danger of penance or excommunication for the crime; but a poor peasant could not attend the sermon of a Protestant Minister in Ireland, a few months ago, without being doomed to go barefooted ten miles in the dead of night to a churchyard, and to bring back a human skull, as an atonement! It is readily admitted that neither in-

fluence nor punishment should be employed about affairs of conscience; but it would be a truly happy circumstance if every Catholic country would content itself with employing no other means against the Protestants.

If, however, such trifling grounds of complaint have caused the Catholics to appeal to their *Most Holy Father*, surely the Protestants will be chargeable with a criminal indifference towards their suffering brethren, and towards that sacred cause which they espouse, if they can persuade themselves to stand by as silent spectators. Whatever base transactions may have been perpetrated, there are probably yet worse to be developed; the cloud, indeed, may seem to some no bigger than a man's hand, but that is no reason why it should not shortly cover the face of the whole heavens, and descend, not like that seen by the Prophet, in showers of blessings, but in desolating torrents, spreading ruin and confusion over all Europe.

Let us, then, look at home, and guard our religious liberties with increasing vigilance! Let us be exceedingly diligent in the instruction of our youth. Let us teach them to abhor a religion of tyranny and blood. The writer of this would here adopt the words of a worthy Minister whose name is above his praise, for he can find none better calculated to express his views and feelings: "I am no friend of persecution; I would extend religious liberty, and the rights of conscience, *in the fullest measure*, to the Roman Catholics: but I would also have Protestants steady and zealous in their attachment to the Protestant cause; I would have them strain every nerve in the use of legitimate and honourable means to obstruct

the increase of Popery, and to prevent the Protestant population of the United Kingdom from going back to that unscriptural and odious religion *."

Let us remember that Christians all over the world form but one Church; and not be mere passive spectators of the sufferings of our Protestant brethren in France, while it is in our power to do any thing in their behalf. Let us respectfully call the attention of the higher powers to the rights of conscience, and to a guarantee for the security of our French Protestant brethren. O ye British Christians, famed for your philanthropy and zeal, show bowels of compassion towards the wretched members of your denomination in France, whose only crime seems to be, that they, like you, are *Protestants!* By the dilapidated temples of France, that yet tell the tale of desolation, and seem to cry out against the sacrilegious hands that pulled them down; by the venerable piles that once contained their fugitive worshippers in this asylum of liberty; by the descendants of those illustrious men who yet share of our bounty in right of their persecuted fathers; by the voice of the blood of *millions* of French Protestants that still cries from the ground; and by the souls of the slain that call for vengeance from under the altar of heaven—be entreated to listen to the cries of your suffering brethren, and to exert yourselves for their relief!

P. S. Since the above was sent to press, several facts have transpired, all of which have tended more

---

* Townsend's Life of Claude, P. 74.

strongly to confirm the mind of the writer in those opinions which he has advanced.

He has met with a French merchant from Normandy, who, in a general conversation on popular topics, most readily admitted the fact of the persecution of the Protestants, as a thing now well known in France; and in a manner which deserves to be mentioned, while he owned that he was a Catholic, expressed his great indignation at the treatment of those unfortunate sufferers, only because they happened to be of *a contrary religion!*

He has also received undoubted information that there is a stir among some of the Catholics in Paris, because *Protestants* are engaged in the establishment of the schools there on the British system; and a work has just appeared in that city, accusing the agents in those schools with wishing to subvert the Catholic faith. This is at least a proof that the intolerant spirit which formerly existed in that country, has not been wholly annihilated during the events of the Revolution.

A further fact which has since come under his notice, is well worthy of attention. There is a society of the *Friends* in the vicinity of Nismes, generally known by the name of *Quakers.* When the news arrived in this country of the persecution of the Protestants, the society in England sent over to their brethren, to know if they were involved in the calamity, and if they stood in need of relief. A letter was received in answer, which was read at one of the public meetings of the Friends, stating that the Friends had not suffered; that there was a great deal of politics in the business, with which they

avoided all interference; but that *the Protestants had been great sufferers*, and *the Bonapartists, who were Catholics, had joined in persecuting them.*

The following statement in the Times of Oct. 27, also throws additional light upon the subject. In the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies of Oct. 23, the Marquis D'Argenson proposed an inquiry into the state of the country; but when he came particularly to touch upon the Protestants, his motion was *cried down.*

"We are still in a confusion of interests," said the speaker, "which we must preliminarily disentangle. *The Protestants have been* MASSACRED *in the South!*" Here violent murmurs were heard; many voices cried, To order! This cry became general. The President had much difficulty in restoring silence.

"Gentlemen," said the President, "if you will call M. D'Argenson to order, you must permit him to justify himself."

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have not made an allegation: I did not pretend to set forth any facts: I spoke of reports which are in circulation—which I recollect having read in the journals: reports which I believe to be false, as you yourselves believe them to be; but it is important to tell you, that amid the reports which are current, *it would be useful to the Chamber to be officially informed.*"

Scarcely had M. D'Argenson ceased speaking, when the same cries of Order! order! recommenced.

"Read the words again," said a Member.

The President suggested, that the expression having produced a disagreeable effect on the assembly,

it was useless to reproduce it. (The cries and murmurs continue.)

On the invitation of the President it was put to the vote by *seated* and *upstanding*, whether M. D'Argenson should be called to order. The *affirmative* was decided.

It is easy to perceive why all inquiry was *stifled*: "For every one that doeth evil, *hateth the light*, neither cometh to the light, *lest his* DEEDS *should be reproved!*"

PETITION

ADDRESSED TO LEWIS XVIII.

BY THE

Principal Protestants of Nismes.

SIRE, Paris, July 30, 1815.

WE lay our acute miseries at the foot of your throne: in your name, in the name of the most clement of princes, our fellow-citizens are plundered and assassinated. A misled body of peasantry, in supposed obedience to your orders, have assembled, at the command of a Commissioner invested with powers from your august Nephew:—although ready to attack us, we received them with words of peace.

The example of the capital could not fail to be followed by the chief city of the Department of Gard. A convention, on parole of honour, was agreed upon between the Deputies of the Municipal Council of Nismes, and the Sieur

René de Bernis, your Commissioner, and Field-marshal Barré, commanding in your name.

On the 15th we learnt Your Majesty's glorious entrance into Paris, and the white flag was consequently displayed on our edifices; public tranquillity was undisturbed, and ought to have remained so.

When the armed peasantry entered our walls, they attacked the garrison, consisting of 150 men, quartered in the barracks; on being summoned to surrender, they capitulated, and delivered up their arms and artillery; but they were assailed on their departure, and nearly all massacred. The greater part of our National Guard, which had hitherto preserved tranquillity, was now disarmed. Strangers paraded the city, and the houses of the principal inhabitants of the Protestant religion were attacked and plundered. We subjoin a list of them. The disorder continued during the 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st, and had not entirely ceased on the 22d. Terror had driven some of the chief inhabitants of our city from their dwellings.

It would be deceiving Your Majesty to conceal, or to endeavour to diminish the horrors which have rendered desert our good city of Nismes; arrests and proscriptions have taken

place, and difference in religious opinions is the only real cause of them.

The Protestants, Sire, who are calumniated, are defenders of the throne. Your august Nephew has beheld our children under his banners —our fortunes have been placed at his disposal.

To serve with fidelity, to love Your Majesty, we ask for nothing but peace and protection.

Although attacked without motive, the Protestants have not, even by a just resistance, furnished their enemies with a ground for calumny.

As interpreters of their sentiments, their devotedness, their fears, and their hopes, we throw ourselves with just confidence at your feet.

Save us, Sire; protect your children; extinguish the fatal brands of religious and civil war. A single act of your authority will suffice to restore political existence to a city rendered interesting by its manufactures and population. Demand an account of their conduct from the chiefs who have brought about miseries, which they should have foreseen, and yet have not prevented.

We lay before Your Majesty an exact detail of the facts, and all the documents which have reached us.

The hearts of our unfortunate fellow-citizens are paralysed, and their complaints stifled by fear.

Placed in a more independent situation, we have dared, in a respectful manner, to raise our voices in their behalf; and to shed, in the presence of the Father of the Country, bitter tears for our present and our future situation.

We are, with profound respect,

SIRE,

Your Majesty's, &c. &c.

DEFENCE

OF THE

PROTESTANTS

OF

LOWER LANGUEDOC.

My fellow-citizens, my friends, and brethren languish under the most atrocious persecution: the barbarities of the Louvois * and Lachaises have been rivalled. *In the nineteenth century the Protestants are plundered and assassinated in the face of Europe, under the eyes of several Sovereigns professing the same faith, and during the reign of* LEWIS THE DESIRED. Such a paradox plainly proves that the real motive for this injustice is concealed from that good King, from those Princes, and from Europe. It must be made known; the curtain which covers this scene of devastation must be drawn aside; the

---

* The son of Le Tellier, Chancellor to Lewis XIV. and a chief instrument in the revocation of the Edict of Nantz; a son deserving of such a father, who, when he signed the revocation of the edict, cried out: *Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum.*

men who imagined they had made sure of their victims by calumny, and that, by changing names, they could alter the appearance of things —who, in this enlightened age, have placed confidence in such dark means, must know that all their crimes will now be exposed, that the cries of oppressed innocence will be heard, and that there will soon remain to the oppressors, only the shame of their crimes, and the fear of the punishment which will await them, when the language of passion shall cease to be spoken, and that of justice and reason shall be heard. Do you, then, stand in need of defence, innocent victims! whose long sufferings have not yet softened the hearts of your persecutors? Certainly not. Your wise and moderate conduct, even amidst the greatest violence, has long since been proclaimed. Strong in your innocence, I might confine myself to supplicate at the foot of the throne of our King, and expect all from his justice and impartiality; but such confidence is but ill suited to the unfortunate, who are pursued by calumny, and overwhelmed by oppression. The odious imputations of their enemies must be repelled; the good spirit of the Protestants of Lower Languedoc, for the space of twenty-five years, must be made known; it must be proved that their conduct has never

merited the cruel persecutions they have experienced, and that they are worthy of the protection and justice which I now implore for them by presenting to the public the following abridged recital of their sufferings.

Before the revolution of 1789 the misfortunes of the Protestants appeared to be drawing to a close: by a scrupulous performance of their duties to the country and the Sovereign, by their industry and riches, they had insensibly ingratiated themselves into the favour of the public authorities. Public opinion seconded this happy inclination, and all distinction was nearly effaced among the children of one father.

The executions, exiles, and dragoonings, of which many of the Elders had either been witnesses or victims, were nearly forgotten—all had disappeared under the happy auspices of the protection granted to an unfortunate people too long persecuted. They were, however, still obliged to pray in the desert, as did formerly their Divine Master; their religious assemblies were still thought to infect the air of cities: forests and caverns were filled with the hearers of the divine Gospel; and, in those spots still stained with the blood of their Martyrs, were heard the evangelical Ministers, inculcating the love and obedience due to the Monarch, and

offering as examples to their faithful flocks, the conduct of *those who had already suffered* for their Maker.

A great revolution was preparing: it promised to restore to the Protestants all their rights, to replace them in the class of citizens; and yet no one can accuse them of having anticipated, contrived, or fomented it. The Catholics themselves first opened their arms to this proscribed people, and exclaimed: "*Let us embrace—we are now to participate in the same rights—your calamities, and the abuses of the country, are terminated together—Vive la Liberté!*"

Yes; the Protestants, like the immense majority of the French nation, embraced this flattering hope of regeneration; and what soul, unless frozen by prejudice and interest, would not have embraced it? or what profound genius could have foreseen its melancholy results? From that moment religion was no longer questioned; the equality of rights began to operate, and the Protestants, as well as the other citizens of France, concurred in the elections and in discharging the functions of government. Several of them occupied distinguished offices in the different administrations, and terrible events soon proved that they had not been indebted for them to any want of moderation in their principles,

A reign of blood succeeded the mild reign of wise liberty which had been hoped for; from that time the Reformed began to fall under the swords of demagogues. Firm to the situations in which the country had placed them, they did not retire in order to save their lives; no—they knew how to die; they compromised no principle. Lewis was condemned to death: eloquent protests proceeded from our provinces; an administration, almost entirely Protestant, dared to raise its voice when all else was mute under tyranny. Horrible measures again emanated from the centre of power; resistance was sealed by fresh blood—and by what blood? That of the Protestants. Count the generous victims of the tyranny of Robespierre—count them in the Department of Gard, and it will be seen in what proportion those of the Reformed religion were struck. Out of one hundred and thirty-six victims, at least *one hundred and twenty were Protestants*. The scaffold was then honoured with the blood of the *Meyniers*, the *Cardonnets*, the *Raffins*, the *Roquiers*, the *Griolets*, the *Guizots*, the *Abausits*, the *Bertezenes*, &c. &c. &c. friends of moderation and order, whose severe principles were never shaken, and who were doomed to be the victims of those who proclaimed terror and violence.

Behold the men whom you dare to call Revolutionists, dying to oppose the excesses of the revolution! But what, at that critical period, was *your* conduct? You, who, imitating today the frenzy of the assassins that condemned them, deliver their descendants to the fury of the people—*you*, who, deprecating the atrocities of those times, surpass them all at present—what was then your conduct? Concealed in some obscure retreat, did you not purchase your safety with gold, or triumph in the inglorious merit of emigration, to which you were indebted for your lives? Who among you dared appear and sacrifice himself for the public weal? or oppose the factions at the hazard of perishing? Were arms and opportunities wanting for patriotism and despair? Oh! doubtless you compensate the inactivity of the past, by rendering to-day great services to the Royal cause, in kindling the ashes of parties that were extinct; you can now signalize with little risk the noble zeal that animates you, by persecuting those who were persecuted before—it is their fate to be victims. Opposed alike to the wicked and the turbulent, the rage of party and prejudice is sure not to spare them; but history will record that they stood erect amidst the outrages of tyranny, when you were in your hiding-places; that they died for

the glory of France, when you had skulked away. Ah! it would have been too disgraceful, if, in those times of atrocity, no good Frenchman had bedewed the scaffold with his blood, to prove the resistance of the virtuous, to convince foreign nations that the country was the prey, and not the accomplice, of these odious oppressors *.

Calmer times succeeded. Fatigued by so many convulsions, Languedoc appeared to breathe again. Nismes, in particular, knew no re-action, and was placed without difficulty under the empire of a regular government. During seventeen years, from 1796 to 1812, all party spirit appeared to be annihilated—the most perfect order prevailed—the two religions existed together without rivalry, and even with friendship. In society and in business, men, professing different doctrines, were united and associated together without questioning each other's faith; every one appeared to have profited by the im-

* The persons alluded to in this passage, are evidently those returned emigrants who form the Angoulême faction, and style themselves *pure* Royalists: men, whom no experience can instruct, and who have carried back to France the same inveterate prejudices of tyranny and superstition, which induced them, at the commencement of the revolution, to oppose the most necessary and moderate reforms.

provements of the age, and to have forgotten former quarrels; peace and happiness were sought after from all quarters, and found at Nismes.

But this state of peace and happiness, common to all, was frequently interrupted by the unlimited ambition of the great Disturber of the world, who, grasping at all that could furnish him resources, spared neither Protestant nor Catholic, but plunged all into the general adversity. If, after his prosperity, any favour was granted to a particular class, it was the nobility who were *honoured* by it: a great name sometimes flattered his vanity. He fell. This first fall was a subject of unanimous joy to the Protestants, and presented to them the most agreeable hopes. A King, whose wisdom was admired; a King, whose intellectual endowments were on a level with the improvements of the age, and who in personal goodness was surpassed by no one; a King, whose ambitious views gave no alarm to Europe, came to seal our reconciliation with the hostile Monarchs whom Buonaparte had drawn to the capital. His first cares were to conciliate all interests, to provide for the maintenance of all rights, to guarantee religious liberty, and to put an end to all alarm; his first words produced on all hearts that

sweet confidence which arises from persuasion: he became the King of our choice, and we revived with the hope of peace and happiness.

Relate it yourselves, O you, who, animated by a false zeal, are now so cruel towards us! relate with what joy the Protestants of Languedoc learned the restoration of their legitimate King. An odious oppression was terminated. The man who had caused the misery of France was destined to end in exile an odious existence: every mother wept for joy on embracing her son, who was no longer to be torn from her. We rejoiced at the prospect of finding the burdensome taxes which so rigorously impeded our agricultural and manufacturing industry either repealed or modified. One spirit animated our brethren, that of love for the King; every Reformed church resounded with prayers for the enlightened descendant of the great Henry. In no part, to diminish the confidence he inspired, were heard the names of such of his ancestors as had persecuted ours. Who then has first recalled them to our memory, and disturbed the happy confidence which animated us?—Our present persecutors and their vile accomplices.

Scarcely had a few days been spent in joy at so unhoped-for a deliverance; scarcely had the first words of the King engraved on our hearts

the love which he so well merits, when sinister rumours were heard on all sides. Accustomed to see no distinction in the treatment of men of different religions, we heard with surprise, what was so new to us, the words *Protestant* and *Catholic* used in a hostile sense. We at first regarded these distinctions as transient, and produced by a disordered effervescence, but found too soon that the storm was thickening around us, and that it received an impulse and direction. The Protestants were now openly insulted in the streets and public walks; inflammatory songs were circulated, which became daily more violent. Finally, one appeared, in which certain cannibals expressed their eagerness *to wash their hands in our blood.* In the streets and public places the singers formed circles, in which they enclosed the Protestants, whom they cruelly maltreated. The extreme wretchedness and constant intoxication of the subaltern agents in these disorders sufficiently proved that they were supported in their criminal enterprises, and our alarm was accordingly redoubled.

But it may be asked, What is the end, the object of such persecutions? Are they not improbable? How can it be believed that the Royalists should wantonly seek to swell the number of the King's enemies? We can only reply, Would

to God that this account were but a fiction! and that all the French had pursued the line of conduct which the King's beneficent intentions so plainly marked out! Every heart would now have been united, and perhaps the fatal events which a second time have impelled all the powers of Europe against France would never have taken place. But we must boldly declare that the hopes of those who have thus degraded the name of Royalists, were far from being satisfied by the re-establishment of the throne of the Bourbons. Undo all that had been done since the revolution; destroy indiscriminately every institution of this epoch, good or bad, without heed of the convulsions that might ensue; replace the feudal government in its monstrous proportions—such was the object of this faction, and such it is still. By the concession of the Royal Charter, the King disappointed their expectations. Hence it became indispensable for the success of their system, to constrain His Majesty to abandon his constitutional views, and, since the counter-revolution was not likely to begin with the chief, to act in such a manner that it must necessarily originate in the subordinate members. It was then of importance to expel from all public offices men whose attachment to order, to the established laws, and to

liberal principles was known; and the Protestants were therefore represented as rebellious subjects, unwilling to submit to the sway of the Bourbons, mindful of ancient persecutions, and apprehensive of new ones.

Such was the plan invariably acted on in the South during the eleven months that followed the restoration. The instructions emanated first from another source; but a Central Committee, of which the ramifications were extensive, directed the operations at Nismes. Thus during this whole period the King's government was in opposition with another active invisible government, more powerful than the former, impeding its progress both at Court and in the provinces.

The King conceived that it would be a great benefit for the city of Nismes to give it a Protestant Mayor, whose firmness, impartiality, and administrative knowledge, might be a pledge for public tranquillity. He was not deceived in his choice. The wise administration of M. d'Aunant was calculated to restore order, and, notwithstanding the impediments thrown in his way, he almost completely succeeded, through the fear which his inflexibility produced in the best-paid agitators. However, he could never arrive at the source of the disorders, and entirely

put a stop to them; for the royal authority, though sufficiently enlightened and strong to appoint such a Mayor, did not possess the power of replacing four Commissaries of Police, the agents of the secret Government, who, sometimes acting in a sense contrary to the chief magistrate, and sometimes not acting at all, obliged him finally to take upon himself their functions. During several months he was fatigued with the labour requisite for superintending a population of forty thousand souls, traversing the city day and night, appearing unexpectedly in the most secret places where the guilty agitators concealed themselves, and disconcerting them by his presence. Thus, through dread of this extreme vigilance, several plots were adjourned, others which were undertaken with too much timidity failed, and the evil, though existing, and having extensive roots at Nismes, was prevented from reaching maturity.

But the agents of the counter-revolution did not relax in their endeavours to accomplish their plan. For that purpose, secret contrivances, falsehoods, insults, vexations, and artifices of every kind, were resorted to. Their laborious efforts were attended with some success. A few of the lower class of Protestants,

in January 1815, began to entertain fears for the future: they were even persuaded that it was not their interest to continue Royalists. However, they still regarded the King as their only protection against the fury of their enemies. This tendency afflicted the more enlightened class, who foresaw all its danger. How often did they deplore this fatal error, which every day made fresh advances! What efforts did they not oppose to it! With what constancy did the Protestant Ministers preach the love, respect, and obedience due to the Sovereign! Thanks to their zeal, the evil was arrested in its progress, and the error was only that of individuals.

And by what other means than this horrible oppression which hung over the Protestants during a whole year, can we explain the incomprehensible mystery of a people, restored, in common with the rest of the French nation, to peace and happiness by the downfall of Bonaparte,—a people essentially devoted to manufactures and agriculture, and therefore deeply interested in the re-establishment of peace, ceasing all at once to appreciate its advantages? Had this melancholy change taken place after a lapse of years, it might have been attributed to popular inconstancy; but a few days only have effected it. There must then be a real cause for

this event. This cause is no other than the persecutions experienced by the Protestants, which rendered odious the authors of their misery.

Being unable to deny the sufferings of the Protestants during the year of the restoration, their enemies attributed them to the Bonapartist party, which, they said, made use of that artifice to prepare a support for its plans. Awkward stratagem! Did there exist a Bonapartist party in France a few days after the fall of the oppressor? Did not the pretended Royalists require time to create such a party by their inconceivable conduct? Are those men who then excited so many terrors in the Protestants, and who are still among the number of their persecutors,—are they not now recognised, or have they received absolution for their Bonapartism? Do the chiefs who directed the persecutions, who were indignant at seeing a Protestant in office, who spread on all sides the seeds of discord, still work for Bonaparte under the cloak of Royalism?

It is necessary to have been present at the unfortunate period of the debarkation on Cannes, to know the joy it excited in the pretended Royalist party. Bonaparte in Paris, confusion in the heart of the State, the King a fugitive,

and brought back by foreigners,—these frightful calamities were nothing when compared to the happiness of seeing their enemies declared, their victims marked out, and the counter-revolution rendered certain, as being inevitably attendant on the return which every one considered near at hand. Was it not indeed in their opinion evident that the King would relinquish those mild measures, which had proved so unsuccessful*? that he would attach himself to the only party capable of protecting him, the pure Royalist party †? that he would crush all others to raise it, and that Europe was about to prepare her triumphs on the ruins of France?

On the arrival of the Duke of Angouleme at Nismes, he found every heart devoted to him. A royal army was formed; the Protestants were eager to join it; but, on forming the battalions, the Catholic populace who came forward to enroll

---

* It certainly did prove unsuccessful; the King had not a single enemy in the State, and had it not been for your absurdities and excesses, Bonaparte would not have found an accomplice. Is it you, or the King, who have been unsuccessful?

† Can it be supposed that the pretended Royalist party could offer any protection to the King? They only aspire to dictate laws, and to place the King and his family under the yoke of the ancient aristocracy and parliaments.

themselves, either through instigation or by a natural impulse, loudly declared that they would suffer no Protestant to enter the ranks; the latter consequently retired. What could they do, on hearing a thousand times repeated the cries of, *We will have none of these Protestant rascals?*

However, they did not abandon the Royal cause. Deprived of the honour of supporting it in the army, they served it by the pecuniary resources which they furnished almost entirely. The generosity which inspired them with the desire of serving the state, and preventing the terrible convulsions into which we have been plunged, was attributed to fear; it was even endeavoured to render their intentions suspected by the Prince; their most simple transactions were malignantly misrepresented: finally, the inexperienced and rash councils by which the Prince was guided, led him to an extremity which had nearly produced a fatal commotion, and which was only prevented by the good conduct and pure intentions of the Protestants.

Allied by blood to several of the principal Protestant families of Nismes, distinguished by his talents, his works, and his numerous academical associations, Monsieur V. S. L. was moreover a member of the Consistory, and a Counsel-

lor of the Prefecture. Those who are acquainted with the country know, that he never held with the Protestants the credit which was attributed to him by the advisers of the Duke of Angouleme. Besides, the loyalty of his conduct towards the King, and the frankness with which he declared his opinions, had produced a general impression of his being a Royalist. Yet this was the man selected as a victim capable of intimidating by his fall all the Protestants, who were described to the Prince as being ready to rise against him. For want of reasons they availed themselves of a pretence. Monsieur V. S. L. had repeated in a circle of friends the report of the entrance of Bonaparte into Paris, which was current through the whole city: he was accused of having been the first to divulge this fatal event, and was arrested. A great fermentation immediately ensued: the commanders of the troops, who only waited for a propitious moment for commencing the revolution, thought fit to take advantage of it. *Speak,* said they to Monsieur V. S. L. *and the Prince, whose prisoner you now are, shall immediately become yours.* All was easy at this moment, and all appeared justified by circumstances. Monsieur V. S. L. rejected this proposal with horror. It required all the efforts of his family to arrest the terrible catastrophe:

they, however, succeeded: the Duke of Angouleme departed in freedom from Nismes, and proceeded to commence that badly conducted campaign, in which, by following the dictates of an inconsiderate courage, he fell into the hands of his enemy.

This arrest, which had preceded the departure of the Prince, produced the worst effect on the Protestants throughout the country, who were well convinced of the innocence of the prisoner. It was evident to them, that their enemies only waited for the moment of triumph in order to persecute them: a very melancholy and discouraging supposition! The chiefs of the Royalist party, on learning the fermentation which prevailed in the cities, country-places, and among the troops, finally began to see the full extent of the danger into which they had plunged themselves. They then made tardy advances towards reconciliation, which were justly regarded as nothing more than deceitful pretences. It was too late to alter the opinion of a people exasperated by a year of suffering; but yet what was the conduct of this people?

The whole of the Lozere had hoisted the colours of Bonaparte; a picquet of cavalry, partly composed of Protestants, which marched to op-

pose that department; was forced to fall back: Montpelier joined the conqueror; the half-pay officers at Nismes declared themselves in his favour; the troops followed their example; and this city was then forced to change its government. The Protestants are at this time to be considered as nothing, or at least merely as useless accessaries in the great movement which spread revolt in the rear of the army of the Duke of Angouleme. It is certain that it commenced at a distance from Nismes, that that city and this department only received the impulse from the neighbouring departments, and that the good spirit which animated the Protestants at this disastrous period must be acknowledged.

I know that armed bodies, in which were several Protestants, gave at that time uneasiness to the royal volunteers, and committed some depredations. I know that five of these volunteers perished in a Protestant village, after having spread terror around them. That village is almost entirely destroyed; so that it ill becomes those who have confounded the innocent with the guilty to stand forward as accusers. But I am equally unwilling to dissemble or to exaggerate, and my adversaries must allow that the fugitive volunteers found refuge, assistance, and

protection with the Protestants. For this I call to witness the conduct of the Protestant Commune of Ledignan towards the different corps of royal troops which passed through it.

After the confession which we have made of the errors of some of our brethren, we may doubtless be permitted to exculpate the Protestants as a body. It is besides well known that the royal volunteers were attacked at Vans, and one of their officers killed; that at the Catholic towns of Avignon and Pont-Saint-Esprit, their houses were pillaged; and this conduct could not be attributed to a spirit of religious animosity. But it is only when the criminals belong to the Reformed religion that the Protestants are accused in the mass. Such is the justice that presides at the judgments of our enemies.

But let us inquire who were then the chief authorities of the city of Nismes and the department, since to us are attributed all the measures of the period. The Royal Court of Nismes, composed of forty members, included only one Protestant; the Imperial Commissary and chief Commandant, and the Prefect, were Catholics. The Sub-prefect, who was a Protestant, gave in his resignation; the Mayor alone continued to exercise his functions, and,

devoting himself for the safety of his fellow-citizens, passed the melancholy interval of the interregnum in opposing measures of rigour. He was daily denounced by the reigning faction as a Royalist. It is, then, proper to remark, that the two Protestant magistrates at Nismes were at that time labouring under persecution: so much for the oppression of the Catholics under a Protestant administration.

The government of that time was doubtless guilty of vexations and injustice; this cannot be denied. But it is committing no error to reckon among its declared enemies and real antagonists a considerable number of distinguished Protestants. Their adversaries who were then silent, tremblingly applied for passports, and hastily departed or concealed themselves with care. Thus, had it not been for foreign force, the King's government would have perished as at the commencement of the revolution, through the pusillanimity of those who styled themselves its warmest defenders, through their obstinacy in refusing to distinguish the government *de facto* from the government *de jure*, and doing nothing to direct, modify, or arrest the action of the former, under pretence that the latter possessed a metaphysical existence; a principle very convenient for cowardice, but calculated to

plunge a nation irrecoverably into the chaos of anarchy, or to bind it for ever in the chains of despotism. Ah! had the reign of tyranny continued and acquired strength, had scaffolds again been erected, what victims would have ascended them! Who would have perished to testify their inviolable attachment to the cause of their country? Doubt not, people of Europe, that these victims would have been Protestants! You would have beheld their names written in the list of blood; while their enemies would again have made appeals to your inexhaustible charity.

I can have no object in defending any of the acts of this period, unless it be proved that they issued from a council formed of persons who possessed an influence over the mass of Protestants, or from an administration composed of them. When a gentleman commits an action derogatory to honour and virtue, he bears the punishment of his crime, and his rank is not for that reason considered less pure; but should a Protestant, belonging to the dregs of the people, without the education, principles, and sentiments which a gentleman may be supposed to possess; should this Protestant, I say, commit a crime, must we be responsible for it? must it form part of an indictment drawn up

against a whole class of virtuous citizens?—What abominable logic! what terrible responsibility! Where are those who express indignation at the law against suspected persons, and yet do not shudder at this barbarous theory?

But, with whatever horror I regard all oppressors, I do not find, during this unhappy period, any blood to be avenged. Ah! had executions diffused sorrow among the pretended Royalists, we might have pardoned the error of a son who, transported by grief and rage for the loss of a father, had been deceived in the choice of his victim. Doubtless, had the reign of tyranny been established, you would have suffered serious misfortunes, and we should certainly have been included in the persecution with which you were threatened; but that time did not arrive: you have experienced nothing but alarm, and those whom you now persecute cannot be reproached with having caused it. What! can your terrors only be removed by the blood of the innocent? Is that the only remedy for all the afflictions produced by cowardice? Did conflagration give that agreeable light which was alone capable of dissipating your fears? Did you imagine that you were to look only to the fury of the populace for your future protection?

O deluded men! men fatally blind to the interests of your country and your King!!

Finally, the battle of Waterloo exposed to the world the weakness of the party which sought to oppress France. The whole of the South was thrown into commotion, with the exception of Nismes, which was occupied by General Gilly, and Avignon by General Casan. Thus, the resistance of Nismes was totally unconnected with Protestantism, since a principal city in the neighbourhood, though entirely Catholic, continued under the yoke. It is therefore evident, that, had Nismes not contained a single Protestant, it would not have shown itself more willing to surrender.

A royal corps d'armée was assembled at Beaucaire, composed of the elements of the former force of the Duke of Angouleme; every village in the direction of the Rhone appeared disposed to increase it by a detachment; Nismes and Avignon were consequently soon to be compelled to acknowledge the authority of the King. The whole army was ostensibly placed under the direction of a Protestant General, and this choice was as artful as perfidious. Those who selected him were at once aware of his incapacity, the facility of governing him by words, and the thick veil of prejudice in which his

mind was enveloped. An appearance was then assumed of intending no harm to those whose destruction had been planned, while all the power of inflicting injury was actually retained by the employment of the SEIDE who had been chosen.

General Gilly having at length yielded to the entreaties of the inhabitants of Nismes, evacuated the city, and a flag of truce announced to the Royal army that the white cockade had been hoisted. The commanders of that army must have been aware of the dangers to which the city was exposed by the introduction of bands, which, for several days, had been studiously incensed against it, and which were already practised in atrocities. A general massacre of the Protestants, and the destruction of Nismes, might have been the consequence. Why introduce such an army? The King was satisfied, the authorities delegated by him were admitted, and the submission was complete. But the pretended Royalists were unwilling that affairs should return to the state in which they were during the preceding year. They wished for a complete counter-revolution, and it could not be cemented, except by the blood of the constitutionalists and all the Protestants. The whole horde of ruffians was then conducted into

Nismes. A slight combat ensued with the troops of the line, who, being too weak to resist the great number opposed to them, capitulated; and, after having laid down their arms, were massacred. From this moment, from the month of July, pillage and assassination desolated the town and the neighbouring countries—and desolate them still.

We must now divide a subject which has become too diffused, for the sake of distinguishing and embracing with more facility the whole.

1st. The plan of the chiefs; that is to complete the counter-revolution, to reduce the Protestants to the oppression in which they existed before the year 1787, by forcing the principal characters among them to expatriate themselves, and by murdering, by way of example, all those who might venture to return. As this project could not be executed but in contempt of the royal authority, the Catholic Royalists suppressed the King's edicts wherein he speaks of clemency, and refused to acknowledge the Prefect nominated by the King, because he was directed to oppose their excesses. They even sent a courier to the Duc d'Angoulême to know how far the orders proceeding from the Throne were to be obeyed; thus endeavouring to create a schism in the state, because the eastern and

central parts of France did not adopt the principles of the South. Thus has the King been obliged publicly to reiterate his orders, to recall expressly the Baron de Villeneuve to Paris, to oblige him to give an account of his conduct, of the prolongation of his authority, and of that of his deputies, in defiance of the ordinances which revoked them: thus did this country, in open rebellion, add the green to the white cockade; and thus troops, disbanded by a decree, were preserved for the purpose of new disorders.

It certainly ill becomes rebels to accuse of rebellion those who wish to obey only the King *.

* The Avannage, the Gardonnenque, and the Cevennes, were never in a state of rebellion. These interesting countries, rendered useful to the state by a numerous, active, and industrious population, friendly to order and peace, beheld with unanimous grief their legitimate King compelled to quit his territories, and eagerly ranged themselves under his tutelar Ægis, as soon as they learned his entrance into the capital. Whilst his delegated officers were repulsed, and his orders disregarded in that part of the department, styled exclusively royalist, the districts which we have mentioned, remained respectful and submissive, refusing to acknowledge any other authority than that of the King, or to obey any but his orders. In vain did their enemies endeavour to excite them to rebellion; their artifices were useless, and they only succeeded in causing the arrival of the Austrians to be re-

Such is the plan of the chiefs laid open. It will be observed that they stand at nothing; that they are *men* of PRINCIPLE; and that by THEIR MORALITY it is expected that FRANCE will be REGENERATED!!!

2d. The plan of the agents of the atrocities is simple: it is the enriching themselves during a crisis. The few first days were devoted to plunder. It was a libation necessary to popular fury. Such houses were selected as presented the richest booty. Thus, M. Vincent, a wealthy banker, possessing great moveable property, was the first to tempt cupidity, and his house and furniture were abandoned to pillage. What was his crime? Having offered a considerable gift to the Duke of Angouleme; having enrolled his son under the banners of that prince, and being a Protestant. The rapacity of the populace being glutted, the next thing to be considered was the satisfaction of the principal agents, who took no share in the general pillage, and in which they even assumed the air of disinterestedness. The troops were divided into small bodies. Some were distributed among the houses of the Protestants, who, after a preli-

---

garded as the greatest happiness: these troops were received at Alais, Anduse, Saint-Hypolite, &c. and, indeed, in every town and village, with cries of *Vive le Roi!*

minary pillage, were allowed to ransom the remainder of their property, in order to save it from destruction. Such was the treatment experienced for the space of two months by the inhabitants of Nismes and the surrounding cities. The immense sums obtained by this system became the prey of the principal agents, who permitted their subalterns to seize the linen, furniture, and all the inferior booty. This band, which was most obedient in the execution of mischief, daily merited the indulgence of their chiefs by a few assassinations to form an excuse for plunder.

3d. The plan of the Court; which is to appease party spirit, and substitute the reign of the law to that of anarchy: this plan has completely failed; for, when public declarations were required, only confidential letters were written; and words were used, when arms alone could have been efficacious.

From this combination of different actions, a series of insupportable woes has resulted to the Protestants.

At Uzes, they were tried and executed by the populace, as if the 2d of September, 1792, had been renewed. The streets, public places, and roads of Nismes daily presented new victims; all the country around these two unfortu-

nate cities exhibits a dreadful picture of desolation; such property as was not ransomed by money was destroyed; and those who refused to pay the required ransoms were immediately punished for their imprudent resistance. The Protestants of Gard had no other alternative for escaping persecution than to fly from their country, as in the days of the Medicis and the Maintenons. These emigrations are daily undertaken, and, should an ill-placed confidence, or a strong attachment to their homes, induce any still to brave the dangers which surround them, their absent friends never fail to erect their cenotaphs and shed tears over their empty urns. It might have been supposed that the edict of Nantes had just been revoked. But let us look back to even more terrible periods! Who has not heard the town of Nismes resound with these frightful cries: *The King has proscribed all the Protestants!—He wishes to rid France of them! Let us have another St. Bartholomew!* Were not the bloody preparations for re-acting that horrible massacre begun? And was not the Prefect obliged to call in the assistance of the Austrian troops, who arrived on the eve of that anniversary so opprobrious to France? Thus, after having assassinated in detail, in order to reap at leisure all possible ad-

vantage from the crime, they wished to exterminate in mass all the lower order of the people, who were destitute of the means of purchasing their lives. And this was to have been done on the EVE of SAINT LOUIS! on the BIRTHDAY of our good King, of the mildest and most clement of princes!!!

But these furious wretches will exclaim, The assassinations of which you complain were not authorized.

It is difficult to believe this. What! those assassinations unauthorized! and amidst all the victims who have suffered in this city alone, you could not make an example of one of the assassins! Not one of them has suffered the punishment due to his crimes! What! these atrocities were unauthorized, and your police suffers the circulation of pamphlets to excuse them, without appealing to the authorities, or citing their unworthy authors before the Tribunals! What! you take no part in them; you endeavour to stop them, and yet you exert all your efforts to prevent truth from reaching the Throne! You seek to stifle the cries of the victims, while you pretend that scarcely any exist. What! you were grieved at these excesses, and endeavoured to prevent them, and when an assassin of thirteen Protestants was brought

before you *, he was not only instantly released, but obtained in the National Guard the rank of Adjutant-major, which he at present fills! These are facts, the evidence of which overwhelms you.

Well! you will answer, it is true that a few drops of blood have tarnished our victory; but you are wrong in supposing it to be a plan directed against all Protestants: they are tranquil in Saintonge, in Poitou, in Dauphiné, and every where except in a few departments. But does not this expose the plan of our enemies? In the taking of a town the outworks are first attacked; and the Protestants of Gard were perhaps thus cruelly treated, only because they formed the bulwark of the Protestants of France. It is said that only such individuals as were accused of Bonapartism were molested. Yes, doubtless, had your plan been universally executed by agents as skilful and profoundly hypocritical as those you employed in certain places, you might have said that all your victims were noted men, on whom the sword of the law would have taken vengeance, had it not been anticipated by your poignards; but whom have you generally struck? The most faithful subjects of the King, and that only

* Trestaillon.

BECAUSE THEY WERE PROTESTANTS! You will deny it. But, at least explain then why a considerable number of ministers, distinguished for their loyalty, have been obliged to fly? why in many places the exercise of public worship is suspended? Why are the churches of Nismes, Montagnac, Cournonteral, &c. &c. plundered? Why have we to lament the burning of the church of Pignan, near Montpellier, and the church of St. Afrique, near Aveyron? If you wish to exculpate yourselves from all these acts of violence, by which the Protestants were directly attacked, declare what measures were taken against their authors; show us what criminal processes were commenced; if not, confess the truth which presses upon you on all sides.

But even under the supposition that you pursue only the enemies of the King, shall I not ask by whom you are invested with the royal prerogative of executing justice?

Yes, Sire, such is the extent of calamity to which we are exposed. But think not that we are totally incapable of repelling the outrages of our enemies, were we not restrained by a just respect for your Majesty: but such is our misfor-

tune, that these wretches are called *Royalists*; and what name would be applied to us were we to take up arms against them, since the public authority seems unavailing to help us? Would not *they* be considered as the dear but misguided children of the holiest of causes, and should not *we* be branded as rebels? Resistance, therefore, has hitherto been abandoned. Those men, Sire, who are described as your enemies, perish without a struggle, in order not to seem to disobey your sacred authority. Protestant Princes surround them, and they have not proffered a cry, nor taken any steps to engage them to become their mediators, in the apprehension of aggravating the deplorable condition of France. Are such men rebels? But, Sire, there is a term when patience is exhausted, when it is difficult to contain within the bounds of reason a people cruelly persecuted. Anticipate, prevent this dire calamity; reorganize the national guard, that true principle of public force; recall those bands, assembled in defiance of your authority, and remove from their administrative functions those who have seen and caused our blood to flow with an unmoved countenance—from that instant anarchy will cease, and our misfortunes be terminated.

But if we be reserved for continued persecu-

tion, at least let our fate be distinctly announced to us. Ministers of Lewis XVIII., would you be more inexorable than those of Lewis XIV. against whom Europe uttered such a cry of execration? If so, satisfy the hatred of our enemies, but give us time to assemble our dispersed families, to dispose of the property we have acquired, in enriching the country which is still so dear to our hearts in defiance of its injustice and cruelty. We will again find refuge on foreign shores; we will once more implore your compassion, hospitable nations, which in other times afforded an asylum to our forefathers, and in which their names are still held in honour, and their memories revered. We shall not come to burden you with our indigence—we are a hardy and laborious race. This new emigration will cost you neither treasure nor blood. Your pity,—some tears for our calamities, and that fraternity which we shall endeavour to merit, are all we shall ask; while our ungrateful country, to which we never would wish to return with arms in our hands, will still have our vows for its prosperity.

Or rather, for we still cherish the confident hope, our country will at last avenge the injuries of her most faithful and devoted children: ge-

neral indignation has arisen against our enemies and oppressors, who are consigned to contempt and hatred; their ephemeral reign will shortly terminate, and we shall continue to dwell in the land which gave us birth, under the auspices of a revered Monarch, whose paternal intentions we bless, and amidst our brethren of every persuasion, who have never participated in the criminal errors of which we are the victims, and who eagerly stretch forth their hands to us as a pledge of union.

The preceding Address furnished grounds for expecting a frank and solemn declaration on the part of the King: he has, however, remained silent; and the disorders have consequently been increasing. Plunder and devastation have been committed even in the presence of the Austrians. From the 10th to the 15th of September several children were torn from their parents, and baptized in the Catholic Church, and several Protestant families compelled to attend mass.

The Protestants at Nismes complained of being excluded from serving in the National

Guard. They have been permitted to enter it; but, by an unworthy perfidy, they are prevented from performing any service. They are, however, compelled to pay dearly for the substitutes which are provided for them.

SUMMARY

OF THE

Persecutions

OF THE

REFORMED CHURCH IN FRANCE.

WHOEVER reads the history of the Church of Christ with impartiality, can have no difficulty in applying that portion of Holy Writ; "And I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication: and upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS, AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH. And I saw the woman *drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus:* and when I saw her, I wondered with great admiration." However this part of Scripture prophecy may receive a partial illustration, in the sufferings which the Church endured under Pagan Rome; that persecution has certainly revived under Papal Rome, the reli-

gion of which is indeed a mixture of Paganism and Christianity; and all the characters attributed to the subject of this vision, are most plainly impressed upon the Catholic Church. Her worship, and the titles of her Popes, are marked by *blasphemy;* her rites and sacraments are distinguished by *mystery;* she is *a Babylon* in growth and in pride; *abominations, filthiness,* and *fornication,* are committed through the celibacy of her clergy, and have been allowed by the sale of indulgences for the commission of the greatest obscenities; and there is not a nation, that has been within the reach of her influence, where she has not rioted in the veins of those Christians who have opposed her absurd and unscriptural doctrines, and her monstrous usurpations: most emphatically does the truth apply to her, that she is DRUNKEN WITH BLOOD.

In vain have the modern advocates of the Church of Rome endeavoured to apologize for her atrocities, by pleading the spirit of past ages, and quoting the intolerance of other sectaries: where they have shed *drops,* she has shed *oceans* of blood; blood which, like that of Abel, cries from the ground for vengeance, and on account of which the souls of them that have been slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held, yet cry from under the altar of Heaven, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

Nor is this persecuting spirit yet extinct; it is still to be seen in the arbitrary authority which the Church of Rome exercises over consciences, in the spirit which she manifests in her ecclesiastical character towards all heretics, and in the recent furious persecutions in the South of France. For five-and-twenty years past her power

has been checked, she has been called to struggle with infidelity for her own existence; but though she is so much indebted to misguided Protestants for restoring her again to the plenitude of her power, scarcely has she resumed her seat before she discovers her old disposition; and in Spain, in Rome, in Naples, and in France, she is crushing her benefactors, and using every means to extinguish the light and knowledge which the suppression of her power has allowed to make progress in the world.

During the lapse of a generation, both Christian states and private Christians seem to have forgotten how much the world has suffered from the oppressions of Popery. It is foreign to the design of this statement to present the reader with a general martyrology; but it is intended merely to give the black catalogue of the persecutions which have for many ages disgraced the kingdom of France; and which, before the allied troops have had time to quit it, are again renewed there in all their horrors.

It was in the valleys of Piedmont that pure and undefiled religion was maintained in all its simplicity, and that the light of truth shone with undiminished lustre, while Popery spread the gloom of superstition and idolatry among all the surrounding nations. Hence the mother churches in the valleys of Piedmont very happily adopted for their arms, *a taper burning in a golden candlestick, and scattering its glorious beams in a field of thick darkness.* The celebrated PETER WALDO was their neighbour, and was indebted to their instructions for the knowledge he obtained, as well as for the possession of the Holy Scriptures; which, it is said, they had carefully preserved, even from the days of

the Apostles. WALTER LOLLARD, by whose name truly devout men were dubbed in England five hundred years ago, was also another of their converts. The latter was burnt as a heretic at Cologne, in 1322; the former commenced his ministry about the year 1160, and, after having laboured long in France, escaped the hands of the destroyer; though, as he opposed the Church of Rome, vengeance pursued him at every step, and torrents of blood were shed to prevent the spread of his doctrines.

Pope Innocent the Third, to root out his followers from the earth, published his croisados, granting plenary remission of sins to all persons that would go to this holy war and destroy them. Those princes who neglected his orders were considered as their abettors, and exposed to the thunderbolts of excommunication; they were deprived both of their dominions and their lives. The King of *Arragon*, and Counts of *Toulouse*, *Bezieres*, and *Carcassone*, were all cut off by prodigious armies mustered against them, and myriads of their subjects were butchered in the most horrible manner. P. Personius asserts, that in the persecution of the Albigenses and Waldenses no less than *a million* of *persons perished*.

But the grand triumph of truth was reserved for the period of the Reformation, and the spirit of the beast had then an opportunity of more generally discovering itself, while it belched out its malignant blasphemies against those Christians who would not be partakers in the deeds of a corrupt church, and stirred up the princes of every nation under Papal influence to murder their best subjects, because they would not suffer human edicts to direct them in matters of religion.

The corruptions of the Church of Rome had become so notorious, that all Europe seemed to feel the necessity of a reformation. The Parliament of Paris began to fix boundaries to the imperious usurpations of the Pope. There were found some in the celebrated college of the Sorbonne, who ventured to dispute some points with this infallible head of the church. *Zuinglius* thundered against indulgences in Switzerland: a year after him, *Luther* roused the world by his opposition in Germany; and, shortly after, *Calvin* entered the lists against him in France. One singularity distinguished these events, that they were not preconcerted among the parties; but, strangers to each other, they were all inspired at the same time, by the same spirit, and with the most undaunted heroism rallied around the standard of the Cross, to resist the slaves of superstition and idolatry.

The progress of the Reformation in France has been justly attributed to the revival of letters in that kingdom, under the patronage of Francis I. The love which that prince discovered for literature induced many learned men to flock together under his government; and, as the rays of light concentrated among them, they gradually chased away the darkness with which Popery had covered the land. Pure religion never shuns the light, it challenges investigation, and the more it is explored the more are its excellencies apparent; but Superstition, conversant only with the works of darkness, hates the light, lest her deeds should be reproved.

Pope Leo's bull, granting the sale of indulgences, and the magnanimous opposition which Luther made to it, now became the general subject of conversation in

France, and the doctrines of the Reformation were embraced by great numbers, of all ranks.

The Reformed formed themselves into regular churches, and regulated their doctrines, discipline, and worship, by the standard of the sacred Scriptures. *Olivetan*, who was uncle to Calvin, and a minister in the valleys of Piedmont, in the short space of one year translated the Scriptures into the French language, and they were speedily read in all the Reformed churches, put into the hands of persons of all descriptions, and taught to their children. David's Psalms were translated and set to solemn tunes; and so much were they admired, that they obtained admission into the court, and were publicly sung on all occasions. The Cardinal of *Lorraine*, fearful of the consequences, soon found means to expel the psalm-singing, and obtained the translation of the Odes of *Horace*, and the obscene poems of *Tibullus* and *Catullus*, which he got set to music, and introduced into the court.

The plain and zealous sermons of the Reformers were attended with astonishing success, and the Papists took the alarm when they saw their altars neglected, their masses solitary, and their churches drained, while the Protestant temples were filled with worshippers.

And now the work of persecution began, which has continued more or less, in proportion to the influence of the priesthood, down to the present moment. John Le Clerc, who was the first founder of the Reformed church at Metz, in Lorraine, after suffering the most cruel treatment, was burned alive, in that place, in 1524; and, the following year, James Pavanes was burned at Paris.

Francis, who at first favoured the Reformation, hav-

ing been made a prisoner of war at Pavia, and carried to Madrid, in 1525, was released in the course of the following year, and restored to his kingdom. This event was eagerly seized by the priesthood as a pretext for destroying the Reformed, and as their numbers had now astonishingly increased, the misfortunes of the kingdom were ascribed to the progress of heresy; and, to prevent the future judgments of the Almighty, Francis was exhorted to extirpate the enemies of the Catholic faith. The King obeyed; and, being advised by his chancellor, ordered that, for the future, the cognizance of the crimes of heresy should belong to the civil magistrates. The Parliaments were now actively employed against the offenders, and executions became common throughout the kingdom. The ministers were obliged to recant, or suffer imprisonment or exile; and, in 1535, the King himself assisted in person, bareheaded, in a grand procession at Paris, where he had the pleasure of witnessing the burning of six of his Protestant subjects. So much influence had the priesthood now acquired over his mind, that it is said, he solemnly affirmed before the Parliament, great numbers of the nobility, and the ambassadors of foreign princes, that if he knew one of his arms to be infected with such a corruption, he would cut it off, lest the other members should be corrupted by it. He published, at the same time, a severe edict against the Lutherans, which was the name given to the Reformed, in which those who harboured or concealed them were made liable to the same punishment with them, and the informer was encouraged by the reward of a fourth part of their goods.

This severity attracted the attention of the Protestant Princes in Germany, who remonstrated against it; and

as Francis then needed their services, he found it necessary to frame an excuse. He said that his edict was issued only against *some rebels, who, under cover of religion, had endeavoured to disturb the peace of the kingdom; and they were satisfied with the answer.*

An attempt was even made to take away the life of the Queen of Navarre, who was Francis's sister; and he was persuaded to begin with his court and his nearest relations, if he wished completely to deliver the kingdom from heresy. But Francis had some humane feelings remaining, and contented himself with apologizing for his sister. She, however, perceived her danger, and was for some time obliged to conceal her views.

At this time a vast number of the Reformed were put to death in France, in the Netherlands, and in England, where Henry VIII. who had renounced the Pope's authority, rather out of spite than from any principle of religion, persecuted with the utmost rigour those who adhered to Luther's or Zuinglius's opinions.

In 1536 and 1537 the work of persecution was still going on in France, and the Reformed were cruelly treated and dragged to execution; but the Reformation continued to spread and to take root in all parts of the country.

A Dominican Friar was burnt at Agen in the year 1539, and was the first martyr of the Reformation in that city. At Nonnay, in Vivarais, a man was likewise burnt for having refused to kneel down before an image upon the highway, as he was going to the fair of Lyons. In 1540 and 1541, many others also suffered death for the cause of religion. In 1543 the Parliament of Rouen condemned one Constantine, and three others, to be burnt: they were executed together. That of

Paris forbad, under severe penalties, the selling of any book censured by the Sorbonne, particularly *Calvin's Christian Institutes*. At the instances of the Inquisition, strict charge was given to every one, under pain of excommunication, to inform against those who should be suspected of heresy, within six days after the discovery. Processions and burnings still continued.

About this period one Landri, curate of the Holy Cross at Paris, ventured to declaim boldly against some of the errors of the Romish Church, and especially against purgatory. Vast numbers of people attended his preaching, and his parish-church was too small to contain the eager multitudes. The King heard of his fame, and resolved to send for him, and to hear him, for he was by no means satisfied about the doctrine of purgatory. The Cardinal de Tournon, the King's favourite, took the alarm, and got one of his friends to frighten the preacher before he entered into the presence of the King. He was told, that if he said one word seeming to favour the Reformation, he was undone for ever. The trick succeeded—Landri was naturally timid; he resisted every inquiry of the King, though he received him in the kindest manner, and lost an opportunity which might have been turned to considerable account by the Reformed Church. Landri died very uneasy in his mind, some years afterwards.

The Sorbonne this year usurped the authority of making new articles of faith; these articles were published in the streets of Paris by the common crier, they were then printed by the King's command, and severe penalties were decreed against all who should question their legitimacy. In the mean time the Parliament of France proceeded in their severe measures against the Reformed,

and numbers, to avoid their fury, sacrificed their property and fled into exile. Some were not so happy. Mr. Peter Bonpain, who had raised a congregation at Aubigny, was arrested, tried, condemned, and burnt at Paris; and a number of the Reformed, who met together for religious worship at Sens, were put under arrest. The Parliament of Rouen also condemned one Hussen, an apothecary of Blois, to be burnt for having dispersed some pamphlets on the disputed points of religion: he suffered martyrdom with such astonishing constancy, that many of the spectators were induced to examine into his principles for themselves, and several, in consequence, embraced the Reformed religion.

We come now to the inhuman slaughter of the Waldenses in Provence. These sprung from the Waldenses of Dauphiné and Piedmont, and, together with the Calabrians, had emigrated from their over-populous valleys to a wild desert, which, by their industry and the blessing of God, they soon rendered prolific in corn, wine, oil, chesnuts, and other fruits.

These poor people had long been under the iron hand of Popery; for, at a meeting of Bishops at Avignon, in 1228, the Inquisitors reported that they had taken and apprehended so large a number of them, that they were not only at a loss to provide food for their subsistence, but also to procure lime and stone enough to build prisons for them. In 1506 an attempt was made to prejudice Lewis XII. against them; but that truly illustrious Monarch, whose name deserves to be coupled with that of Henry IV. would not condemn them without first examining into their characters; and having sent Monsieur Adam Fumée, Master of the Requests, to obtain the necessary information, he returned so just a

report of their harmless and industrious lives, that the King took them under his protection, and bestowed upon them the highest encomiums.

When the reign of Francis commenced, these people, having lost their protector, were again subjected to the enemies of true religion. Some member or other of them was daily summoned before the Parliament of Aix, and condemned to be hanged or burnt, or dismissed with a brand in the forehead. At length, in 1540, at the instigation of the ecclesiastics, one of the most exorbitant, cruel, and inhuman sentences was passed against them that was ever pronounced by any Parliament; resembling in all respects the edict of King Ahasuerus, given out at the request of Haman against the Jews. Six persons who ventured to stand forward to justify themselves and their brethren were condemned to be burnt alive, and their wives and children to be banished; their country was doomed to be laid waste, and to be rendered uninhabitable; and all this was done without permitting them to say one word in their own defence. The King, informed of the rigour of the sentence, sent an order to the Governor of Piedmont not to suffer it to be put into execution, and enjoined the Parliament to exercise more moderation in future. He also sent letters of grace to the innocent offenders; but these were suppressed.

But in 1545 the time of heavy suffering came upon them. The Governor, Oppeda, accused them of having raised an army of sixteen thousand men, with a design to seize upon Marseilles, and having well managed his tale, obtained permission from the King to execute the suspended decree. Having levied his troops, he fell in the most merciless manner upon the unarmed

inhabitants. Twenty-two towns and villages were burnt to ashes, and four thousand men, women, and children were slaughtered. The most atrocious acts of cruelty were committed. The harmless labourers were slain without pity; their wives and daughters were ravished; pregnant women and sucking infants were murdered; several women had their breasts cut off, who perished in their agonies, and their children were starved to death. Every thing was ransacked, pillaged, or burnt; and nothing was reserved but those unhappy creatures who were doomed to the galleys. The cruelties exercised on this occasion almost exceed credibility. Some women were shut up in a barn full of straw, and burnt; and when a humane soldier made a hole for some of them to escape, they were forced back by pikes and halberds. Some were taken into a meadow, where Oppeda commanded that they should be hewn to pieces; and their dexterous executioners tried their skill at cutting off heads, arms, and legs. Some, who were found hid in caves, were taken into the castle-hall of Cabrieres, and barbarously massacred in the presence of the sanguinary commander. The residue of the inhabitants were pursued through rocks and mountains, and forced to the greatest extremities. They only begged of Oppeda to allow them to pass into Geneva, with their wives and children; but the bloodthirsty monster replied, that he would send them with their wives and children to dwell with the devils in the infernal regions, so as to blot out the very memory of them from the face of the earth.

Some of these poor people, after the storm was passed, ventured to return again to their much-loved

valleys, and became the seed of several churches, which afterwards flourished in great vigour.

When the King heard of the cruelties that had been committed in his name, he was exceedingly angry; and on his death-bed he enjoined his son Henry to revenge so much innocent blood upon the shedders of it. Court influence, however, protected the chief aggressors; but Oppeda was visited by the Almighty, and died of a horrid distemper, which burnt his vitals and consumed his bowels.

In the year 1546, fourteen of the Reformed were sentenced to be burnt alive, in the great market-place at Meaux, after having been cruelly put to the torture. One of these had his tongue cut out before he was executed. Another was condemned to be hung up by the arm-pits, and then to be whipt and shut up for life in a monastery, while the others were executed. Two others were sentenced to be whipt for three different days, having ropes on their necks, and then to be banished. Slighter punishments were inflicted upon many others, who were all obliged to make the *amende honorable*, which was a most ignominious punishment inflicted upon great offenders, who were to go through the streets barefooted and bareheaded, with a rope round the neck and a burning link in the hand, till they came to a seat of justice, or some other public place, where they were to confess their offences and ask for pardon. The goods and estates of those who were executed were all forfeited, and probably the priests and the church shared pretty largely in the ill-gotten spoils.

Two men were also taken and burnt at Senlis. One Francis D'Augy was burnt at Nonnay, by the sentence of the Parliament of Toulouse. In short, the burning

chambers which were established to receive informations against heretics, made terrible havoc among the Reformed, and sometimes burnt twenty of them together. These good men often suffered death with the most heroic constancy, and many were converted to their faith by beholding their death.

Among the atrocities that were now committed, must be enumerated the burning of John l'Anglois, an attorney and member of the church at Sens, who was condemned at the instances of his own uncle, Barville, Archdeacon of the cathedral of Sens.

Francis I. died in 1547. Many circumstances mentioned in his life prove him to have had an inquiring mind, and evince that he was rather favourable to the Reformation, but he had not courage enough to resist the priesthood, and persecuted more from policy, than from inclination. He was, however, equally responsible at the tribunal of the King of kings, for all the righteous blood shed during his reign.

His son, Henry II. was a bigot. While he needed the aid of the Protestant princes of Germany, against the Pope and the Emperor, he discovered a little moderation; but when their services were no longer necessary, the spirit of persecution broke out with unrelenting fury, and would have exceeded the barbarities of Decius and Dioclesian, had not the unexpected death of that Prince put an end to all his malicious purposes.

The burning-chamber was peculiarly active; the first year that Henry ascended the throne, a great number of the Reformed were executed all over the kingdom, and he attended, like his father, in a solemn procession, after which, many unfortunate victims were put to death on the Place de Grève. But the cruelties which were

perpetrated were of a more refined nature than those committed in the days of Francis; for, the poor creatures were tied to a pulley, from which they were let down by degrees into the fire, and when they began to feel it, they were taken up again; and this was repeated till they expired in the most excruciating tortures.

Shortly after, an edict was published against the Reformed, and persecution raged more fiercely than it had ever done before. Among the illustrious sufferers, one deserves particularly to be noticed. Monsieur Lewis de Marsac was a gentleman of great family, and having been in the King's ordinance, the Lieutenant Criminal wished to excuse him from dying with a rope round his neck, like the other sufferers. Marsac perceiving that his rank had gained him this privilege, and that he was to be more favoured than his brethren, desired that no distinction should be made. "Alas!" cried he, "don't deny me the collar of that most excellent order."

Among other inventions, the gag was now used for the first time. Its intention was to prevent the martyrs from singing psalms, or addressing the people on the way to their funeral pile.

One Simon Lalve was executed at Dijon, and while he was praying for his persecutors, his executioner was smitten to the heart, and embraced the faith of the Reformed.

In 1557, a congregation having been discovered at worship in Paris, was surrounded, and many of them seized. Nine of them were burnt, among whom was Philippa de Luns, a young widow of exquisite beauty, who was in the twenty-third year of her age: she was relict of the Lord of Graveron in Gascony. Before her

death her tongue was cut out, and her feet and face parched; afterwards she was strangled, and her corpse burnt to ashes.

The King, and the Cardinal Lorraine, made an attempt about this time to introduce the Inquisition into France, but they were so strongly opposed by the Parliament that they relinquished it.

Many illustrious persons now united with the Reformed, and, among the rest, the King and Queen of Navarre, who, with some distinguished families of the nobility, joined them in their worship, and walked in public procession, singing psalms with the people. The priests took the alarm, and had recourse to the stale cry, that the Lutherans were raising a sedition at Paris. The King immediately issued a proclamation and forbad the meetings, and some persons were arrested, but afterwards released.

The King now openly avowed his intentions respecting the Reformed in the Parliament, and seized some of its members, to bring them to trial and execution, because they favoured their cause; but, before he could execute all his sanguinary wishes, he was killed at a tournament, and suddenly called himself to a higher tribunal, where the righteous Judge maketh inquisition for blood.

Notwithstanding the opposition made during this reign against the advancement of the Reformed religion, upwards of fifty churches were established in some of the principal towns and cities.

The Reformed hoped for some relaxation in their persecutions on the death of the late King, but they soon found that there was a similar spirit in his son, Francis II. Guided by many of the same counsellors, he continued

the career of blood which he had pursued. The first victim of his cruelty was Counsellor Du Bourg, one of the members seized by his father in the Parliament. When he ascended the place of execution he offered up this prayer: *O Lord my God! do not forsake me, lest I should forsake thee!* He was strangled, and his body was then cast into the fire and reduced to ashes!

A new edict was published against the meetings of the Reformed, and informers were encouraged to denounce them, with the promise of half their forfeitures, while the curates and vicars of the respective parishes thundered their anathemas and excommunications against all those who, knowing any Lutheran, should not inform against him, and exhorted their parishioners to use all their endeavours to discover them, and to be watchful every one over his neighbour, promising impunity, *in case their information should be found faulty or even false.*

The persecution began at Paris. The houses of the Reformed were marked, and a Friday was the day fixed to break in upon them, to see if they were eating flesh or fish. The greatest cruelties were committed. Paris was like a besieged city. Nothing was to be seen in the streets but men and women of all qualities and ages, whom the soldiers were escorting to gaol, while their houses were plundered, or their goods sold by auction, to reward their depredators. The streets were so incumbered with carts full of furniture, that it was difficult to pass; and the poor children, deprived of their parents, were left to starve in the streets, none daring to relieve them for fear of being denounced as heretics.—O the humane spirit of Popery!

The priests, too, must interfere in the business, for

it could not be perfected without them. They stood in the corners of the streets, and excited the rage of the people, by telling them that the heretics fed upon children's flesh, that they committed a thousand acts of impurity, and they ate a pig instead of the paschal lamb. The Parliament witnessed these violent proceedings, instigated by the Cardinal Lorraine, but they employed no efforts to check them. Other parts of the kingdom suffered in the same manner.

At length, the Cardinal procured the interest of the Queen-mother, and, by suborning false witnesses and other methods, he made her believe that the Reformed had a plot against the state, and obtained her consent to extirpate the whole of them. The Cardinal and the Duke of Guise, his brother, hastily embraced the favourable moment, and pursued their hellish designs like worthy agents of the prince of darkness.

Seizures of goods, violences, extortions, imprisonments, executions, and burnings, were the order of the day, and the Reformed of Paris were the principal victims; but yet they forsook not the assembling of themselves together, and heroically held fast their integrity.

The Sorbonists, and other preachers, availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them, to inflame the passions of the people in their sermons, and carried their ghostly fury so far that they dragged the persecuted from the hands of the executioner, that they might vent their rage to the last moment, by torturing them. Images were set up in the streets, and those who would not kiss them were sent to prison, and boxes were presented to the passers-by to obtain money for wax-tapers and lights, to which if they refused to give, they were in danger of being killed. The cry of A Lutheran, a

Lutheran! was enough to collect a mob; and some arch fellows actually obtained the destruction of their creditors by this means, who fell under the fury of the mob.

In 1560, the Admiral of France secured the aid of the Prince de Condé, and endeavoured, by force of arms, to rid the country of the Guises, who were destroying its best subjects by their shameful depredations; but the enterprise was unsuccessful; Renaudie, the leader, was slain, and his body hung on a gibbet and quartered. Amboise, the scene of action, suffered dreadfully in this affair, and the streets were streaming with the blood of the slaughtered. Above twelve hundred noblemen, gentlemen, or commoners, perished on the occasion. One Captain Villemongey, being brought to the scaffold, dipped his hands in the blood of those who had suffered before him, and raising them to heaven, cried out with his last breath, *Behold, O God Almighty, here is the innocent blood of thy servants, which certainly thou wilt avenge.*

The Guises carried matters with so high a hand, that the smallest attempt to check their power was punished in the most exemplary manner; and a poor innocent hawker was executed for selling a pamphlet, called *The Tiger*, which was intended to exposé their cruelties; a merchant from Rouen, who was also passing by, at the time of his execution, endeavouring to appease the fury of the mob, was conveyed to prison as an accomplice, and suffered a few days after.

It would occupy more room than these pages can allow, only to detail the acts of cruelty which were committed during this short reign of seventeen months. One Anthony Richiend was seized by the mob at Fuy-

euse, who ripped him open and dragged his bowels about the streets, which they afterwards threw into a common sewer. They then carried his heart and liver upon a pole in brutish triumph, and finally threw them to the dogs; but the animals refusing to eat them, they cried out in their rage, What, are you Lutherans too? and killed the beasts upon the spot.

Various plots were formed against the life of the King of Navarre, because he favoured the Reformed; and the young king Francis, only in his seventeenth year, was tutored to enter into them all, but they happily failed. The Prince of Condé, their friend, was also sentenced to death; but the King himself died before the sentence could be executed, and he was afterwards set at liberty.

1560.—Charles IX. was ten years of age when he ascended the throne, and the affairs of the state were committed to the hands of the Queen-mother. At the commencement of his reign, she, fearing the power of the Guises, who had a design upon the crown, deemed it politic to keep them in check by leaning rather to the side of the Protestants. These had now above two thousand one hundred and fifty congregations, many of which were very large, and they considerably increased under the short repose with which they were favoured. The King of Navarre was also a powerful friend of the Reformed; but having obtained an enlargement of his kingdom, through the influence of the Pope, he shortly after deserted the cause which he had hitherto warmly espoused, and it would have been left in a very helpless state, had not the Queen of Navarre replaced her father, and persevered in her resolution to support the Reformed till the day of her death.

Dispirited at the turn of affairs in favour of the Protestants, the Guises retired to their estates, and waited for a more favourable opportunity to forward their sanguinary and ambitious designs.

An edict was published by the Queen, granting to the Protestants the privilege of preaching in all parts of the kingdom, excepting in Paris, and in other walled cities. This was carried in the Parliament with some difficulty, and any thing like toleration sat very uneasy upon the minds of the Catholics.

The Guises, impatient at restraint and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the Protestants, at last found means to renew the horrors of persecution. The dowager Dutchess of Guise was a resident at Vassy, a small town in Champaign, where there was a Reformed church of about twelve hundred members, who resorted there from the adjacent places. Their meeting-house was a large barn, and one Leonard Morel was their minister. As liberty of conscience was granted, they openly engaged in the exercises of worship; but this woman having the blood of the Guises flowing in her veins, looked at them with envy, and longed for a time to vent upon them her superstitious rage. She first sent the Bishop of Chalons, in whose diocese the place was, to interdict the minister, and interrupt him in his worship. But the Reformed divine boldly stood his ground, and desired him to wait till he had finished his sermon, and if he uttered any thing contrary to Scripture, he would readily allow himself to be censured. The arbitrary monk then wrote to Paris, and complained to the Parliament, that he had been insulted by a Reformed minister; but as he could not substantiate his charge, the congregation triumphed and went on as usual, think-

ing themselves perfectly secure under the protection of the edict.

But the Dutchess, disappointed in her aims, provoked the indignation of her sons against this religious assembly; and with a body of armed men they fell upon them in the time of worship, wounded two hundred, and left sixty dead upon the spot. The minister was among the wounded, and was sent into confinement as a prisoner, the pews and pulpit were broken, the Bible was torn to pieces, and some houses in the neighbourhood plundered. To cover their atrocities, the murderers got some of their partisans to sign an affidavit in their favour, accusing the Protestants of being *a factious set of people, and charging them with being the aggressors.*

Guise having begun with success, was determined to follow up his designs; he therefore excited a commotion in various provinces, and marched to Paris at the head of a thousand horse. The Queen fled with her son, and placed herself under the protection of the Prince of Condé.

The Constable of France, at the head of the *gens-d'armes*, in the mean time wreaked his vengeance upon all the places of worship for the Reformed in the vicinity of Paris, tearing them in pieces and burning them, and many of these oppressed people suffered from his fury; the mob were so full of malignity, that one of the ministers having escaped, against whom they had a great inveteracy, they actually carried his slippers in a procession upon a pitch-fork; a token of what they would have done with the offender, had he fallen into their hands.

Now began a furious civil war, which lasted for a whole year, in which fifty thousand Protestants perished,

Guise was assassinated, and Navarre was killed at a siege.

But who were the disloyal subjects here? It was the Catholic conspirators, who infringed upon the King's edict; who armed without royal authority; who seized upon the King's sacred person; and, for the sake of a private revenge, deluged the country with the blood of civil war!

Many more atrocities of the most barbarous kind were committed during this reign, and the mob and the magistrates seemed to vie with each other in acts at which humanity shudders. Three hundred Reformed were shut up in their church at Tours for three days together, without eating or drinking; then they were tied two and two, and brought near the river, where their barbarous executioners seemed to study to rival each other in the most cruel methods of putting them to death. The children were sold at a crown apiece. A very beautiful young woman being brought to the slaughter, he who was destined to destroy her relented through pity, when another snatched her from his hands, stripped her naked, and having violated her person, murdered her. The President of Tours was tied to two willows, and as it was supposed that he had swallowed some money, they ripped him open alive, to search for it in his bowels. The catalogue of towns is large where these crimes against humanity were perpetrated.

In Provence these barbarities were carried still farther. About fifteen hundred men, women, and children, were destroyed in that country in the year 1553. Some men and women were hung up by the feet, and ripped open alive; others were unmercifully beaten,

and then burnt alive; others were tied to an ass's tail, and dragged through the streets; others were stoned to death; others were scourged to death stark naked, without any distinction of sex; others had their eyes plucked out, or their noses and their ears cut off, and were then cast headlong from the rocks; others were buried alive; others were impaled, women as well as men; others were chopped to pieces; others were drowned; others were thrown half dead to the dogs and hogs; others were starved to death with cold and hunger; and those obscene acts of cruelty were committed which nothing but Satanic malice could possibly have contrived.

At Toulouse some priests seized the body of a woman who was of the Reformed religion, as it was going to the grave, and carried it to a Romish church to bury it; they then set the bells ringing, and raised a mob, who assaulted those of the Reformed that came in the way, and wounded and killed many with stones and swords. After this the Catholics were ordered to distinguish themselves by wearing white crosses, and to mark their door-posts with the same sign, that they might save their houses from plunder. The Reformed armed for their own defence: the contest lasted four days, during which time about four thousand persons perished on both sides, and two hundred houses were burnt to the ground. The Reformed at length escaped from the town; but many of them were butchered by parties lying in ambush on the roads, and their bodies were left to be devoured by the wolves and dogs. Four hundred who remained behind, were beheaded, and some were first put to the torture. Two young boys were among the sufferers, the one thirteen, and the other fifteen years of age, who, because they would not renounce the Reform-

ed religion, were both hung. One sentence pronounced against a Monsieur Terond, an attorney, who had not been involved in this contest, is well worth recording. It is a proof of Catholic justice and Catholic *omniscience*, which ought never to be forgotten. "*Monsieur Terond*," said the Counsellor who read it, "*the Court, after hearing your cause, do not find you in anywise* GUILTY: NEVERTHELESS, AS THE SAID COURT IS VERY WELL INFORMED OF THE INWARD DISPOSITION OF YOUR CONSCIENCE, AND THAT YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN VERY GLAD, HAD THOSE OF YOUR WRETCHED AND REPROBATE SECT GOT THE UPPER HAND *(and also that you have always countenanced them), the said Court condemns you to be beheaded, and your goods and estates to be* FORFEITED *without any appeal.*"

Besides a number of other persons, many of them of rank, who perished by beheading, hanging, and quartering alive, and whose estates were confiscated and their children beheaded, multitudes died in the prisons by cruel tortures; and four hundred were outlawed, and their estates were forfeited.

But it would swell this work to a folio volume, were it to detail all the cruel sufferings to which the French Protestants have been exposed. The affair of *Black Bartholomew Day*, 1572, is an historical fact known to every one. Never was there a more nefarious plot; never was plot more successfully carried into execution. Relying on the faith of the Catholics, and thinking to put an end to all further bloodshedding in civil war, the Protestants had consented to an union between the young King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. and the sister of Charles IX. The marriage was celebrated,

and the principal Protestants of the kingdom were assembled in the metropolis on the occasion. Scarcely were the rejoicings concluded, when all the leaders of the party were cruelly assassinated in the dead of the night, and on the approach of day, the savage Charles was seen amusing himself with shooting at those who were endeavouring to escape. Alas! they were but few; but those few were pursued with unrelenting fury. The massacre lasted seven days. Neither age nor sex was spared: five thousand people perished in Paris. The streets streamed with blood, and the coach-ways were blocked up with dead bodies. The havoc spread speedily through the whole kingdom, and never ceased till the Popish tigers had glutted themselves with the blood of *one hundred thousand* persons. The Pope was delighted at this news, and *public rejoicings* at Rome crowned these barbarous transactions.

In the reign of Henry IV. which succeeded, the Protestants obtained some security under the Edict of Nantes, which that good prince published while on a visit to that place. But this was barbarously violated by Lewis XIV. The celebrated Saurin, who was himself a sufferer at this period, has given a concise and interesting statement of the cruelties which were inflicted upon the Protestants just before this revocation took place: "A thousand blows were struck at our afflicted churches before that which destroyed them; for our enemies, if I may use such an expression, not content with seeing our ruin, endeavoured to taste it. One while, edicts were published against those who, foreseeing the calamities that threatened our churches, and not having power to prevent them, desired only the sad consolation of not being spectators of their ruin; another

while against those who, through their weakness, had denied their religion, and who, not being able to bear the remorse of their consciences, desired to return to their first profession. One while our pastors were forbidden to exercise their discipline on those of their flocks who had abjured the truth; another while, children of seven years of age were allowed to embrace doctrines which the Church of Rome alloys are not level to the capacities of adults. A college was suppressed, and then a church shut up. Sometimes we were forbidden to convert infidels; and sometimes to confirm those in the truth whom we had instructed from their infancy; and our pastors were forbidden to exercise their pastoral office any longer in one place than three years. Sometimes the printing of our books was prohibited; and sometimes those which we had printed were taken away. One while we were not suffered to preach in a church; and another while we were punished for preaching upon its ruins; and at length we were forbidden to worship God in public at all. Now we were banished—then we were forbidden to quit the kingdom on pain of death. Here we saw the glorious rewards of some who betrayed their religion; and there we beheld others, who had the courage to confess it, a haling to a dungeon, a scaffold, or a galley. Here we saw our persecutors drawing on a sledge the dead bodies of those who had expired on the rack. There we beheld a false friar tormenting a dying man, who was terrified on the one hand with the fear of hell if he should apostatize, and on the other with the fear of leaving his children without bread if he should continue in the faith. Yonder they were tearing children from their parents, while the tender parents were shedding

more tears for the loss of their souls, than for that of their bodies or lives."

It is impossible to meet with parallel instances of cruelty among the heathens in their persecutions of the primitive Christians. The bloody butchers who were sent to them under the name of *dragoons*, invented a thousand torments to tire their patience, and to force an abjuration from them. "They cast some," says Mr. Claude, "into large fires, and took them out again when they were half roasted. They hanged others with large ropes under their arm-pits, and plunged them several times into wells, till they promised to renounce their religion. They tied them, like criminals, on the rack, and poured wine, with a funnel, into their mouths, till, being intoxicated, they declared that they consented to turn Catholics. Some they slashed and cut with pen-knives; others they took by the nose with red-hot tongs, and led them up and down the rooms till they promised to turn Catholics."—These cruel proceedings made eight hundred thousand persons quit the kingdom.

On contemplating these cruel transactions, well may we exclaim, in the language of a worthy Minister, "O Popery! Popery! how horrible is thy charity—how cruel is thy benevolence! Painters sometimes exceed nature, and go beyond life; orators make frequent use of hyperbolical expressions; and poets are often madly extravagant; but imagination labours in vain to portray the malignant spirit by which thou art animated! A serpent, whose poison is instant death, lurking undiscovered until he hath inflicted the fatal wound; a hungry lion, sharp set and ready to seize his prey; the vapour of pestilence which depopulates an empire; a fury entwined with scorpions; an ideal monster, that is sour, livid,

full of scars, wallowing in gore, disgusted with every object around, and most of all disgusted with itself; is harmless and inoffensive in comparison of thee. It is too true, that, after thy example, and to the disgrace of Christianity, Protestants have sometimes persecuted; but their persecutions were a horrid perversion of their principles; whereas thy persecutions flow from thy principles, as a natural and a necessary result. They have tasted—thou hast drunk to intoxication of the blood of martyrs! Blood is thy aliment, thy element; and dreadful has been, or will be, thy retribution. Their intolerance, the effect of mingled passions, spends itself in the lapse of time, or is corrected by nobler sentiments; but thy principles of persecution are established by infallible councils, which *lapse of time cannot alter—which no tenderness of sentiment can correct* *."

After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the rights of conscience were long lost to France. The Reformed that continued there only worshipped by stealth; and to the last days of Lewis XVI. they laboured under those oppressions, the bare recital of which inspires the hearts of all but Papists with sentiments of pity.

Mr. Townsend says, in a note to his Claude, "I could subjoin here a strong proof of the intolerant spirit of the Catholic clergy in France, and of their *great desire of renewing the ancient persecutions against the Protestants, even in the reign of Lewis XVI.*; but it would extend this note too much." It is a pity that the fact has been suppressed; but, as a work is in forwardness in the press, giving an Historical view of the Re-

* Thorpe's Speech on Catholic Emancipation.

formed Church of France in a more connected form, as announced at the close of these pages, every interesting particular will be collected for that statement which it is in the author's power to procure.

Whatever were the designs of the priests under Lewis XVI. God was then pleased to check them in awful judgment, and, instead of re-acting the scenes of Bartholomew Day, they were called to answer for the shedding of innocent blood by pouring out their own. But, though the Almighty visited them with such signal judgments, when nearly five hundred thousand of their community were massacred by the hands of the infidel revolutionists, among whom were twenty-four thousand of their own clerical body, they have not acquired wisdom. Neither gratitude, nor experience, nor policy, can improve their barbarous faith. May the angel of God speedily announce the destruction of this church, and his voice be heard saluting the glad nations—BABYLON THE GREAT IS FALLEN, IS FALLEN! *Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets, for God hath avenged you on her!*

APPENDIX.

A MORNING paper, attached to the *genuine principles* of our constitution, and whose pages are ever open in the cause of oppressed humanity, without distinction of country or religion, was the first to announce the existence of a state of things in the South of France, the continuance of which has tarnished, in our opinion, the reputation of the King's Government, more than any other since the return of that august family to the throne of their ancestors.

On the 26th of August last the following Letter appeared, addressed to the Editor of the Morning Chronicle:

"SIR,

"It is with the deepest affliction that I call your attention to the accounts brought by all travellers lately returned from Paris, of the horrible persecution carried on against the Protestants of the South of France, by the PARTISANS of the HOUSE of BOURBON! Not less than 3000 victims are said to have perished in that country from the unrelenting bigotry of fanatics, who have revived against

our Protestant brethren the merciless cruelty practised by their ancestors against the Albigenses. I cannot believe that after the asylum they have enjoyed for so many years in this land of religious liberty, the Bourbon princes can have been so ungrateful for the obligation, as to begin their reign with directions to their adherents to persecute those who have no other crime but that of professing the same faith that we do. And yet it cannot be denied, that the perpetrators of these iniquities plead in justification of their cruelties, a declaration falsely, I hope, attributed to the Duke of Angouleme, that France would never be quiet till all its inhabitants were of the same religion. If it is unfortunately true, that His Royal Highness is penetrated with these sentiments, it is to be hoped that the King at least is guided by principles more consonant to the spirit of Christianity. But if it should be otherwise; I trust the Allies will employ the means which Providence has placed in their hands to stop this scene of carnage and persecution, and that Protestant soldiers will be stationed in the South of France, to check those ebullitions of frantic zeal, and secure for their brethren that free exercise of their religion, and security for their persons and property, which the constitution of their country professes to afford them, and which at any rate the ardour and victories of the Protestant Allies would have entitled them to impose, as conditions of peace on their vanquished enemies.

"A PROTESTANT."

Extract from the Bulletin of Nismes.

On the 5th July several domains belonging to Protestants were burned, and on the 6th a still greater number. The steward *(Gerisseur)* of the estate of Giraudin was stretched over a fire. After his death they took him down, and exhibited the body to passengers. The 7th, 8th, and 9th, were more calm days; there were only pillages. On the 5th they massacred almost all the prisoners who were Protestants. A pretended national guard, formed of all the malefactors, and of all the worthless wretches of the environs and the town, are accused of these crimes. One of the Captains is a person of the name of Toislajon, a sweeper of the streets, who alone has killed fourteen Protestants. They broke open the grave of a young Protestant girl, to throw her into a common receptacle of filth. Those Protestants whom they do not kill they exile, and throw into prison, and yet there were a great number of Royalists among them.

From the 10th to the 14th July no courier from Paris arrived. On the 16th the King was proclaimed by the Urban Guard (composed of men between forty and sixty years of age) followed by all the most respectable persons in the town, and the white flag was hoisted.

On the 17th, armed bands of brigands, and the National Guards of Beaucaire, came to disarm the military, who sustained an assault in the barracks; and they were almost all massacred. Their numbers amounted to 200.

On the 18th, many peaceable citizens were massacred; many houses pillaged. On the afternoon of that cruel morning, the mad wretches ran about the town, calling out that they wished a second Saint Bartholomew.

On the 19th, the Prefect published a Proclamation, recalling the peaceable persons who had quitted the town; they obeyed this order, and a great number were assassinated.

From the 20th to the 29th, the pillages and assassinations did not discontinue. Those who sought their safety in flight were assassinated on the roads. Some were conducted into prisons, where they are still groaning.

On the 29th, the Prefect of the King arrived. The other Prefect had been named by ———, the Royal Commissioner.

On the 30th a *Te Deum* was chanted. On the 31st the new Prefect published a very prudent Proclamation, but he quitted Nismes.

On the 1st of August, M. de Calviere, the person whom the Royal Commissioner had named, resumed the functions of Prefect, and *sixteen Protestants* were massacred. They went about seizing them in their houses, and they cut their throats before their own doors. Many were massacred in the fields. The night between the 1st and 2d was the most cruel. M. de Calviere caused an order to be posted up, which seems to have somewhat calmed these pretended Royalists. On the 4th, several country-seats were set on fire.

The peaceable citizens, the members of the Urban Guard, have been again forced to flee to save themselves from destruction. The Prefect sent an order to them to return, under the penalty of having the laws respecting emigration put in force against them. Those who returned into the town experienced either death or captivity. It is uncertain whether M. de Montcalm or M. de Calviere is most guilty of allowing or causing the commission of all these horrors; but suspicion falls principally on the former, who is Royal Commissioner, and whom it is said the King had a considerable time ago ordered to cease his functions.

Nothing promises any security to the friends of order; for all the authorities, with the exception of two persons, are composed of the most timid and feeble men.

The attorneys *(Notaires)* and the *Avocats* have formed resolutions not to retain or to receive into their bodies any but Roman Catholics.

Nismes has already lost its rank among the commercial towns. It is on the brink of complete annihilation.

The Prefect named by the King was a M. d'Arbot: he has done no good. The foreign troops have been implored to force the brigands to repose, and to assist the true Royalists, for the brigands abuse this name, which they will render universally odious.

The number of deaths is prodigious; we have not an exact enumeration.

Horrors of the same kind are continued in the neighbouring towns.

Bulletin of Events which have occurred at Nismes.

Nismes, Aug. 26.

The fermentation is renewed within these few days in this town and its neighbourhood. The partisans of Napoleon affect a malignant joy, and circulate rumours of an approaching triumph. Some of them have even the audacity to raise the seditious cry of " Vive Napoleon II. !" The police have arrested some agitators, but others could not be saved from the fury of the people.

Information had been received that symptoms of rebellion had appeared in La Vaunage and La Gardonnenque, and that assemblages, consisting of country-people, and the principal malcontents and Federates of this town, had taken refuge there. These movements, however, were far from being regarded as indicating the plan of a combined revolt. But the events of yesterday and to-day have defeated their projects by unveiling them. An Austrian column had arrived on the 24th, and the necessity of finding quarters for these troops in the barracks, occasioned an order to be issued for the removal of the regiment of Royal Chasseurs, which was in garrison here, to Alais. The advanced guard had reached Ners, a village five leagues from Nismes, where it halted, when its Commander, Eugene de Cabrieres, was informed by the Sieur Perieux, the Mayor of that place, that a numerous assemblage was about to attack him. M. de Cabrieres, followed by the Mayor, was of opinion that he ought to advance without distrust to the multitude, to represent to

them that his regiment had no intentions hostile to the country, and that, in compliance with superior orders, he was proceeding to occupy Alais in garrison. Two sentinels immediately fired.—Sieur Perieux, the Mayor, was killed, and M. de Cabrieres wounded in the arm. The latter retired with his company, having lost a man, who was killed by a fire of musketry from the houses of the village. It was, therefore, thought proper to suspend the march of the regiment, and to give information of what had passed to the authorities of the department.

Yesterday the 25th, 800 Austrians marched to join the Royal Chasseurs, and found the march of the regiment still stopped by the rebels. The Austrian Commander summoned them to lay down their arms and disperse; upon which they dared to propose a capitulation, which could not possibly be reconciled with the submission due to the Government. The Commandant declared that he would not treat with rebels: on receiving this answer, the latter fired, and four Austrians were killed, and nine wounded. The troops immediately marched against them, and they were dispersed after an action of two hours' duration, in which they had sixty killed and three taken. One of the prisoners was a Federate of Nismes, and he and his two companions were shot by order of the Austrian General Stahremberg.

A second Austrian column marched two hours ago, and is about to be followed by a considerable detachment of the National Guard. The object of this ex-

pedition is to disarm that part of the department which is infected with the spirit of rebellion.

We are assured that General Gilly, and Teste, an advocate, formerly Lieutenant of the Police at Lyons, have organized this insurrection, the ramifications of which appear to extend into the Cevennes. Proclamations, tending to encourage the people to revolt, are even mentioned as circulating in these departments.

Extract of a Letter from Paris, Sept. 2d, 1815.

* * * * * * besides, you will be pleased to see that the King has at last published a Proclamation on the disturbances of the South; but I am sorry to say, that it is what we call here *de la moutarde après dîner.* The great object of those disturbances is now attained, the Elections have been carried by the pure Royalists, all Counts and Marquisses; and the Duc d'Angoulême is at last at the head of an army, composed of those bands of pure and religious intolerants. The Marquis de Villeneuve, recalled by the King's Government for having continued his functions as the chief of the Government of the Duc d'Angoulême, is now sent back triumphant to the South, where the King has appointed him to preside over the Department of l'Hérault (Montpellier). May God avert the dangers of all kinds which now threaten that wretched country! We anticipate nothing less than horrors of all kinds; which the Court party consider as their triumph, but which are considered by the good sense of the nation as the precursor of their ruin.

Extract of a Letter.

"*Lyons, Sept.* 20.

"Every post brings us letters from Nismes or St. Cevennes—every day we hear the recitals of the unfortunate people who fly this land of persecution. If we suppress, however, every thing which indignation at the crimes committed, grief for their losses, and the remembrance of their dangers, has made them exaggerate in their accounts, the truth is at an end; that there neither have been, nor are, any insurgents in the Department of the Gard, and that this denomination has been employed only to disguise the persecution to which the Protestants are exposed, OUT OF JEALOUSY OF THEIR NUMBERS, THEIR PROSPERITY, AND THEIR WEALTH. In the midst of their horrors, scarcely two Catholic Bonapartists have shared the fate of the Protestants, while *all the Protestant Royalists have suffered more or less.*

"It is false that there are towns in insurrection; that they have disregarded the authority of the King; that Gen. Gilly and others are at the head of armed bodies: it is false that there was a camp at Ners, and that there were great blows to be struck.

"The Protestants have long since been an object of envy; though, in general, they saw the restoration of the King with joy, they have been all represented as Bonapartists; and the word Protestant has unhappily become synonymous with it: it was a sure means of marking them out. *From the return of the King in*

1814; *the Protestants have been ridiculed, threatened, insulted:* they bore all in silence. On the appearance of Bonaparte they were seen to be calm—attached to their country—enemies to all disorder. However, when the Duke of Angouleme marched against the Lyonese, *they were rejected from the army.* At the conclusion of this expedition, the soldiers of Bonaparte committed some excesses. It is true that there were observed among them some Protestants; but soon every crime was laid to their charge. Even now the persecution exercised against these unhappy people, without being a religious one, in the proper sense of the term, has all its horrors and all its fanaticism.

"Placed in this dreadful situation, the inhabitants of the Cevennes have not attacked these hordes of assassins, but they have defended themselves at home, and have repulsed them; and, after all, there is no question but of a slight affair in a Protestant village near Nismes; happily the Austrians, who marched against them, soon perceived the whole truth. They have traversed the Cevennes, have conducted themselves very well, and all resistance has ceased. However, only three days ago, two families were plundered; and the people tremble lest the approaching departure of the foreign troops should be the signal of fresh horrors."

The writer of this letter deserves full confidence, both on account of his personal qualities, and his public character.—*Morning Chronicle, Oct.* 16.

Extracts from the French Secret Police Reports, respecting the Proceedings in the South of France.

Toulon, from the 22d to the 24th of August.—(The Lieutenant of Police, and several private Letters.)—Every day the list of suspected persons increases. Eight hundred men are already in custody, and fifty-five women are marked out for the same measure. The authors of the disturbance have succeeded, by stirring up the people to drive out the greatest part of the keepers of the prisons, and to fill the places with their own relatives. They avail themselves of the Marseilles Bands to drag the purchasers of the domains before the authorities, where a Notary is always in readiness to prepare a conveyance. The Royal Ordonnances, the instructions of the Ministers, the commands of the Government, are not respected or obeyed; all is conducted according to secret instructions: this at least is the general opinion. A dealer in delft ware and a saddler are the Presidents of a Committee which is called Royal. This Committee acts in the most arbitrary manner, and soldiers are placed in the houses of those who fly. Such are the proceedings throughout the whole of this part of Provence.

Nismes, Aug. 22.—(General Commissary of Police.)—Notwithstanding the zeal of the National Guard, and the apparent tranquillity, we cannot calculate much on its continuance. It has been found impossible to prevent the plunder of several country-houses in the neighbourhood. Contributions have been raised

in Barin and Milhaud, on those who wished to save their property from the flames. On the road to Montpellier, M. Assoutell, a rich proprietor, was murdered with stabs of bayonets; he had acted no part in the revolution, and his property was his only crime. His murderers went away laden with booty. Five of the guilty were apprehended by the Police, but it was impossible to bring them before the Tribunals. The Judges are all without authority; the pretence is, Bonapartism—and the criminals of all parties remain unexecuted. The prisons are crowded, and yet even prudence forbids the setting the innocent at liberty. It is not to be doubted that their throats would immediately be cut, as has already been exemplified in several places.

Upper Garonne. — *Toulouse, Aug.* 25. — The 15th of this month, which ended in so melancholy a manner with the death of General Ramel, so much devoted to the Royal cause, began with a procession of the Clergy, of the Authorities, of the Staff of the Guard, and several thousand devotees; many women, few men—the latter had another destination. They were the agents of the *Secret Society*, who, after they had instigated the populace, made the most of the thrusts at the General. They drove out one of his eyes, cut off his nose, and threw it to the crowd. The formation and direction of the Secret Society is here generally ascribed to the *Priests*; but it is even added, it goes still higher. To conclude from its actions and conduct, it appears to possess unlimited power, and

the internal organization of the Old Man of the Mountain. Its members are invisible, its leaders unassailable, and it must be powerful, as the authorities of the place can neither restrain nor disperse its agents, and as one of them, when taken up on account of excesses, and brought before the *Maire*, on the mere exhibition of his diploma, was at once set at liberty. The refusal of General Ramel to arm and head these secret Societies is stated to be the only cause of his death.

The inhabitants of the island Tonni, for the most part strong and vigorous butchers, have set an example to the city of Toulouse which it ought to have imitated. They refused all entrance to any of the tumultuous bands into their island, and no one has ventured to penetrate there.

Herault.—Montpellier, 22d Aug.—Blood does not cease to flow in Montpellier, but drop by drop and not in streams, but with a sort of reservation which is more cruel than the rage of a commotion. The number of persons imprisoned close beside us in Albi is ever on the increase. In the country, in all the neighbouring departments, the purchasers of national estates are unmercifully persecuted.

Gard, 27th Aug.—Several private accounts agree in stating, that in many places the Protestants are neither allowed to wear the white nor the green cockade, that they are subjected to a particular Police, which orders them to leave or enter their houses at fixed hours; that the doors of their churches have been broken open, the door-keepers driven off, the seats carried away, and every thing plundered which was found.

Nismes, Sept. 14.—The inhabitants of this city and its neighbourhood, who had retired to escape the political agitations which disturbed this department, return in crowds, now tranquillity has been re-established. Still in some situations slight dissensions prevail, but they have no evil purpose, and are nothing more than the last heavings after a volcano. The last instance was that of a woman returned from the Gardonnenque, whose furniture of the pavillion she occupied they destroyed. They were about to pull down the house also, when order was restored by the arrival of a military force.

Gard.—Nismes, 27th Aug.—(Letter of an old Office-bearer.)—The movement which the Austrians, the Royal Jagers, and the National Guard of Alais were to take to occupy in common the Gardonnenque, and to reduce Ners, has not taken place. The National Guard of Alais were compelled to remain at home to keep the Protestants of the town and the surrounding country in order. The Royal Jagers returned towards Uzes, and the Austrians towards Boncorian, where they demanded a reinforcement. For this purpose Count Stahremberg ordered fresh troops from Provence. He withdrew yesterday evening at nine o'clock towards Anduze in three columns, and he imagined that he would become master of it to-day. The report is, that General Briche, who advanced from Montpellier against St. Hyppolite, has been compelled to withdraw, in expectation of reinforcements.

In the midst of all these movements, Nismes is pretty tranquil, which must be attributed to the arrest

of several plunderers, who had been the most active in the disturbances, and against whom they will at last be obliged to proceed seriously. In no case however can these wretches be brought before the tribunals, still less is it possible to pass sentence on them. The tribunal is here, as well as in many other departments of the South, completely broken up. President, Judges, Procurators, all have been obliged to flee, to escape the horrors with which they are threatened.

Gard.—Nismes, 28th Aug. Evening.—(The Prefect.)—The Royal Jagers, on their falling back on Uzes, were pursued and harassed by the insurgents, who killed eight men and wounded several. In an attack on the front of the Gardonnenque the Austrians were driven back with the loss of sixteen killed, and a much greater number of wounded. But Anduze was invested and taken by the Count von Stahremberg, who committed, or permitted to be committed, a number of cruelties there. The inhabitants and all the insurgents have fled to the mountains.

During this time, Nismes, without troops, was left a prey to the plunderers, who availed themselves of these movements to effect their return. They assembled on the *Cours neuf* for consultation, and proceeded immediately to plunder and destroy a number of houses. The General Commissary of Police of the Department, M. Vidal, appointed by the Duke d'Angoulême, has reported that the Ex-General Gilly, and M. Teste, a Jurisconsult, were at the head of the insurgents of the Gardonnenque, and were labouring to create an insurrection in the Cevennes. But it appears certain that

both were neither in the Department, nor even in any of the Southern Provinces. Yesterday a report was circulated, that M. von Metternich has given M. de Talleyrand an assurance that the disturbances in Nismes and the Gard department have been quieted by the intervention of Count von Stahremberg. This General, it is said, after adopting severe measures, has succeeded in tranquillizing the Protestants, and inducing them to break up their camp at Ners. This camp contained from 7 to 8000 men.

Gard.—Uzes, 28th Aug.—(The Mayor.)—A dreadful crime has thrown this town into alarm, and added to the irritation of men's minds. A certain person, of the name Graffan, who pretends to the command of a troop consisting of about thirty furious wretches, who call themselves Royalists, a band neither belonging to the army, nor the National Guard, sallied out on the 26th against a party of insurgents of Gardonnenque. In this irruption, which he undertook without any authority, he succeeded in making six prisoners, whom he brought into Uzes, and there without trial or authority ordered to be shot by his troops.

Lot and Garonne.—Agen, 30th Aug.—(The Prefect.)—Bloody quarrels are continually taking place in this Department, the cause of which is always difference of political opinions. The circle of Touniens is in the greatest fermentation. It is hoped, however, that the public peace will not be seriously disturbed, *if agents for murder and disturbance are not sent about, as has happened in several other Departments.*

Herault.—Montpellier, 30th Aug.—(The Prefect.)—Since the murder of M. Vialla, mentioned in the

journals, other victims have fallen. Several houses have been plundered. Order has been again restored by the withdrawing of the mob, who occasioned the disturbances. The soldiers of whom it was composed assumed the name of *Royal Mountain Chasseurs. In consequence of higher orders* they have taken their direction towards Carcassone. The Department of the Aude has hitherto been quiet, but if that multitude spread disorder through it, then all the Southern Departments will be more or less in commotion.

Upper Garonne.—Toulouse, 30th Aug.—(Report by a Courier.)—The fermentation is at its highest pitch in this city; the minds and passions of men are equally roused. We remark a number of individuals who, hitherto unknown, now render themselves conspicuous *by the violence of their declamations, and, under pretext of avenging the cause of the King, indulge in threats, and even overt acts, against respectable and peaceable citizens, whom they stigmatize as ungodly and Bonapartists* *. The evening assemblies and dances, which, instead of being prohibited, have been

---

* This has ever been the policy of Roman Catholics; they will not own that it is on account of their religion the Protestants are persecuted; no—they are Bonapartists, say they, although these very men, who are now imbruing their hands in their blood, were known to be the vilest tools of Bonaparte, and would be again, if the opportunity should occur. —Lewis XIV. massacred 300,000 of them AS REBELS; but never touched one of them *as Protestants!* And yet this logic finds apologists among British Protestants!!!

promoted, afford daily opportunities for disturbances and quarrels. It is feared that all this is only a prelude to more violent movements, and the regular magistrates are accused of not doing enough to satisfy the wishes of the true Royalists. A letter thus expresses itself on the subject: "What do they aim at? At present every body is attacked; no official rank—no respectability remains unassailed—no magistrate is respected; nothing, indeed, is regarded *but the secret power which organizes assassins, and excites to murder.* The shrieks of the dying every where resound. Are we threatened with a Royal terrorism, or a new St. Bartholomew's? We have no want of strength. Give us only upright, firm, and intelligent magistrates, and we will support them. We wish for the King and the Charter, but we also wish our own security, of which, if matters proceed, there will soon not be a vestige left."

Vaucluse.—Avignon, Sept. 1.—The Department is continually desolated by fire and robbery. The deaths are fewer, but opinions run still very high. To approve of the Charter is considered as a crime; whoever ventures to mention it, passes immediately for a Bonapartist. The proclamations and edicts of the King, it is true, are well known, but they pretend that they are accountable to God alone, and they give themselves out as devoted to the Princes, while they set aside the commands and the views of the King. Some of the persons in confinement have been set at liberty, though privately; and for the sake of their safety, they have been obliged to leave the town.

N. B. Private letters announce the flight of the

Mayor, the Prefect, and all the authorities, and the murder of 125 prisoners, the murderers shouting all the while, *Vive le Roi!*

Gard.—Nismes, Sept. 2.—(The Prefect.)—On the 29th of August an Austrian Surgeon, standing before the shop of a dealer in sculpture, looking at the figure of General Blucher, said, before several witnesses, "There is a brave General, who gave Bonaparte a proper dressing! He is a Protestant, and I also. The Catholics have massacred 400 Protestants here, but they will repent it. You are also scoundrels, robbers, and murderers, and deserve to be exterminated."—A *proces verbal* of this was drawn up and transmitted to the Commandant of the Department, to be communicated to the Austrian General.

Gard.—Nismes, Sept. 2.—(Private Letter.)—The proclamation of the Austrian General, in which he announces the disarming of the country, has produced the worst effect, and can only excite fresh disturbances. What the Prefect has thought proper to add, by way of showing that the measure announced is a proof of the good understanding between the King of France and the Emperor of Austria, has added to the irritation, and excited new distrust. The Protestants say, there is an intention of disarming them, that they may the easier murder them, as they did those who, after escaping the first affrays of Nismes, had the weakness to listen to the proclamations, and return. Hence it is more than probable, that, on the day when the disarming, if it is really to take place, begins, it will be the signal for fresh disorders. Mention is made of a letter

written by Talleyrand, to prevent this disarming, but this is not believed, and it is even considered as a stratagem. In general, the Protestants are convinced that it is wished to massacre them. But who can wish that?

Var.—Toulon, Aug. 31.—(The Lieutenant of Police.)—Lieutenant-general Partonneaux, commanding the 8th division, has written to the Commandant of the town and the Mayor, sharply censuring their proceedings, and, referring to the paternal sentiments of His Majesty, commanded them to put a stop to the severities which, contrary to the laws, they have inflicted on several individuals. The arrests have in consequence ceased, and several persons have been set at liberty; others were obliged to pay for their liberty, or at least it was only given them on certain conditions. A M. Esparon, a Notary, Adjunct of the Mayor, who has a great influence on the Commandant of the place, is generally considered as the secret instigator of all these persecutions. On the Festival of the King in this part of the country the greatest excesses were committed. Several persons were murdered, and many houses were given up to plunder.

[We shall here close our Extracts; but every day is likely to bring accounts of fresh massacres against our Protestant brethren, under the pretence of Bonapartism.]

Copy of a Letter from the Rev. President of the Reformed Church of Nismes, to the Rev. G. C. Smith, of Penzance: which, with that which follows, is given to show the State of the Protestant Churches in the South of France previous to their Persecution.

SIR,

I received with inexpressible pleasure your kind letter from Paris, and some time after, by my honoured brother, Mr. Martin, my successor at Bourdeaux, a packet containing a copy of the stereotype Bible, two copies of the New Testament in the Portuguese and French languages, with some little Tracts, which he sent me from you; for which I sincerely thank you. It was unfortunate for me that you did not visit this place when you were in France, in consequence of which, I am deprived of acquaintance with a man whose reputation has reached me, and for whom I feel the most perfect esteem aed sincere affection.

I have had the satisfaction of seeing two Rev. brothers in Jesus Christ, Messrs. François and Clement Perrot; their eminent piety and zeal for the spreading of the Gospel in every part of the world, and especially in our too long oppressed and persecuted churches, have inspired me with the warmest love and brotherly affection for those worthy servants of Christ. I have a very imperfect idea of your British and Foreign Society, Sunday Schools, and of your Missionary and Bible Societies; but I have learnt, with great satisfaction, the admirable design of dispensing

Bibles in every known language, and the noble and generous sacrifices made by those Societies, and pray that He who is the beginner and finisher of our faith, will favour them with his choicest blessing, and prosper his work in their hands. O! how glorious it is thus to go on in the work of the Lord, and to consecrate that temporal prosperity which Heaven has bestowed on your happy country, to the advancement of religion, and for the good of your fellow-creatures, who are our brethren in the flesh and in spirit; for we are all called to the same faith and hope by virtue of Him who hath brought us from darkness into his marvellous light.

I have received with a measure of respect and joy, a fragment of the New Testament translated into the Chinese language by the Rev. Robert Morrison. I had it from Mr. Perrot. Nothing but apostolic zeal could have enabled Mr. Morrison to surmount those difficulties he had to meet with in learning such a difficult language. May grace enable you all to go on and continue to instruct our fellow-creatures with all that spiritual might with which you are so abundantly furnished in your distinguished land!

You have manifested, my dear Sir, a desire of knowing the situation of our churches, and their spiritual wants, for the advancement of truth and piety. It is not half a century since we were brought from a state of slavery and oppression into which the unhappy revocation of the Edict of Nantes had precipitated us; but you know the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. During the proscription,

zeal for religion was unshaken; the manners of the persecuted, which was the fruit of their faith, were most pure; the calm which succeeded the storm towards the end of Louis the 15th's reign, spread a lukewarmness and indifference.

Anarchy, in consequence of the Revolution, produced ungodliness and immorality: so that divine worship was entirely abolished, and there were no longer faithful pastors, or the means of edifying their flocks, and instructing their children by their exhortation and example. Since the 18th Germinal, in the year 10, worship being established every where, gave us an opportunity of giving our churches a legal organization, which, in preserving our ancient discipline and the synod, has not left it in the power of any one to deprive us of it: but the difficulties we had in obtaining a convocation under the preceding government were great; as we have no personal persecution at present, and have no communication with synodical assemblies, in consequence of which, we are fallen into an unhappy insulated state, which renders each church an independent consistorial, and at liberty to follow, or not, the rules of our ancient discipline; from which results an easy introduction to difference in opinion in the doctrines, worship, and the use of the sacraments, and in the application of the canonical censures and penalties relative to the abuses which often creep into the faith and conduct of the people. However, Sir, these inconveniences must necessarily be felt less in this department, than in others not so favoured, where the pastors are less numerous and less united; therefore

we have the advantage of them. We conciliate and endeavour to do what we can, but are far from being able to do the good we wish; power and aid are wanting, our country churches are poor, the greater part have neither temples, or zeal for the observance of the Lord's day. The pastors cannot establish schools for the religious education of children, for the want of money. It is only the principal churches which have been able to form them for the poor, and they are insufficient: and we cannot dissemble that the two grand obstacles that occur are, first, that the children of the peasants and mechanics know not how to read, and those are the most numerous of the people; the second is, the want of religious books, in those who know how to read, which renders instruction painful and unprofitable to the teachers.

I have seen by an extract of letters written by Mr. Martin's son, who is now in London, which his father has communicated to me, that you and your illustrious co-operators are disposed to favour the efforts of ministers in France, for the propagation of the Gospel, and faith of Christ. Receive, my dear Sir, the expression of lively gratitude, and be assured, our prayers will not cease to be offered up, that the Almighty may deign to crown your labours, and favour you with his blessing.

I am,

My very dear and Rev. Sir,

In Jesus Christ,

Nismes, J. O. D———.

January 10th, 1815.

Upon the return of the King it was to be expected many from this country would visit France; and, accordingly, the number who applied for passports was very great; but, while curiosity actuated most of them, a far nobler object seemed to stimulate the writer of the following letter:

From the Rev. Mr. P——t to the Rev. Mr. T——y.

Guernsey, Feb. 1, 1815.

Returned at last from our long and very fatiguing journey, my first care is to communicate, not a detailed relation of my travels, but a few important facts, and some of the probable results. We left St. Maloes on the 13th of November, and proceeded to Rennes, Nantes, Napoleon (dependent de la Vendée), La Rochelle, Rochefort, Saintes, Pons, Blaye, and Bourdeaux. From thence to Tonneins, Moissar, and Montauban. After a week's residence in the Academy of the Protestants, we proceeded to Toulouse, and thence to Saverdun and Mazières in the Ariège. We afterwards proceeded, by dangerous and almost impassable roads, to Castelnaudary, on our way to Montpellier, through Mère, Beziers, Pezenas, &c.; thence to the mountains of the Cevennes, where we visited Gange, St. Hypolite, and Sauves, and arrived at Nismes, almost worn out with incessant fatigue. On our way to Lyons, we visited Pont St. Esprit, Montelimart, Valence, and Vienne. At Lyons we stayed a few days, and thence proceeded to Paris,

through ancient Burgundy, by Macon, Chalons, and Auxerre. We left the capital of the finest country in the world, the 10th of last month, for Caen, and I arrived here the 27th.

I have preached during my tour at Bourdeaux, Montauban, Laverden, Mazières, Montpellier, St. Hypolite, and NISMES, to crowded congregations; in some places to no less than two and three thousand very attentive hearers. At Bourdeaux, where the worthy Mr. Martin is pastor, there exists a small society of Moravians, who remain united to the church, and who, although but a handful, and nowise distinguished by numbers or wealth, are the glory of the church. At Montauban, on the Monday, by the desire of your old acquaintance, Dr. Trossard, the Dean, I addressed the students in the lecture-hall, on the pre-requisites to a student in theology, the manner of conducting their studies in our academies, and the great and excellent men produced by the mode of instruction pursued in our academical institutions. I humbly hope that it will have some effect. I related to them all the great things that were doing in England for the advancement of religion, and the continued and successful efforts of the Missionary Society for the evangelization of the world. I promised, *if possible*, to procure a copy of the Chinese Testament for the library of Montauban, as a continual witness of missionary perseverance, and an excitement to missionary zeal. Our endeavours to procure the establishment of an Evangelical Magazine have, by the divine blessing, been successful; and the first man among the Pro-

testants, Dr. Encontre, assisted by his friend and colleague, Dr. Bonnard, will immediately publish a prospectus. They are diligently employed in preparing materials. The plan has been hailed by all the ministers in the South, as most likely to produce a revival in their churches. Messrs. Chabrand, Gachon, Lessignol, Gautier, Armand, De Lisle, De Joux, Olivier, &c. &c. will warmly co-operate. They are men no less distinguished for their talents than for their piety, ... The same persons will superintend an edition of 2000 copies of Watts's Catechisms and the Assembly's, nor will their influence be wanting to introduce them into the churches. This measure is the more important, as many Ministers appear to feel the necessity of Sunday schools. At Toulouse we found a Spanish ecclesiastic, who has abandoned the church of Rome, a very superior man, who has translated several Protestant books for the benefit of his countrymen. Him we have engaged to translate Mr. Bogue's Essay into Spanish: an edition of a thousand copies will cost 40*l*. This will take place under the superintendence of Mr. Chabrand, who is the pastor. Mr. C. will also publish proposals for a new edition of the same work in French. At Nismes, the *metropolis of Protestantism* *, the worthy Mr. Olivier, the eldest pastor, will republish an

* We see the policy of these persecutors; they begin not with an obscure village—some isolated church, but strike at the *head*, the *capital*, well knowing that the principle of life is there.

edition of Doddridge's Rise and Progress; three thousand for sale, at reduced prices, or gratuitous distribution among the poor Protestants, from the abridged copy printed by the Missionary Society. Mr. Amand Delile, a very excellent and able man, who understands English, has engaged to write a summary of the history and success of the London Missionary Society. For this purpose you must, if you please, collect the materials, and send them to me. I know no publication likely to excite more interest, and to produce more beneficial results to the Reformed Churches. Mr. A. D. is one of the pastors of Nismes (there are five).

At Montpellier Mr. Lessignol will translate tracts, and circulate them, assisted by Messrs. Gachon and Gautier, of St. Hypolite. All this will require assistance: we must set them to work, and help them, and soon they will help themselves. Mr. Frossard is willing to reprint his work on the slave-trade, with additions, but not at his own expense. In Spain 30,000 copies of the Bible have been sold during the revolutionary troubles, translated into Spanish from the Vulgate. When a Spanish Duke passed through Toulouse, he told Mr. Chabrand, that there were many in Spain who, dissatisfied with Popery, assembled to pray to God and read the Scriptures.—This accounts for the infernal Inquisition At Naples there is a large Protestant church, that assembles in the chapel of a convent, ceded by the Government. The worship is generally in French. The Minister is about to leave; Mr. B. can go: let a trial be made. One of the young

men lately ordained at Montauban, Mr. Tachard, who is now preaching at Nismes, a pious and able young man, wishes to become a missionary; he would be eminently qualified for Canada. He has the united testimony of the pious ministers in his favour. A missionary from France would interest the French, and perhaps lead them to attempt something themselves in the same important way. Mr. Portier, one of the late prisoners of war, accompanies Mr. Bellot to Gosport.

I am

Very affectionately yours,

CLEMENT P——T.

THE END.

Printed by S. Gosnell, Little Queen Street, London.

THANKSGIVING ODE,

JANUARY 18, 1816.

WITH

OTHER SHORT PIECES,

CHIEFLY REFERRING TO RECENT PUBLIC EVENTS.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LONDON:
Printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars;
FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1816.

C.21.7
WOR/THA

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is not to bespeak favour or indulgence, but to guard against misapprehension, that the author presumes to state that the present publication owes its existence to a patriotism, anxious to exert itself in commemorating that course of action, by which Great Britain has, for some time past, distinguished herself above all other countries.

Wholly unworthy of touching upon so momentous a subject would that Poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours, could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendor of this great moral triumph. If the author has given way to exultation, unchecked by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect him from a charge of insensi-

bility, should he state his own belief that these sufferings will be transitory. On the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation, rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, *they* confide, who encourage a firm hope, that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings; and to feed a morbid satisfaction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination, in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price: and acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts,

they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism, or in disregard of sound philosophy, that the author hath given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of his countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which has rendered it much less formidable than the armies of other powers, to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, has performed services for humanity too important and too obvious to allow any one to recommend, that the language of gratitude and admiration be suppressed, or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind) through a scrupulous dread, lest the tribute due to the past, should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man, deserving the name of Briton, adds his voice to the chorus

which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise.—But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously, if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power, to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was, or can be, independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without martial propensities, and an assiduous cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from these sources, are placed within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favourable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own liberties have nothing to fear.

Such are the blessed privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and to refine them by culture. But some have more than insinuated, that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. The author, trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, hopes that the martial qualities, which he venerates, will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned; and by availing ourselves of new means of indisputable promise; particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition, of which the master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination;—by imparting knowledge,

civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend that country, under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded, and its riches acquired; by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that no members of it being trampled upon, courage may every where continue to rest immoveably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect;—by adequate rewards, and permanent honours, conferred upon the deserving; by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country; and by especial care to provide and support sufficient Institutions, in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.—Bent upon instant savings, a member of the House of Commons lately recommended that the Military College should be suppressed as an unnecessary expense; for, said he, "our best officers have

been formed in the field." More unwise advice has rarely been given! Admirable officers, indeed, have been formed in the field, but at how deplorable an expense of the lives of their surrounding brethren in arms, a history of the military operations in Spain, and particularly of the sieges, composed with thorough knowledge, and published without reserve, would irresistibly demonstrate.

The author has only to add that he should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts to celebrate the virtues of his country, if he did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within his province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to PERSONS as well as to THINGS.

W. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount,
March 18, 1816.

This Publication may be considered as a sequel to the Author's "Sonnets, dedicated to Liberty;" it is therefore printed uniform with the two volumes of his Poems, in which those Sonnets are collected, to admit of their being conveniently bound up together.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Thanksgiving Ode	1
Ode, composed in January 1816	23
Sonnet, Inscription for a National Monument in commemoration of the Battle of Waterloo	35
Sonnet, occasioned by the same Battle	36
Sonnet	37
Sonnet, September 1815	38
Sonnet, November 1	39
Sonnet, to R. B. Haydon, Esq.	40
Composed in recollection of the Expedition of the French into Russia	41
Sonnet upon the same occasion	44
Sonnet on the Disinterment of the Remains of the Duke D'Enghien	45
Ode	46
Elegiac Verses	50

THANKSGIVING ODE,

January 18, 1816.

ODE.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

January 18, 1816.

HAIL, universal Source of pure delight!
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude
On hearts howe'er insensible or rude,
Whether thy orient visitations smite
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell;
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
Cheer'st the low threshold of the Peasant's cell!
—Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky
In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze,
Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,
Which even in deepest winter testify
Thy power and majesty,
Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.

—Well does thine aspect usher in this Day;
As aptly suits therewith that timid pace,
Framed in subjection to the chains
That bind thee to the path which God ordains
That thou shalt trace,
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away!
Nor less the stillness of these frosty plains,
Their utter stillness,—and the silent grace
Of yon etherial summits white with snow,
Whose tranquil pomp, and spotless purity,
Report of storms gone by,
To us who tread below,
Do with the service of this Day accord.
—Divinest object, which the uplifted eye
Of mortal man is suffered to behold;
Thou, who upon yon snow-clad Heights hast poured
Meek splendour, nor forget'st the humble Vale,
Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,—
And for thy bounty wert not unadored
By pious men of old;

Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail!
Bright be thy course to-day, let not this promise fail!

Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,
All nature seems to hear me while I speak,—
By feelings urged, that do not vainly seek
Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes
That stream in blithe succession from the throats
Of birds in leafy bower,
Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.
—There is a radiant but a short-lived flame,
That burns for Poets in the dawning East;—
And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
When the captivity of sleep had ceased;
But he who fixed immovably the frame
Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,
A solid refuge for distress,
The towers of righteousness;
He knows that from a holier altar came
The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;
Knows that the source is nobler whence doth rise

The current of this matin song;
That deeper far it lies
Than aught dependant on the fickle skies.

Have we not conquered?—By the vengeful sword?
Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity;
That curbed the baser passions, and left free
A loyal band to follow their liege Lord,
Clear-sighted Honour—and his staid Compeers,
Along a track of most unnatural years,
In execution of heroic deeds;
Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads
Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,
Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.
—Who to the murmurs of an earthly string
Of Britain's acts would sing,
He with enraptured voice will tell
Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell;
Of One that mid the failing never failed:
Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed,

Shall represent her labouring with an eye
Of circumspect humanity;
Shall shew her clothed with strength and skill,
All martial duties to fulfil;
Firm as a rock in stationary fight;
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting in the night
To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream—
Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

And thus is missed the sole true glory
That can belong to human story!
At which *they* only shall arrive
Who through the abyss of weakness dive:
The very humblest are too proud of heart:
And one brief day is rightly set apart
To Him who lifteth up and layeth low;
For that Almighty God to whom we owe,
Say not that we have vanquished—but that we survive.

How dreadful the dominion of the impure!
Why should the song be tardy to proclaim
That less than power unbounded could not tame
That Soul of Evil—which, from Hell let loose,
Had filled the astonished world with such abuse,
As boundless patience only could endure?
—Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapped in flame—
Who sees, and feels, may lift a streaming eye
To Heaven,—who never saw may heave a sigh;
But the foundation of our nature shakes,
And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,
When desolated countries, towns on fire,
Are but the avowed attire
Of warfare waged with desperate mind
Against the life of virtue in mankind;
Assaulting without ruth
The citadels of truth;
While the old forest of civility
Is doomed to perish, to the last fair tree.

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—
Opposed to hopes that battened upon scorn,
And to desires whose ever-waxing horn
Not all the light of earthly power could fill;
Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,
And the celerities of lawless force
Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse—
What could they gain but shadows of redress?
—So bad proceeded propagating worse;
And discipline was passion's dire excess.*
Widens the fatal web—its lines extend,
And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend—
When will your trials teach you to be wise?
—O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

No more—the guilt is banished,
And with the Guilt the Shame is fled,
And with the Guilt and Shame the Woe hath vanished,
Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!

* "A discipline the rule whereof is passion."——LORD BROOK.

—No more, these lingerings of distress
Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.

What robe can Gratitude employ
So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy?
What steps so suitable as those that move
In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures
Of glory—and felicity—and love,
Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures?

Land of our fathers! precious unto me
Since the first joys of thinking infancy;
When of thy gallant chivalry I read,
And hugged the volume on my sleepless bed!
O England!—dearer far than life is dear,
If I forget thy prowess, never more
Be thy ungrateful son allowed to hear
Thy green leaves rustle, or thy torrents roar!
But how can *He* be faithless to the past,
Whose soul, intolerant of base decline,
Saw in thy virtue a celestial sign,

That bade him hope, and to his hope cleave fast!
The nations strove with puissance;—at length
Wide Europe heaved, impatient to be cast.
With *all* her living strength,
With *all* her armed powers,
Upon the offensive shores.
The trumpet blew a universal blast!
But Thou art foremost in the field;—there stand:
Receive the triumph destined to thy Hand!
All States have glorified themselves;—their claims
Are weighed by Providence, in balance even;
And now, in preference to the mightiest names,
To Thee the *exterminating sword* is given.
Dread mark of approbation, justly gained!
Exalted office, worthily sustained!

Imagination, ne'er before content,
But aye ascending, restless in her pride,
From all that man's performance could present,
Stoops to that closing deed magnificent,
And with the embrace is satisfied.

—Fly, ministers of Fame,
Whate'er your means, whatever help ye claim,
Bear through the world these tidings of delight!
—Hours, Days, and Months, have borne them in the sight
Of mortals, travelling faster than the shower,
That land-ward stretches from the sea,
The morning's splendors to devour;
But this appearance scattered extacy,—
And heart-sick Europe blessed the healing power.
—*The shock is given—the Adversaries bleed—*
Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!
Such glad assurance suddenly went forth—
It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North—
It found no barrier on the ridge
Of Andes—frozen gulphs became its bridge—
The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight—
Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—
The Arabian desart shapes a willing road
Across her burning breast,
For this refreshing incense from the West!
—Where snakes and lions breed,

Where towns and cities thick as stars appear;
Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er
The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed—
While the Sun rules, and cross the shades of night—
The unwearied arrow hath pursued its flight!
The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,
And in its sparkling progress read
How virtue triumphs, from her bondage freed!
Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty feats are done;
Even the proud Realm, from whose distracted borders
This messenger of good was launched in air,
France, conquered France, amid her wild disorders,
Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,
That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,
And utter England's name with sadly-plausive voice.

—

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts
The memory of thy favour,
That else insensibly departs,
And loses its sweet savour!

Lodge it within us!—As the power of light
Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,
Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,
So shine our thankfulness for ever bright!
What offering, what transcendant monument
Shall our sincerity to Thee present?
—Not work of hands; but trophies that may reach
To highest Heaven—the labour of the soul;
That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,
Upon the inward victories of each,
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.
—Yet might it well become that City now,
Into whose breast the tides of grandeur flow,
To whom all persecuted men retreat;
If a new temple lift its votive brow
Upon the shore of silver Thames—to greet
The peaceful guest advancing from afar?
Bright be the distant fabric, as a star
Fresh risen—and beautiful within!—there meet
Dependance infinite, proportion just;
—A pile that grace approves, and time can trust.

But if the valiant of this land
In reverential modesty demand,
That all observance, due to them, be paid
Where their serene progenitors are laid;
Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-like sages,
England's illustrious sons of long, long ages;
Be it not unordained that solemn rites,
Within the circuit of those gothic walls,
Shall be performed at pregnant intervals;
Commemoration holy that unites
The living generations with the dead;
By the deep soul-moving sense
Of religious eloquence,—
By visual pomp, and by the tie
Of sweet and threatening harmony;
Soft notes, awful as the omen
Of destructive tempests coming,
And escaping from that sadness
Into elevated gladness;
While the white-rob'd choir attendant,
Under mouldering banners pendant,

Provoke all potent symphonies to raise
Songs of victory and praise,
For them who bravely stood unhurt—or bled
With medicable wounds, or found their graves
Upon the battle field—or under ocean's waves;
Or were conducted home in single state,
And long procession—there to lie,
Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,
Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate!

Nor will the God of peace and love
Such martial service disapprove.
He guides the Pestilence—the cloud
Of locusts travels on his breath;
The region that in hope was ploughed
His drought consumes, his mildew taints with death;
He springs the hushed Volcano's mine,
He puts the Earthquake on her still design,
Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,
And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink
Cities and towns—'tis Thou—the work is Thine!

—The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy courts—
He hears the word—he flies—
And navies perish in their ports;
For Thou art angry with thine enemies!
For these, and for our errors,
And sins that point their terrors,
We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
And magnify thy name, Almighty God!
But thy most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is Man—arrayed for mutual slaughter,—
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter!
Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
And by thy just permission they prevail;
Thine arm from peril guards the coasts
Of them who in thy laws delight:
Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,
Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts!

To Thee—to Thee—
On this appointed Day shall thanks ascend,

That Thou hast brought our warfare to an end,
And that we need no further victory!
Ha! what a ghastly sight for man to see;
And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,
For a brief moment, terrible;
But to thy sovereign penetration fair,
Before whom all things are, that were,
All judgments that have been, or e'er shall be,
Links in the chain of thy tranquillity!
Along the bosom of this favoured nation,
Breathe thou, this day, a vital undulation!
Let all who do this land inherit
Be conscious of Thy moving spirit!
Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance,—the sight,
Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure delight;
Bless thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,
When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,
And, at one moment, in one spirit, strive
With lip and heart to tell their gratitude
For thy protecting care,

Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal Lord
For tyranny subdued,
And for the sway of equity renewed,
For liberty confirmed, and peace restored!

But hark—the summons!—down the placid Lake
Floats the soft cadence of the Church-tower bells;
Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams might wake
The tender insects sleeping in their cells;
Bright shines the Sun—and not a breeze to shake
The drops that point the melting icicles:—
O, enter now his temple gate!
Inviting words—perchance already flung,
(As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle
Of some old minster's venerable pile)
From voices into zealous passion stung,
While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,
And has begun—its clouds of sound to cast
Towards the empyreal Heaven,
As if the fretted roof were riven.

Us, humbler ceremonies now await;
But in the bosom with devout respect,
The banner of our joy we will erect,
And strength of love our souls shall elevate:
For to a few collected in his name,
Their heavenly Father will incline his ear,
Hallowing himself the service which they frame;—
Awake! the majesty of God revere!
Go—and with foreheads meekly bowed
Present your prayers—go—and rejoice aloud—
The Holy One will hear!
And what mid silence deep, with faith sincere,
Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,
Shall simply feel and purely meditate
Of warnings—from the unprecedented might,
Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed;
And of more arduous duties thence imposed
Upon the future advocates of right;
Of mysteries revealed,
And judgments unrepealed,—

Of earthly revolution,

And final retribution,—

To his omniscience will appear

An offering not unworthy to find place,

On this high DAY of THANKS, before the Throne of Grace!

ODE,

COMPOSED IN JANUARY 1816.

——— Carmina possumus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus ———
——————— clarius indicant
Laudes, quam ——— Pierides; neque,
Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris.——Hor. Car. 8. Lib. 4.

ODE,

COMPOSED IN JANUARY 1816.

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch
On the tired household of corporeal sense,
And Fancy in her airy bower kept watch,
Free to exert some kindly influence;
I saw—but little boots it that my verse
A shadowy visitation should rehearse,
For to our Shores such glory hath been brought,
That dreams no brighter are than waking thought—
I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
A landscape richer than the happiest skill
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade;
An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,

Tower, town, and city—and suburban grove,
And stately forest where the wild deer rove;
And, in a clouded quarter of the sky,
Through such a portal as with chearful eye
The traveller greets in time of threatened storm,
Issued, to sudden view, a radiant Form!
Earthward it glided with a swift descent:
Saint George himself this Visitant may be;
And ere a thought could ask on what intent
He sought the regions of humanity,
A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified
My patriotic heart;—aloud it cried,

" I, the Guardian of this Land,
" Speak not now of toilsome duty—
" Well obeyed was that command,
" Days are come of festive beauty;
" Haste, Virgins, haste!—the flowers which summer gave
" Have perished in the field;
" But the green thickets plenteously will yield

" Fit garlands for the Brave,
" That will be welcome, if by you entwined!
" Haste, Virgins, haste;—and you, ye Matrons grave,
" Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,
" And gather what ye find
" Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs,
" To deck your stern defenders' modest brows!
" Such simple gifts prepare,
" Though they have gained a worthier meed;
" And in due time shall share
" Those palms and amaranthine wreaths,
" Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,
" In realms where everlasting freshness breathes!"

And lo! with crimson banners proudly streaming,
And upright weapons innocently gleaming,
Along the surface of a spacious plain,
Advance in order the redoubted bands,
And there receive green chaplets from the hands
Of a fair female train,

Maids and Matrons—dight
In robes of purest white,—
While from the crowd burst forth a rapturous noise
By the cloud-capt hills retorted,—
And a throng of rosy boys
In loose fashion told their joys,—
And grey-haired Sires, on staffs supported,
Looked round—and by their smiling seemed to say,
Thus strives a grateful Country to display
The mighty debt which nothing can repay!

Anon, I saw, beneath a dome of state,
The feast dealt forth with bounty unconfined;
And while the vaulted roof did emulate
The starry heavens through splendour of the show,
It rang with music,—and methought the wind
Scattered the tuneful largess far and near,
That they who asked not might partake the cheer,
Who listened not could hear,
Where'er the wild winds were allowed to blow!

—That work reposing, on the verge
Of busiest exultation hung a dirge,
Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,
That kindled recollections
Of agonized affections;
And, though some tears the strain attended,
The mournful passion ended
In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

—But garlands wither,—festal shows depart,
Like dreams themselves, and sweetest sound,
Albeit of effect profound,
It was—and it is gone!
Victorious England! bid the silent art
Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,
These high achievements,—even as she arrayed
With second life the deed of Marathon
Upon Athenian walls:
So may she labour for thy civic halls;
And be the guardian spaces
Of consecrated places,

Graced with such gifts as Sculpture can bestow,
When inspiration guides her patient toil;
And let imperishable trophies grow
Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil;
Expressive records of a glorious strife,
And competent to shed a spark divine
Into the torpid breast of daily life;
Trophies on which the morning sun may shine,
As changeful ages flow,
With gratulation thoroughly benign!

And ye, Pierian sisters, sprung from Jove
And sage Mnemosyne,—full long debarred
From your first mansions,—exiled all too long
From many a consecrated stream and grove,
Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,
Chaunting for patriot heroes the reward
Of never-dying song!
Now, (for, though truth descending from above
The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye
Your kindred deities, *ye* live and move,

And exercise unblamed a generous sway,)
Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,
Or top serene of unmolested mountain,
Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,
And for a moment meet my soul's desires!
That I, or some more favoured Bard, may hear
What ye, celestial maids! have often sung
Of Britain's acts,—may catch it with rapt ear,
And give the treasure to our British tongue!
So shall the characters of that proud page
Support their mighty theme from age to age;
And, in the desart places of the earth,
When they to future empires have given birth,
So shall the people gather and believe
The bold report, transferred to every clime;
And the whole world, not envious but admiring,
And to the like aspiring,
Own that the progeny of this fair Isle
Had power as lofty actions to achieve
As were performed in Man's heroic prime;

Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held
Its even tenour and the foe was quelled,
A corresponding virtue to beguile
The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time;
That not in vain they laboured to secure
For their great deeds perpetual memory,
And Fame as largely spread as Land and Sea,
By works of spirit high and passion pure!

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

REFERRING CHIEFLY TO RECENT PUBLIC EVENTS.

INSCRIPTION

FOR

A NATIONAL MONUMENT

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

INTREPID sons of Albion!—not by you
Is life despised!—Ah no—the spacious earth
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,
So many objects to which love is due:
Ye slight not life—to God and Nature true;
But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
When duty bids you bleed in open war:
Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.
Heroes, for instant sacrifice prepared,
Yet filled with ardour, and on triumph bent,
Mid direst shocks of mortal accident,
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared,
To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,
Your Country rears this sacred Monument!

OCCASIONED BY THE SAME BATTLE.

February 1816.

THE Bard, whose soul is meek as dawning day,
Yet trained to judgments righteously severe;
Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
As recognizing one Almighty sway:
He whose experienced eye can pierce the array
Of past events,—to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things appear,
Like mountain-tops whence mists have rolled away:
Assoiled from all incumbrance of our time,
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
And worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
Which the blest Angels, from their peaceful clime
Beholding, welcomed with a choral shout.

" From all this world's encumbrance did himself assoil."
Spenser.

February 1816.

O, FOR a kindling touch of that pure flame
Which taught the offering of song to rise
From thy lone bower, beneath Italian skies,
Great FILICAIA!—With celestial aim
It rose,—thy saintly rapture to proclaim,
Then, when the imperial city stood released
From bondage threatened by the embattled East,
And Christendom respired; from guilt and shame
Redeemed,—from miserable fear set free
By one day's feat—one mighty victory.
—Chaunt the Deliverer's praise in every tongue!
The cross shall spread,—the crescent hath waxed dim,—
He conquering—as in Earth and Heaven was sung—
HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND GOD BY HIM.*

* Ond' è ch' Io grido e griderò: giugnesti,
Guerregiasti, è vincesti;
Si, si, vincesti, o Campion forte e pio,
Per Dio vincesti, e per te vinse Iddio.

See Filicaia's Canzone, addressed to John Sobieski, king of Poland, upon his raising the siege of Vienna. This, and his other poems on the same occasion, are superior perhaps to any lyrical pieces that contemporary events have ever given birth to, those of the Hebrew Scriptures only excepted.

September 1815.

WHILE not a leaf seems faded,—while the fields,
With ripening harvests prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask,—this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields
His icy scymetar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change—and bids the Flowers beware;
And whispers to the silent Birds, "prepare
Against the threatening Foe your trustiest shields."
For me, who under kindlier laws belong
To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry
Through the green leaves, and yon crystalline sky,
Announce a season potent to renew,
Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,—
And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

November 1, 1815.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,
Which, strewn with snow as smooth as Heaven can shed,
Shines like another Sun—on mortal sight
Uprisen, as if to check approaching night,
And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,
If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head—
Terrestrial—but a surface, by the flight
Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,
Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the aerial Powers
Dissolve that beauty—destined to endure
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
Through all vicissitudes—till genial spring
Have filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

TO

R. B. HAYDON, ESQ.

HIGH is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with etherial hues,)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert:
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,—
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness:—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

COMPOSED

IN RECOLLECTION OF THE EXPEDITION OF THE FRENCH INTO RUSSIA.

February 1816.

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
A fond reflexion of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a shrunken, old,
And close-wrapt Traveller—through the weary day—
Propped on a staff, and limping o'er the Plain,
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain;
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was—dread Winter!—who beset,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host,—when from the regions of the Pole
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal,
That host,—as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!
As Fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
Life to consume in manhood's firmest hold;
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs,—
For why, unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home, ah! why should hoary age be bold?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,—
But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,
And to the battle ride;—

No pitying voice commands a halt—
No courage can repel the dire assault,—
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed and blind,
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant, find
Burial and death: look for them—and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

SONNET,

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

February 1816.

Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King!
And ye mild Seasons—in a sunny clime,
Midway on some high hill, while Father Time
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing!
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!
Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass;
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain;
Whisper it to the billows of the main,
And to the aerial zephyrs as they pass,
That old decrepit Winter—*He* hath slain
That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain!

ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

DEAR Reliques! from a pit of vilest mold
Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings;
And to inflict shame's salutary stings
On the remorseless hearts of men grown old
In a blind worship; men perversely bold
Even to this hour; yet at this hour they quake;
And some their monstrous Idol shall forsake,
If to the living truth was ever told
By aught surrendered from the hollow grave:
O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious, brave!
The power of retribution once was given;
But 'tis a rueful thought that willow bands
So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
Of Justice, sent to earth from highest Heaven!

ODE.

WHO rises on the banks of Seine,
And binds her temples with the civic wreath?
What joy to read the promise of her mien!
How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath
But they are ever playing,
And twinkling in the light,—
And if a breeze be straying,
That breeze she will invite;
And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
And calls a look of love into her face—
And spreads her arms—as if the general air
Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.
—Melt, Principalities, before her melt!
Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt!

But She through many a change of form hath gone,
And stands amidst you now, an armed Creature,
Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
But the live scales of a portentous nature;
That, having wrought its way from birth to birth,
Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the Earth!

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest;
My soul in many a midnight vision bowed
Before the meanings which her spear expressed;
Whether the mighty Beam, in scorn upheld,
Threatened her foes,—or, pompously at rest,
Seemed to bisect the orbit of her shield,
Like to a long blue bar of solid cloud
At evening stretched across the fiery West.

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy!
And, wheresoe'er she spread her sovereignty,
Pollution tainted all that was most pure.
—Have we not known—and live we not to tell
That Justice seemed to hear her final knell?

Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast
Her stores—and sighed to find them insecure!
And Hope was maddened by the drops that fell
From shades—her chosen place of short-lived rest,
Which, when they first received her, she had blest:
Shame followed shame—and woe supplanted woe—
Is this the only change that time can show?
How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye patient Heavens,
how long?
—Infirm ejaculation—from the tongue
Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong
Up to the measure of accorded might,—
And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

Weak spirits are there—who would ask,
Upon the pressure of a painful thing,
The Lion's sinews, or the Eagle's wing;
Or let their wishes loose, in forest glade,
Among the lurking powers
Of herbs and lowly flowers,
Or seek, from Saints above, miraculous aid;

That Man may be accomplished for a task
Which his own Nature hath enjoined—and why?
If, when that interference hath relieved him,
He must sink down to languish
In worse than former helplessness—and lie
Till the caves roar,—and, imbecility
Again engendering anguish,
The same weak wish returns—that had before deceived
him.

But Thou, Supreme Disposer! might'st not speed
The course of things, and change the creed,
Which hath been held aloft before Men's sight
Since the first framing of societies;
Whether, as Bards have told in ancient song,
Built up by soft seducing harmonies,—
Or pressed together by the appetite,
And by the power of wrong!

ELEGIAC VERSES.

February 1816.

" Rest, rest, perturbèd Earth!
" O rest, thou doleful Mother of Mankind!"
A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the wind;
" From regions where no evil thing has birth
" I come—thy stains to wash away,
" Thy cherished fetters to unbind,
" To open thy sad eyes upon a milder day!
" —The Heavens are thronged with martyrs that have
" risen
" From out thy noisome prison;
" The penal caverns groan
" With tens of thousands, rent from off the tree
" Of hopeful life,—by Battle's whirlwind blown
" Into the desarts of Eternity.

" Unpitied havoc! Victims unlamented!
" But not on high, where madness is resented,
" And murder causes some sad tears to flow,
" Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,
" The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly augmented.

" False Parent of Mankind!
" Obdurate, proud, and blind,
" I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,
" Thy lost maternal heart to reinfuse!
" Scattering this far-fetched moisture from my wings,
" Upon the act, a blessing I implore,
" Of which the rivers in their secret springs,
" The rivers stained so oft with human gore,
" Are conscious;—may the like return no more!
" May Discord—for a Seraph's care
" Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—
" May she, who once disturbed the seats of bliss,
" These mortal spheres above,
" Be chained for ever to the black abyss!

" And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and love,
" And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve!"

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,
And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite.

FINIS.

T. Davison, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.

A

LETTER

TO

A FRIEND OF ROBERT BURNS.

T. Davison, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.

A

LETTER

TO

A FRIEND OF ROBERT BURNS:

OCCASIONED BY

AN INTENDED REPUBLICATION

OF

THE ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF BURNS,
BY DR. CURRIE;

AND

OF THE SELECTION MADE BY HIM FROM
HIS LETTERS.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1816.

8267
wor/let

TO

JAMES GRAY, ESQ.

EDINBURGH.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE carefully perused the Review of the Life of your friend Robert Burns*, which you kindly transmitted to me; the author has rendered a substantial service to the poet's memory; and the annexed letters are all important to the subject. After having expressed this opinion, I shall not trouble you by commenting upon the publication; but will confine myself to the request of Mr. Gilbert Burns, that I would furnish him with my notions upon the best mode of conducting the defence of his brother's injured reputation; a favourable opportu-

* A Review of the Life of Robert Burns, and of various criticisms on his character and writings, by Alexander Peterkin, 1814.

nity being now afforded him to convey his sentiments to the world, along with a republication of Dr. Currie's book, which he is about to superintend. From the respect which I have long felt for the character of the person who has thus honoured me, and from the gratitude which, as a lover of poetry, I owe to the genius of his departed relative, I should most gladly comply with this wish; if I could hope that any suggestions of mine would be of service to the cause. But, really, I feel it a thing of much delicacy, to give advice upon this occasion, as it appears to me, mainly, not a question of opinion, or of taste, but a matter of conscience. Mr. Gilbert Burns must know, if any man living does, what his brother was; and no one will deny that he, who possesses this knowledge, is a man of unimpeachable veracity. He has already spoken to the world in contradiction of the injurious assertions that have been made, and has told why he forbore to do this on their

first appearance. If it be deemed adviseable to reprint Dr. Currie's narrative, without striking out such passages as the author, if he were now alive, would probably be happy to efface, let there be notes attached to the most obnoxious of them, in which the misrepresentations may be corrected, and the exaggerations exposed. I recommend this course, if Dr. Currie's Life is to be republished, as it now stands, in connexion with the poems and letters, and especially if prefixed to them; but, in my judgment, it would be best to copy the example which Mason has given in his second edition of Gray's works. There, inverting the order which had been properly adopted, when the Life and Letters were new matter, the poems are placed first; and the rest takes its place as subsidiary to them. If this were done in the intended edition of Burns's works, I should strenuously recommend, that a concise life of the poet be prefixed, from the pen of Gilbert Burns, who has already

given public proof how well qualified he is for the undertaking. I know no better model as to proportion, and the degree of detail required, nor, indeed, as to the general execution, than the life of Milton by Fenton, prefixed to many editions of the Paradise Lost. But a more copious narrative would be expected from a brother; and some allowance ought to be made, in this and other respects, for an expectation so natural.

In this prefatory memoir, when the author has prepared himself by reflecting, that fraternal partiality may have rendered him, in some points, not so trust-worthy as others less favoured by opportunity, it will be incumbent upon him to proceed candidly and openly, as far as such a procedure will tend to restore to his brother that portion of public estimation, of which he appears to have been unjustly deprived. Nay, when we recal to mind the black things which have been written of this great man, and the frightful ones that

have been insinuated against him; and, as far as the public knew, till lately, without complaint, remonstrance, or disavowal, from his nearest relatives; I am not sure that it would not be best, at this day, explicitly to declare to what degree Robert Burns had given way to pernicious habits, and, as nearly as may be, to fix the point to which his moral character had been degraded. It is a disgraceful feature of the times that this measure should be necessary; most painful to think that a *brother* should have such an office to perform. But, if Gilbert Burns be conscious that the subject will bear to be so treated, he has no choice; the duty has been imposed upon him by the errors into which the former biographer has fallen, in respect to the very principles upon which his work ought to have been conducted.

I well remember the acute sorrow with which, by my own fire-side, I first perused Dr. Currie's Narrative, and some of the letters, particularly of those composed in

the latter part of the poet's life. If my pity for Burns was extreme, this pity did not preclude a strong indignation, of which he was not the object. If, said I, it were in the power of a biographer to relate the truth, the *whole* truth, and nothing *but* the truth, the friends and surviving kindred of the deceased, for the sake of general benefit to mankind, might endure that such heart-rending communication should be made to the world. But in no case is this possible; and, in the present, the opportunities of directly acquiring other than superficial knowledge have been most scanty; for the writer has barely seen the person who is the subject of his tale; nor did his avocations allow him to take the pains necessary for ascertaining what portion of the information conveyed to him was authentic. So much for facts and actions; and to what purpose relate them even were they true, if the narrative cannot be heard without extreme pain; unless they are placed in such a light, and brought

forward in such order, that they shall explain their own laws, and leave the reader in as little uncertainty as the mysteries of our nature will allow, respecting the spirit from which they derived their existence, and which governed the agent? But hear on this pathetic and awful subject, the poet himself, pleading for those who have transgressed!

> "One point must still be greatly dark,
> The moving *why* they do it,
> And just as lamely can ye mark
> How far, perhaps, they rue it.
>
> Who made the heart, 'tis *he* alone
> Decidedly can try us;
> He knows each chord—its various tone,
> Each spring, its various bias.
>
> Then at the balance let's be mute,
> We never can adjust it;
> What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's *resisted*."

How happened it that the recollection of this affecting passage did not check so

amiable a man as Dr. Currie, while he was revealing to the world the infirmities of its author? He must have known enough of human nature to be assured that men would be eager to sit in judgment, and pronounce *decidedly* upon the guilt or innocence of Burns by his testimony; nay, that there were multitudes whose main interest in the allegations would be derived from the incitements which they found therein to undertake this presumptuous office. And where lies the collateral benefit, or what ultimate advantage can be expected, to counteract the injury that the many are thus tempted to do to their own minds; and to compensate the sorrow which must be fixed in the hearts of the considerate few, by language that proclaims so much, and provokes conjectures as unfavourable as imagination can furnish? Here, said I, being moved beyond what it would become me to express, here is a revolting account of a man of exquisite genius, and confessedly

of many high moral qualities, sunk into the lowest depths of vice and misery! But the painful story, notwithstanding its minuteness, is incomplete,—in essentials it is deficient; so that the most attentive and sagacious reader cannot explain how a mind, so well established by knowledge, fell—and continued to fall, without power to prevent or retard its own ruin.

Would a bosom friend of the author, his counsellor and confessor, have told such things, if true, as this book contains? and who, but one possessed of the intimate knowledge which none but a bosom friend can acquire, could have been justified in making these avowals? Such a one, himself a pure spirit, having accompanied, as it were, upon wings, the pilgrim along the sorrowful road which he trod on foot; such a one, neither hurried down by its slippery descents, nor entangled among its thorns, nor perplexed by its windings, nor discomfited by its founderous passages—for the instruction of others—might have

delineated, almost as in a map, the way which the afflicted pilgrim had pursued till the sad close of his diversified journey. In this manner the venerable spirit of Isaac Walton was qualified to have retraced the unsteady course of a highly-gifted man, who, in this lamentable point, and in versatility of genius, bore no unobvious resemblance to the Scottish bard; I mean his friend COTTON—whom, notwithstanding all that the sage must have disapproved in his life, he honoured with the title of son. Nothing like this, however, has the biographer of Burns accomplished; and, with his means of information, copious as in some respects they were, it would have been absurd to attempt it. The only motive, therefore, which could authorize the writing and publishing matter so distressing to read—is wanting!

Nor is Dr. Currie's performance censurable from these considerations alone; for information, which would have been of

absolute worth if in his capacity of biographer and editor he had known when to stop short, is rendered unsatisfactory and inefficacious through the absence of this reserve, and from being coupled with statements of improbable and irreconcileable facts. We have the author's letters discharged upon us in showers; but how few readers will take the trouble of comparing those letters with each other, and with the other documents of the publication, in order to come at a genuine knowledge of the writer's character!—The life of Johnson by Boswell had broken through many pre-existing delicacies, and afforded the British public an opportunity of acquiring experience, which before it had happily wanted; nevertheless, at the time when the ill-selected medley of Burns's correspondence first appeared, little progress had been made (nor is it likely that, by the mass of mankind, much ever will be made) in determining what portion of these confidential communications escapes the pen in

courteous, yet often innocent, compliance —to gratify the several tastes of correspondents; and as little towards distinguishing opinions and sentiments uttered for the momentary amusement merely of the writer's own fancy, from those which his judgment deliberately approves, and his heart faithfully cherishes. But the subject of this book was a man of extraordinary genius; whose birth, education, and employments had placed and kept him in a situation far below that in which the writers and readers of expensive volumes are usually found. Critics upon works of fiction have laid it down as a rule that remoteness of place, in fixing the choice of a subject, and in prescribing the mode of treating it, is equal in effect to distance of time;—restraints may be thrown off accordingly. Judge then of the delusions which artificial distinctions impose, when to a man like Doctor Currie, writing with views so honourable, the *social condition* of the individual of whom he was treating,

could seem to place him at such a distance from the exalted reader, that ceremony might be discarded with him, and his memory sacrificed, as it were, almost without compunction. The poet was laid where these injuries could not reach him; but he had a parent, I understand, an admirable woman, still surviving; a brother like Gilbert Burns!—a widow estimable for her virtues; and children, at that time infants, with the world before them, which they must face to obtain a maintenance; who remembered their father probably with the tenderest affection;—and whose opening minds, as their years advanced, would become conscious of so many reasons for admiring him.—Ill-fated child of nature, too frequently thine own enemy,—unhappy favourite of genius, too often misguided, —this is indeed to be "crushed beneath the furrow's weight!"

Why, sir, do I write to you at this length, when all that I had to express in direct answer to the request, which occasioned this

letter, lay in such narrow compass?—Because having entered upon the subject, I am unable to quit it!—Your feelings, I trust, go along with mine; and, rising from this individual case to a general view of the subject, you will probably agree with me in opinion that biography, though differing in some essentials from works of fiction, is nevertheless, like them, an *art*,—an art, the laws of which are determined by the imperfections of our nature, and the constitution of society. Truth is not here, as in the sciences, and in natural philosophy, to be sought without scruple, and promulgated for its own sake, upon the mere chance of its being serviceable; but only for obviously justifying purposes, moral or intellectual.

Silence is a privilege of the grave, a right of the departed: let him, therefore, who infringes that right, by speaking publicly of, for, or against, those who cannot speak for themselves, take heed that he opens not his mouth without a sufficient sanction. De mortuis nil nisi bonum, is a rule in

which these sentiments have been pushed to an extreme that proves how deeply humanity is interested in maintaining them. And it was wise to announce the precept thus absolutely; both because there exist in that same nature, by which it has been dictated, so many temptations to disregard it,—and because there are powers and influences, within and without us, that will prevent its being literally fulfilled,—to the suppression of profitable truth. Penalties of law, conventions of manners, and personal fear, protect the reputation of the living; and something of this protection is extended to the recently dead,—who survive, to a certain degree, in their kindred and friends. Few are so insensible as not to feel this, and not to be actuated by the feeling. But only to philosophy enlightened by the affections does it belong justly to estimate the claims of the deceased on the one hand, and of the present age and future generations, on the other; and to strike a balance between them.

—Such philosophy runs a risk of becoming extinct among us, if the coarse intrusions into the recesses, the gross breaches upon the sanctities, of domestic life, to which we have lately been more and more accustomed, are to be regarded as indications of a vigorous state of public feeling —favourable to the maintenance of the liberties of our country.—Intelligent lovers of freedom are from necessity bold and hardy lovers of truth; but, according to the measure in which their love is intelligent, is it attended with a finer discrimination, and a more sensitive delicacy. The wise and good (and all others being lovers of licence rather than of liberty are in fact slaves) respect, as one of the noblest characteristics of Englishmen, that jealousy of familiar approach, which, while it contributes to the maintenance of private dignity, is one of the most efficacious guardians of rational public freedom.

The general obligation upon which I have insisted, is especially binding upon those

who undertake the biography of *authors*. Assuredly, there is no cause why the lives of that class of men should be pried into with the same diligent curiosity, and laid open with the same disregard of reserve, which may sometimes be expedient in composing the history of men who have borne an active part in the world. Such thorough knowledge of the good and bad qualities of these latter, as can only be obtained by a scrutiny of their private lives, conduces to explain not only their own public conduct, but that of those with whom they have acted. Nothing of this applies to authors, considered merely as authors. Our business is with their books,—to understand and to enjoy them. And, of poets more especially, it is true—that, if their works be good, they contain within themselves all that is necessary to their being comprehended and relished. It should seem that the ancients thought in this manner; for of the eminent Greek and Roman poets, few and scanty

memorials were, I believe, ever prepared; and fewer still are preserved. It is delightful to read what, in the happy exercise of his own genius, Horace chooses to communicate of himself and his friends; but I confess I am not so much a lover of knowledge, independent of its quality, as to make it likely that it would much rejoice me, were I to hear that records of the Sabine poet and his contemporaries, composed upon the Boswellian plan, had been unearthed among the ruins of Herculaneum. You will interpret what I am writing, *liberally*. With respect to the light which such a discovery might throw upon Roman manners, there would be reasons to desire it: but I should dread to disfigure the beautiful ideal of the memories of those illustrious persons with incongruous features, and to sully the imaginative purity of their classical works with gross and trivial recollections. The least weighty objection to heterogeneous details, is that they are main-

ly superfluous, and therefore an incumbrance.

But you will perhaps accuse me of refining too much; and it is, I own, comparatively of little importance, while we are engaged in reading the Iliad, the Eneid, the tragedies of Othello and King Lear, whether the authors of these poems were good or bad men; whether they lived happily or miserably. Should a thought of the kind cross our minds, there would be no doubt, if irresistible external evidence did not decide the question unfavourably, that men of such transcendant genius were both good and happy: and if, unfortunately, it had been on record that they were otherwise, sympathy with the fate of their fictitious personages would banish the unwelcome truth whenever it obtruded itself, so that it would but slightly disturb our pleasure. Far otherwise is it with that class of poets, the principal charm of whose writings depends upon the familiar knowledge which they convey of the personal

feelings of their authors. This is eminently the case with the effusions of Burns;—in the small quantity of narrative that he has given, he himself bears no inconsiderable part; and he has produced no drama. Neither the subjects of his poems, nor his manner of handling them, allow us long to forget their author. On the basis of his human character he has reared a poetic one, which with more or less distinctness presents itself to view in almost every part of his earlier, and, in my estimation, his most valuable verses. This poetic fabric, dug out of the quarry of genuine humanity, is airy and spiritual:—and though the materials, in some parts, are coarse, and the disposition is often fantastic and irregular, yet the whole is agreeable and strikingly attractive. Plague, then, upon your remorseless hunters after matter of fact (who, after all, rank among the blindest of human beings) when they would convince you that the foundations of this admirable edifice are hollow; and

that its frame is unsound! Granting that all which has been raked up to the prejudice of Burns were literally true; and that it added, which it does not, to our better understanding of human nature and human life (for that genius is not incompatible with vice, and that vice leads to misery—the more acute from the sensibilities which are the elements of genius—we needed not those communications to inform us) how poor would have been the compensation for the deduction made, by this extrinsic knowledge, from the intrinsic efficacy of his poetry—to please, and to instruct!

In illustration of this sentiment, permit me to remind you that it is the privilege of poetic genius to catch, under certain restrictions of which perhaps at the time of its being exerted it is but dimly conscious, a spirit of pleasure wherever it can be found,—in the walks of nature, and in the business of men.—The poet, trusting to primary instincts, luxuriates among the felicities of love and wine, and is enrap-

tured while he describes the fairer aspects of war: nor does he shrink from the company of the passion of love though immoderate—from convivial pleasure though intemperate—nor from the presence of war though savage, and recognized as the hand-maid of desolation. Frequently and admirably has Burns given way to these impulses of nature; both with reference to himself and in describing the condition of others. Who, but some impenetrable dunce or narrow-minded puritan in works of art, ever read without delight the picture which he has drawn of the convivial exaltation of the rustic adventurer, Tam o'Shanter? The poet fears not to tell the reader in the outset that his hero was a desperate and sottish drunkard, whose excesses were frequent as his opportunities. This reprobate sits down to his cups, while the storm is roaring, and heaven and earth are in confusion;—the night is driven on by song and tumultuous noise—laughter and jest thicken as the beverage improves upon the

palate—conjugal fidelity archly bends to the service of general benevolence—selfishness is not absent, but wearing the mask of social cordiality—and, while these various elements of humanity are blended into one proud and happy composition of elated spirits, the anger of the tempest without doors only heightens and sets off the enjoyment within.—I pity him who cannot perceive that, in all this, though there was no moral purpose, there is a moral effect.

> "Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
> "O'er a' the *ills* of life victorious."

What a lesson do these words convey of charitable indulgence for the vicious habits of the principal actor in this scene, and of those who resemble him!—Men who to the rigidly virtuous are objects almost of loathing, and whom therefore they cannot serve! The poet, penetrating the unsightly and disgusting surfaces of things, has unveiled with exquisite skill the finer ties of imagination and feeling, that often

bind these beings to practices productive of so much unhappiness to themselves, and to those whom it is their duty to cherish; —and, as far as he puts the reader into possession of this intelligent sympathy, he qualifies him for exercising a salutary influence over the minds of those who are thus deplorably enslaved.

Not less successfully does Burns avail himself of his own character and situation in society, to construct out of them a poetic self,—introduced as a dramatic personage—for the purpose of inspiriting his incidents, diversifying his pictures, recommending his opinions, and giving point to his sentiments. His brother can set me right if I am mistaken when I express a belief that, at the time when he wrote his story of "Death and Dr. Hornbook," he had very rarely been intoxicated, or perhaps even much exhilarated by liquor. Yet how happily does he lead his reader into that track of sensations! and with what lively humour does he describe the disorder of his

senses and the confusion of his understanding, put to test by a deliberate attempt to count the horns of the moon!

> "But whether she had three or four
> He could na' tell."

Behold a sudden apparition that disperses this disorder, and in a moment chills him into possession of himself! Coming upon no more important mission than the grisly phantom was charged with, what mode of introduction could have been more efficient or appropriate?

But, in those early poems, through the veil of assumed habits and pretended qualities, enough of the real man appears to shew that he was conscious of sufficient cause to dread his own passions, and to bewail his errors! We have rejected as false sometimes in the letter, and of necessity as false in the spirit, many of the testimonies that others have borne against him:—but, by his own hand—in words the import of which cannot be mistaken—

it has been recorded that the order of his life but faintly corresponded with the clearness of his views. It is probable that he would have proved a still greater poet if, by strength of reason, he could have controlled the propensities which his sensibility engendered; but he would have been a poet of a different class: and certain it is, had that desirable restraint been early established, many peculiar beauties which enrich his verses could never have existed, and many accessary influences, which contribute greatly to their effect, would have been wanting. For instance, the momentous truth of the passage already quoted, "One point must still be greatly dark," &c. could not possibly have been conveyed with such pathetic force by any poet that ever lived, speaking in his own voice; unless it were felt that, like Burns, he was a man who preached from the text of his own errors; and whose wisdom, beautiful as a flower that might have risen from seed sown from above, was in fact a scion from

the root of personal suffering. Whom did the poet intend should be thought of as occupying that grave over which, after modestly setting forth the moral discernment and warm affections of its "poor inhabitant," it is supposed to be inscribed that

> "——Thoughtless follies laid him low,
> "And stained his name."

Who but himself,—himself anticipating the too probable termination of his own course? Here is a sincere and solemn avowal—a public declaration *from his own will*—a confession at once devout, poetical, and human—a history in the shape of a prophecy! What more was required of the biographer than to have put his seal to the writing, testifying that the foreboding had been realized, and that the record was authentic?—Lastingly is it to be regretted in respect to this memorable being, that inconsiderate intrusion has not left us at liberty to enjoy his mirth, or his love; his wisdom or his wit; without an admixture

of useless, irksome, and painful details, that take from his poems so much of that right—which, with all his carelessness, and frequent breaches of self-respect, he was not negligent to maintain for them—the right of imparting solid instruction through the medium of unalloyed pleasure.

You will have noticed that my observations have hitherto been confined to Dr. Currie's book: if, by fraternal piety, the poison can be sucked out of this wound, those inflicted by meaner hands may be safely left to heal of themselves. Of the other writers who have given their names, only one lays claim to even a slight acquaintance with the author, whose moral character they take upon them publicly to anatomize. The Edinburgh reviewer—and him I single out because the author of the vindication of Burns has treated his offences with comparative indulgence, to which he has no claim, and which, from whatever cause it might arise, has interfered with the dispensation of justice

—the Edinburgh reviewer thus writes:* "The *leading vice* in Burns's character, and the *cardinal deformity*, indeed, of ALL his productions, was his contempt, or affectation of contempt, for prudence, decency, and regularity, and his admiration of thoughtlessness, oddity, and vehement sensibility: his belief, in short, in the dispensing power of genius and social feeling in all matters of morality and common sense;" adding, that these vices and erroneous notions "have communicated to a great part of his productions a character of immorality at once contemptible and hateful." We are afterwards told, that he is *perpetually* making a parade of his thoughtlessness, inflammability, and imprudence; and, in the next paragraph, that he is *perpetually* doing something else; i. e. "boasting of his own independence."—Marvellous address in the commission of faults! not less than Cæsar

* From Mr. Peterkin's pamphlet, who vouches for the accuracy of his citations; omitting, however, to apologize for their length.

shewed in the management of business; who, it is said, could dictate to three secretaries upon three several affairs, at one and the same moment! But, to be serious. When a man, self-elected into the office of a public judge of the literature and life of his contemporaries, can have the audacity to go these lengths in framing a summary of the contents of volumes that are scattered over every quarter of the globe, and extant in almost every cottage of Scotland, to give the lie to his labours; we must not wonder if, in the plenitude of his concern for the interests of abstract morality, the infatuated slanderer should have found no obstacle to prevent him from insinuating that the poet, whose writings are to this degree stained and disfigured, was "one of the sons of fancy and of song, who spend in vain superfluities the money that belongs of right to the pale industrious tradesman and his famishing infants; and who rave about friendship and philosophy in a tavern, while their wives' hearts," &c. &c.

It is notorious that this persevering

Aristarch *, as often as a work of original genius comes before him, avails himself of that opportunity to re-proclaim to the world the narrow range of his own comprehension. The happy self-complacency, the unsuspecting vain-glory, and the cordial *bonhommie*, with which this part of his duty is performed, do not leave him free to complain of being hardly dealt with if any one should declare the truth, by pronouncing much of the foregoing attack upon the intellectual and moral character of Burns, to be the trespass (for reasons that will shortly appear, it cannot be called the venial trespass) of a mind obtuse, superficial, and inept. What portion of malignity such a mind is susceptible of, the judicious ad-

* A friend, who chances to be present while the author is correcting the proof sheets, observes that Aristarchus is libelled by this application of his name, and advises that "Zoilus" should be substituted. The question lies between spite and presumption; and it is not easy to decide upon a case where the claims of each party are so strong: but the name of Aristarch, who, simple! man would allow no verse to pass for Homer's which he did not approve of, is retained, for reasons that will be deemed cogent.

mirers of the poet, and the discerning friends of the man, will not trouble themselves to enquire; but they will wish that this evil principle had possessed more sway than they are at liberty to assign to it; the offender's condition would not then have been so hopeless. For malignity *selects* its diet; but where is to be found the nourishment from which vanity will revolt? Malignity may be appeased by triumphs real or supposed, and will then sleep, or yield its place to a repentance producing dispositions of good will, and desires to make amends for past injury; but vanity is restless, reckless, intractable, unappeasable, insatiable. Fortunate is it for the world when this spirit incites only to actions that meet with an adequate punishment in derision; such, as in a scheme of poetical justice, would be aptly requited by assigning to the agents, when they quit this lower world, a station in that not uncomfortable limbo—the Paradise of Fools! But, assuredly, we shall have here another proof that ridicule is not the test of truth,

if it prevent us from perceiving, that *depravity* has no ally more active, more inveterate, nor, from the difficulty of divining to what kind and degree of extravagance it may prompt, more pernicious than self-conceit. Where this alliance is too obvious to be disputed, the culprit ought not to be allowed the benefit of contempt—as a shelter from detestation; much less should he be permitted to plead, in excuse for his transgressions, that especial malevolence had little or no part in them. It is not recorded, that the ancient, who set fire to the temple of Diana, had a particular dislike to the goddess of chastity, or held idolatry in abhorrence: he was a fool, an egregious fool, but not the less, on that account, a most odious monster. The tyrant who is described as having rattled his chariot along a bridge of brass over the heads of his subjects, was, no doubt, inwardly laughed at; but what if this mock Jupiter, not satisfied with an empty noise of his own making, had amused himself

with throwing fire-brands upon the house-tops, as a substitute for lightning; and, from his elevation, had hurled stones upon the heads of his people, to shew that he was a master of the destructive bolt, as well as of the harmless voice of the thunder!—The lovers of all that is honourable to humanity have recently had occasion to rejoice over the downfal of an intoxicated despot, whose vagaries furnish more solid materials by which the philosopher will exemplify how strict is the connection between the ludicrously, and the terribly fantastic. We know, also, that Robespierre was one of the vainest men that the most vain country upon earth has produced;—and from this passion, and from that cowardice which naturally connects itself with it, flowed the horrors of his administration. It is a descent, which I fear you will scarcely pardon, to compare these redoubtable enemies of mankind with the anonymous conductor of a perishable publication. But the moving spirit is the same

in them all; and, as far as difference of circumstances, and disparity of powers, will allow, manifests itself in the same way; by professions of reverence for truth, and concern for duty—carried to the giddiest heights of ostentation, while practice seems to have no other reliance than on the omnipotence of falshood.

The transition from a vindication of Robert Burns to these hints for a picture of the intellectual deformity of one who has grossly outraged his memory, is too natural to require an apology: but I feel, sir, that I stand in need of indulgence for having detained you so long. Let me beg that you would impart to any judicious friends of the poet as much of the contents of these pages as you think will be serviceable to the cause; but do not give publicity to any *portion* of them, unless it be thought probable that an open circulation of the whole may be useful.* The

* It was deemed that it would be so, and the letter is published accordingly.

subject is delicate, and some of the opinions are of a kind, which, if torn away from the trunk that supports them, will be apt to wither, and, in that state, to contract poisonous qualities; like the branches of the yew, which, while united by a living spirit to their native tree, are neither noxious, nor without beauty; but, being dissevered and cast upon the ground, become deadly to the cattle that incautiously feed upon them.

To Mr. Gilbert Burns, especially, let my sentiments be conveyed, with my sincere respects, and best wishes for the success of his praise-worthy enterprize. And if, through modest apprehension, he should doubt of his own ability to do justice to his brother's memory, let him take encouragement from the assurance that the most odious part of the charges owed its credit to the silence of those who were deemed best entitled to speak; and who, it was thought, would not have been mute, had they believed that they could speak bene-

ficially. Moreover, it may be relied on as a general truth, which will not escape his recollection, that tasks of this kind are not so arduous as, to those who are tenderly concerned in their issue, they may at first appear to be; for, if the many be hasty to condemn, there is a re-action of generosity which stimulates them—when forcibly summoned—to redress the wrong; and, for the sensible part of mankind, *they* are neither dull to understand, nor slow to make allowance for, the aberrations of men, whose intellectual powers do honour to their species.

I am, dear sir,

respectfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, January, 1816.

T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.

A Lay Sermon,

ADDRESSED

TO THE HIGHER AND MIDDLE CLASSES

ON THE EXISTING

DISTRESSES AND DISCONTENTS.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all Waters!"

A LAY SERMON,

ADDRESSED TO THE

HIGHER AND MIDDLE CLASSES,

ON THE EXISTING

Distresses and Discontents.

By S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

Ἐὰν μὴ ἐλπίζητε, ἀνέλπιστον οὐκ ἐυρήσετε, ἀνεξερεύνητον ὄν καὶ ἄπορον.
HERACLITUS *apud Theodoret*, Vol. iv. p. 716.

If ye do not hope, ye will not find: for in despairing ye block up the mine at its mouth! ye extinguish the torch, even when ye are already in the shaft.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR GALE AND FENNER, PATERNOSTER ROW;
J. M. RICHARDSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE; AND
J. HATCHARD, PICCADILLY.

1817.

252
Col/Lay.

GOD AND THE WORLD WE WORSHIP STILL TOGETHER,
DRAW NOT OUR LAWS TO HIM, BUT HIS TO OURS;
UNTRUE TO BOTH, SO PROSPEROUS IN NEITHER,
THE IMPERFECT WILL BRINGS FORTH BUT BARREN FLOWERS!
UNWISE AS ALL DISTRACTED INTERESTS BE,
STRANGERS TO GOD, FOOLS IN HUMANITY:
TOO GOOD FOR GREAT THINGS AND TOO GREAT FOR GOOD,
WHILE STILL "*I DARE NOT*" WAITS UPON "*I WOU'D!*"

S. Curtis, Printer,
Camberwell.

INTRODUCTION.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN! You I mean, who fill the higher and middle stations of society! The comforts, perchance the splendors, that surround you, designate your rank, but cannot constitute your moral and personal fitness for it. Be it enough for others to know, that you are its *legal*—but by what mark shall you stand accredited to your own consciences, as its *worthy*—possessors? Not by common sense or common honesty; for these are equally demanded of all classes, and therefore mere negative qualifications in *your* rank of life, or characteristic only by the aggravated ignominy consequent on their absence. Not by genius or splendid talent: for these, as being gifts of Nature, are objects of moral interest for those alone, to whom they have

been allotted. Nor yet by eminence in learning; for this supposes such a devotion of time and thought, as would in many cases be incompatible with the claims of active life. Erudition is, doubtless, an *ornament*, that especially beseemes a high station: but it is *professional* rank only that renders its attainment a duty.

The mark in question must be so far *common*, that we may be entitled to look for it in *you* from the mere circumstance of your situation, and so far distinctive, that it must be such as cannot be expected generally from the inferior classes. Now either there is no such criterion in existence, or the Desideratum is to be found in *an habitual consciousness of the ultimate principles, to which your opinions are traceable*. The least, that can be demanded of the least favored among you, is an earnest *endeavour* to walk in the Light of your own knowledge; and not, as the *mass* of mankind, by laying hold on the skirts of Custom. Blind followers of a blind and capricious guide,

forced likewise (though oftener, I fear, by their own improvidence,* than by the lowness of of their estate) to consume Life in the means

* A truth, that should not however be said, save in the spirit of charity, and with the palliating reflection, that this very improvidence has hitherto been, though not the *inevitable*, yet the *natural* result of Poverty and the Poor Laws. With what gratitude I venerate my country and its laws, my humble publications from the "FEARS IN SOLITUDE" printed in 1798, to the present discourse bear witness.—Yet the POOR LAWS and the REVENUE!—if I permitted myself to dwell on these exclusively, I should be tempted to fancy that the domestic seals were put in commission and entrusted to Argus, Briareus, and Cacus, as lords of the commonalty. Alas! it is easy to see the evil; but to imagine a remedy is difficult in exact proportion to the experience and good sense of the seeker. That excellent man, Mr. Perceval, whom I regard as the best and wisest statesman, this country has possessed since the revolution (I judge only from his measures and the reports of his speeches in parliament; for I never saw him, that I know of) went into the ministry, with the design as well as the wish of abolishing lotteries. I was present at a table, when this intention was announced by a venerable relative of the departed statesman, who loved and honored the *man*, but widely dissented from him as a politician. Except myself, all present were partizans of the opposition; but all avowed their determination on this score alone, as a great moral precedent, to support the new minister.—What was the result? Two lotteries in the first year instead of one! The door of the cabinet has a quality the most opposite to the Ivory Gate of Virgil. It suffers no dreams to pass through it. Alas! as far

of living, the multitude may make the sad confession

Tempora mutantur: nos et mutamur in illis

unabashed. But to English Protestants in the enjoyment of a present competency, much more to such as are defended against the anxious Future, it must needs be a grievous dishonor (and not the less grievous, though perhaps less striking, from its frequency) to change with the times, and thus to debase their motives and maxims, the sacred house-

as any *wide* scheme of benevolence is concerned, the inscription over it might seem to be the Dantèan

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate!

We judge harshly because we expect irrationally. But on the other hand, this disproportion of the power to the wish will, sooner or later, end in that tame acquiescence in things as they are, which is the sad symptom of a moral *necrosis* commencing. And commence it will, if its causes are not counteracted by the philosophy of history, that is, by history read in the spirit of prophecy! if they are not overcome by the faith which, still re-kindling hope, still re-enlivens charity. Without the knowledge of Man, the knowledge of Men is a hazardous acquisition. What insight might not our statesmen acquire from the study of the Bible merely as history, if only they had been previously accustomed to study history in the same spirit, as that in which good men read the Bible!

hold of conscience, into slaves and creatures of fashion. *Thou therefore art inexcusable*, O man! (Rom. II. i.) if thou dost not give to thyself a *reason for the faith that is in thee*; if thou dost not thereby learn the safety and the blessedness of that other apostolic precept, *Whatsoever ye do, do it in* FAITH. Your habits of reflection should at least be equal to your opportunities of leisure: and to that which is itself a *species* of leisure—your immunity from bodily labour, from the voice and lash of the imperious ever-recurring THIS DAY! Your attention to the objects, that stretch away below you in the living landscape of good and evil, and your researches into their existing or practicable bearings on each other, should be proportional to the elevation that extends and diversifies your prospect. If you possess more than is necessary for your own wants, more than your own wants ought to be felt by you as your own interests. You are pacing on a smooth terrace, which you owe to the happy institutions of your country,—a terrace on the mountain's breast.

To what purpose, by what *moral* right, if you continue to gaze only on the sod beneath your feet? Or if converting means into ends and with all your thoughts and efforts absorbed in selfish schemes of climbing cloudward, you turn your back on the wide landscape, and stoop the lower, the higher you ascend.

The remedial and prospective advantages, that may be rationally anticipated from the habit of contemplating particulars in their universal laws; its tendency at once to fix and to liberalize the morality of private life, at once to produce and enlighten the spirit of public zeal; and let me add, its especial utility in recalling the origin and primary purport of the term, GENEROSITY,* to the heart and thoughts of a populace tampered with by sophists and incendiaries of the revolutionary school; these advantages I have felt it my duty and have made it my main object

* A genere: the qualities either supposed natural and instinctive to men of noble race, or such as their rank is calculated to inspire, as disinterestedness, devotion to the service of their friends, clients, &c. frankness, &c.

to press on your serious attention during the whole period of my literary labors from earliest manhood to the present hour. * Whatever may have been the specific theme of my communications, and whether they related to criticism, politics, or religion, still PRINCIPLES, their subordination, their connection, and their application, in all the divisions of our tastes, duties, rules of conduct,

* In testimony of the fact and no less of the small change, my own public and political principles have undergone, I might appeal to the CONCIONES AD POPULUM, delivered at Bristol in the year 1794; but that, though a few copies were printed, they can scarcely be said to have been published. The first of these "Lay-sermons," (which was likewise the firstling of my authorship) I intend to include in the republication or rather the *rinfaciamento* of the FRIEND. I prefer the latter word, because every part will be omitted which could not be brought to conclusion and completion within the extent allotted to the work (three volumes of the size of the British Essayists;) their place supplied by new articles; and the whole arranged anew.) The FRIEND likewise has never been *published* in the ordinary sense of the term. The numbers printed weekly on stamped paper were sent by the post to a scanty number of subscribers and (a sad but important distinction!) to a still scantier number of *subscriptionists*.—*φωνᾶντα συνἑτοισιν· ἐς δὲ τὸ Πᾶν ἑρμηνέως χατίζει.*

and schemes of belief, have constituted my chapter of contents.

It is an unsafe partition, that divides opinions without principle from unprincipled opinions. If the latter are not followed by correspondent actions, we are indebted for the escape, not to the agent himself, but to his habits of education, to the sympathies of superior rank, to the necessity of character, often, perhaps, to the absence of temptation from providential circumstances or the accident of a gracious Nature. These, indeed, are truths of all times and places; but I seemed to see especial reason for insisting on them in our own times. A long and attentive observation had convinced me, that formerly MEN WERE WORSE THAN THEIR PRINCIPLES, but that at present the PRINCIPLES ARE WORSE THAN THE MEN.

Few are sufficiently aware how much reason most of us have, even as common moral livers, to thank God for being ENGLISHMEN. It would furnish grounds both for humility towards Providence and for increased attach-

ment to our country, if each individual could but see and feel, how large a part of his innocence he owes to his birth, breeding, and residence in Great Britain. The administration of the laws; the almost continual preaching of moral prudence; the number and respectability of our sects; the pressure of our ranks on each other, with the consequent reserve and watchfulness of demeanor in the superior ranks, and the emulation in the subordinate; the vast depth, expansion and systematic movements of our trade; and the consequent inter-dependence, the arterial or nerve-like *net-work* of property, which make every deviation from outward integrity a calculable loss to the offending individual himself from its mere effects, as obstruction and irregularity; and lastly, the naturalness of doing as others do:—these and the like influences, peculiar, some in the kind and all in the degree, to this privileged island, are the buttresses, on which our foundationless well-doing is upheld, even as a house of

cards, the architecture of our infancy, in which each is supported by all.

Well then may we pray, give us peace in our time, O Lord! Well for us, if no revolution, or other general visitation, betray the *true* state of our national morality! But above all, well will it be for us! if *even now* we dare disclose the secret to our own souls! Well will it be for as many of us as have duly reflected on the Prophet's assurance, *that we must take root downwards if we would bear fruit upwards*; if we would bear fruit, and *continue* to bear fruit, when the foodful plants that stand straight, only because they grow in company; or, whose slender surface-roots owe their whole stedfastness to their intertanglement; have been beaten down by the continued rains, or whirled aloft by the sudden hurricane! Now have we far to seek for whatever it is most important that we should find. The wisdom from above has not ceased for us! "*The principles of the oracles of God*" (Heb. v. 12),

are still uttered from before the altar! ORACLES, which we may consult without cost! Before an ALTAR, where no sacrifice is required, but of the vices which unman us! no victims demanded, but the unclean and animal passions, which we may have suffered to house within us, forgetful of our baptismal dedication—no victim, but the spiritual sloth, or goat, or fox, or hog, which lay waste the vineyard that the Lord had fenced and planted for himself.

I have endeavored in a previous discourse to persuade the more highly gifted and educated part of my friends and fellow-christians, that as the *New* Testament sets forth the means and conditions of spiritual convalescence, with all the laws of conscience relative to our future state and permanent Being; so does the *Bible* present to us the elements of *public* prudence, instructing us in the true causes, the surest preventives, and the only cures, of public evils. The authorities of Raleigh, Clarendon and Milton must at least exempt me from the blame of singularity, if

undeterred by the contradictory charges of paradoxy from one party and of adherence to vulgar and old-fashioned prejudices from the other, I persist in avowing my conviction, that the inspired poets, historians and sententiaries of the Jews, are the clearest teachers of political economy: in short, that their writings* are the STATESMAN'S BEST

* To which I should be tempted with the late Edmund Burke to annex that treasure of prudential wisdom, the Ecclesiasticus. I not only yield, however, to the authority of our Church, but, reverence the judgment of its founders in separating this work from the list of the Canonical Books, and in refusing to apply it to the establishment of any *doctrine*, while they caused it to be "read for example of life and instruction of manners." Excellent, nay, invaluable, as this book is in the place assigned to it by our Church, that place is justified on the clearest grounds. For not to say that the compiler himself, candidly cautions us against the imperfections of his translation, and its *no small* difference from the original Hebrew, as it was written by his grandfather, he so expresses himself in his prologue as to exclude all claims to inspiration or divine authority in any other or higher sense than every writer is entitled to make, who having qualified himself by the careful study of the books of other men had been drawn on to write something himself. But of still greater weight, *practically*, are the objections derived from certain passages of the Book, which savour too plainly of the fancies and prejudices of a jew of

MANUAL, not only as containing the first principles and ultimate grounds of state-policy whether in prosperous times or in those of danger and distress, but as supplying likewise the details of their *application*, and as being a full and spacious repository of precedents and facts in proof.

Well therefore (again and again I repeat

Jerusalem: ex. gr. the 25th and 26th verses of chapter L; and of greater still the objections drawn from other passages, as from chapter 41st. which by implication and obvious inference are nearly tantamount to a denial of a future state, and bear too great a resemblance to the ethics of the Greek poets and orators in the substitution of posthumous fame for a *true* resurrection, and a consequent *personal* endurance; the substitution in short, of a nominal for a real immortality, and lastly from the *prudential* spirit of the maxims in general, in which prudence is taught too much on its own grounds instead of being recommended as the organ or vehicle of a spiritual principle in its existing worldly relations. In short, prudence ceases to be wisdom when it is not to the filial fear of God, and to the sense of the excellence of the divine laws, what the body is to the soul! Now, in the work of the son of Sirach, prudence is both body and soul.

It were perhaps to be wished, that this work, and the wisdom of Solomon had alone received the honor of being accompaniments to the inspired writings, and that these should, with a short precautionary preface and a

to you,) well will it be for us if we have provided ourselves from this armory while "yet the day of trouble and of treading down and of perplexity" appears at far distance and only "in the valley of Vision:" if we have humbled ourselves and have confessed our thin and unsound state, even while "from the uttermost parts of the earth we were hearing songs of praise and glory to the upright nation. (Is. xxii. 5. xxiv. 16.)

But if indeed the day of treading down is present, it is still in our power to convert it into a time of substantial discipline for ourselves, and of enduring benefit to the present generation and to posterity. The splendor of our exploits, during the late war, is less honorable to us than the magnanimity of our views, and our generous confidence in the victory of the better cause. Accordingly, we have

few notes have been printed in *all* our Bibles. The remaining books might without any loss have been left for the learned or for as many as were prompted by curiosity to purchase them, in a separate volume. Even of the Maccabees not above a third part can be said to possess any historic value, as authentic accounts.

obtained a good name, so that the nations arround us have displayed a disposition to follow our example and imitate our institutions—too often I fear even in parts where from the difference of our relative circumstances the imitation had little chance of proving more than mimickry. But it will be far more glorious, and to our neighbours incomparably more instructive, if in distresses to which all countries are liable we bestir ourselves in remedial and preventive arrangements which all nations may more or less adopt; inasmuch as they are grounded on principles intelligible to all rational and obligatory on all moral beings; inasmuch as, having been taught by God's word, exampled by God's providence, commanded by God's law, and recommended by promises of God's grace, they alone can form the foundations of a christian community. Do we love our country? These are the principles, by which the true friend of the people is contradistinguished from the factious demagogue. They are at once the rock and the quarry. On these alone and with these alone is the solid

welfare of a people to be built. Do we love our own souls? These are the principles, the neglect of which writes hypocrite and suicide on the brow of the professing christian. For these are the keystone of that arch on which alone we can cross the torrent of life and death with safety on the passage; with peace in the retrospect; and with hope shining upon us from through the cloud, toward which we are travelling. Not, my christian friends! by all the lamps of worldly wisdom clustered in one blaze, can we guide our paths so securely as by fixing our eyes on this inevitable cloud, through which all must pass, which at every step becomes darker and more threatening to the children of this world, but to the children of faith and obedience still thins away as they approach, to melt at length and dissolve into that glorious light, from which as so many gleams and reflections of the same falling on us during our mortal pilgrimage, we derive all principles of true and lively knowledge, alike in science and in morals, alike in communities and in individuals.

It has been my purpose throughout the following discourse to guard myself and my Readers from extremes of all kinds: I will therefore conclude this Introduction by inforcing the maxim in its relation to our religious opinions, out of which, with or without our consciousness, all our other opinions flow, as from their Spring-head and perpetual Feeder. And that I might neglect no innocent mode of attracting or relieving the Reader's attention, I have moulded my reflections into the following

ALLEGORIC VISION.

A feeling of sadness, a peculiar melancholy, is wont to take possession of me alike in Spring and in Autumn. But in Spring it is the melancholy of Hope: in Autumn it is the melancholy of Resignation. As I was journeying on foot through the Appennine, I fell in with a pilgrim in whom the Spring and the Autumn and the Melancholy of both seemed to have combined. In his discourse

there were the freshness and the colors of April:

> Qual ramicel a ramo,
> Tal da pensier pensiero
> In lui germogliava.

But as I gazed on his whole form and figure, I bethought me of the not unlovely decays, both of age and of the late season, in the stately elm; after the clusters have been plucked from its entwining vines, and the vines are as bands of dried withies around its trunk and branches. Even so there was a memory on his smooth and ample forehead, which blended with the dedication of his steady eyes, that still looked—I know not, whether upward, or far onward, or rather to the line of meeting where the sky rests upon the distance. But how may I express—the breathed tarnish, shall I name it?—on the lustre of the pilgrim's eyes? Yet had it not a sort of strange accordance with their slow and reluctant movement, whenever he turned them to any object on the right hand or on the left? It seemed, methought, as if there lay upon

the brightness a shadowy presence of disappointments now unfelt, but never forgotten. It was at once the melancholy of hope and of resignation.

We had not long been fellow-travellers, ere a sudden tempest of wind and rain forced us to seek protection in the vaulted door-way of a lone chapelry: and we sate face to face each on the stone bench along-side the low, weather-stained wall, and as close as possible to the massy door.

After a pause of silence: Even thus, said he, like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death! All extremes meet, I answered; but your's was a strange and visionary thought. The better then doth it beseem both the place and me, he replied. From a VISIONARY wilt thou hear a VISION? Mark that vivid flash through this torrent of rain! Fire and water. Even here thy adage holds true, and its truth is the moral of my Vision. I entreated him to proceed. Sloping his face toward the

arch and yet averting his eye from it, he seemed to seek and prepare his words: till listening to the wind that echoed within the hollow edifice, and to the rain without,

Which stole on his thoughts with its two-fold sound,
The clash hard by and the murmur all round,

he gradually sunk away, alike from me and from his own purpose, and amid the gloom of the storm and in the duskiness of that place he sate like an emblem on a rich man's sepulchre, or like an aged mourner on the sodded grave of an only one, who is watching the wained moon and sorroweth not. Starting at length from his brief trance of abstraction, with courtesy and an atoning smile he renewed his discourse, and commenced his parable.

During one of those short furlows from the service of the Body, which the Soul may sometimes obtain even in this, its militant state, I found myself in a vast plain, which I immediately knew to be the VALLEY OF LIFE. It possessed an astonishing diversity of soils: and

here was a sunny spot, and there a dark one, forming just such a mixture of sunshine and shade, as we may have observed on the mountains' side in an April day, when the thin broken clouds are scattered over heaven. Almost in the very entrance of the valley stood a large and gloomy pile, into which I seemed constrained to enter. Every part of the building was crowded with tawdry ornaments and fantastic deformity. On every window was pourtrayed, in glaring and inelegant colors, some horrible tale, or preternatural incident, so that not a ray of light could enter, untinged by the medium through which it passed. The body of the building was full of people, some of them dancing, in and out, in unintelligible figures, with strange ceremonies and antic merriment, while others seemed convulsed with horror, or pining in mad melancholy. Intermingled with these, I observed a number of men, clothed in ceremonial robes, who appeared now to marshal the various groups, and to direct their movements; and now with menacing countenances,

to drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed, which formed at the same time an immense cage, and the form of a human Colossus.

I stood for a while lost in wonder, what these things might mean; when lo! one of the Directors came up to me, and with a stern and reproachful look bade me uncover my head; for that the place, into which I had entered, was the temple of the only true Religion, in the holier recesses of which the great Goddess personally resided. Himself too he bade me reverence, as the consecrated Minister of her Rites. Awe-struck by the name of Religion, I bowed before the Priest, and humbly and earnestly intreated him to conduct me into her presence. He assented. Offerings he took from me, with mystic sprinklings of water and with salt he purified, and with strange sufflations he exorcized me; and then led me through many a dark and winding alley, the dew-damps of which chilled my flesh, and the hollow echoes under my feet, mingled, methought, with moanings,

affrighted me. At length we entered a large hall where not even a single lamp glimmered. It was made half visible by the wan phosphoric rays which proceeded from inscriptions on the walls, in letters of the same pale and sepulchral light. I could read them, methought; but though each one of the words taken separately I seemed to understand, yet when I took them in sentences, they were riddles and incomprehensible. As I stood meditating on these hard sayings, my guide thus addressed me—The fallible becomes infallible, and the infallible remains fallible. Read and believe: these are MYSTERIES!—In the middle of the vast hall the Goddess was placed. Her features, blended with darkness, rose out to my view, terrible, yet vacant. No definite thought, no distinct image was afforded me: all was uneasy and obscure feeling. I prostrated myself before her, and then retired with my guide, soul-withered, and wondering, and dissatisfied.

As I re-entered the body of the temple, I heard a deep buz as of discontent. A few

whose eyes were bright, and either piercing or steady, and whose ample foreheads, with the weighty bar, ridge-like, above the eye-brows, bespoke observation followed by meditative thought; and a much larger number who were enraged by the severity and insolence of the priests in exacting their offerings; had collected in one tumultuous groupe, and with a confused outcry of "this is the Temple of SUPERSTITION!" after much contumely, and turmoil, and cruel maltreatment on all sides, rushed out of the pile; and I, methought, joined them.

We speeded from the Temple with hasty steps, and had now nearly gone round half the valley, when we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond the stature of mortals, and with a something more than human in her countenance and mien, which yet could by mortals be only felt, not conveyed by words or intelligibly distinguished. Deep reflection, animated by ardent feelings, was displayed in them: and hope, without its uncertainty, and a something more than

all these, which I understood not; but which yet seemed to blend all these into a divine unity of expression. Her garments were white and matronly, and of the simplest texture. We enquired her name. My name, she replied, is RELIGION.

The more numerous part of our company, affrighted by the very sound, and sore from recent impostures or sorceries, hurried onwards and examined no farther. A few of us, struck by the manifest opposition of her form and manners to those of the living Idol, whom we had so recently abjured, agreed to follow her, though with cautious circumspection. She led us to an eminence in the midst of the valley, from the top of which we could command the whole plain, and observe the relation of the different parts, of each to the other, and of each to the whole, and of all to each. She then gave us an optic glass which assisted without contradicting our natural vision, and enabled us to see far beyond the limits of the Valley of Life: though our eye even thus assisted permitted

us only to behold a light and a glory, but what we could not descry, save only that it *was*, and that it was most glorious.

And now with the rapid transition of a dream, I had overtaken and rejoined the more numerous party, who had abruptly left us, indignant at the very name of religion. They journied on, goading each other with remembrances of past oppressions, and never looking back, till in the eagerness to recede from the Temple of Superstition they had rounded the whole circle of the valley. And lo! there faced us the mouth of a vast cavern, at the base of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, the interior side of which, unknown to them, and unsuspected, formed the extreme and backward wall of the Temple. An impatient crowd, we entered the vast and dusky cave, which was the only perforation of the precipice. At the mouth of the cave sate two figures; the first, by her dress and gestures, I knew to be SENSUALITY; the second form, from the fierceness of his demeanour, and the brutal scornfulness of his

looks, declared himself to be the Monster BLASPHEMY. He uttered big words, and yet ever and anon I observed that he turned pale at his own courage. We entered. Some remained in the opening of the cave, with the one or the other of its guardians. The rest, and I among them, pressed on, till we reached an ample chamber, that seemed the centre of the rock. The climate of the place was unnaturally cold.

In the furthest distance of the chamber sate an old dim-eyed man, poring with a microscope over the Torso of a statue, which had neither basis, nor feet, nor head; but on its breast was carved, NATURE! To this he continually applied his glass, and seemed enraptured with the various inequalities which it rendered visible on the seemingly polished surface of the marble.—Yet evermore was this delight and triumph followed by expressions of hatred, and vehement railing against a Being, who yet, he assured us, had no existence. This mystery suddenly recalled to me what I had read in the Holiest

Recess of the temple of *Superstition*. The old man spoke in divers tongues, and continued to utter other and most strange mysteries. Among the rest he talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be—a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on till they were all out of sight: and that they all walked infallibly straight, without making one false step, though all were alike blind. Methought I borrowed courage from surprize, and asked him—Who then is at the head to guide them? He looked at me with ineffable contempt, not unmixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied, "No one." The string of blind men went on for ever without any beginning: for although one blind man could not move without stumbling, yet infinite blindness supplied the want of sight. I burst into laughter, which instantly turned to terror—for as he started forward in rage, I caught a glance of him from behind; and lo!

I beheld a monster bi-form and Janus-headed, in the hinder face and shape of which I instantly recognized the dread countenance of SUPERSTITION—and in the terror I awoke.

A

LAY SERMON, &c.

ISAIAH, xxxii. 20.

Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.

ON all occasions the Beginning should look toward the End; and most of all when we offer counsel concerning circumstances of great distress, and of still greater alarm. But such is our business at present, and the common duty of all whose competence justifies the attempt. And therefore, my Christian Friends and Fellow Englishmen, have I *in a day of trouble and of treading down and of perplexity*, taken my Beginning from this animating assurance of an inspired Messenger to *the Devisers of liberal things*, (xxxii. 8.) who confident in hope are fearless in charity. For to enforce the Precept involved in this gladsome annun-

ciation of the Evangelical Herald, to awaken the lively Feeling which it breathes, and to justify the line of conduct which it encourages, are the End to which my present efforts are directed—the ultimate object of the present Address, to which all the other points, therein discussed, are but introductory and preparative.

'Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.' It is the assurance of a Prophet, and therefore *Surety* itself to all who profess to receive him as such. It is a Command in the form of a Promise, which at once instructs us in our duty and forecloses every possible objection to its performance. It is at once our Guide and our Pioneer!—a Breeze from Heaven, which at one and the same time determines our path, impels us along it, and removes beforehand, each overhanging cloud that might have conspired with our own dimness to bewilder or to dishearten us. Whatever our own Despondence may whisper, or the reputed Masters of Political Economy may have seemed to demonstrate, neither by the fears and scruples of the one, or by the confident affirmations of the other, dare we be deterred. They must both be false if the Prophet is true. We will still in the power of that faith which can *hope even against*

hope continue to sow beside all waters: for there is a Blessing attached to it by God himself, to whose eye all consequences are present, on whose will all consequences depend.

But I had also an additional motive for the selection of this verse. Easy to be remembered from its briefness, likely to be remembered from its beauty, and with not a single word in it which the malignant ingenuity of Faction could pervert to the excitement of any dark or turbulent feeling, I chose it both as the Text and Title of this Discourse, that it might be brought under the eye of many thousands who will know no more of the Discourse itself than what they read in the advertisements of it in our public papers.

In point of fact it was another passage of Scripture, the words of another Prophet, that originally occasioned this Address, by one of those accidental circumstances, that so often determine the current of our Thoughts. From a company among whom the distresses of the times and the disappointments of the public expectations had been agitated with more warmth than wisdom, I had retired to solitude and silent meditation. A Bible chanced to lie open on the table, my eyes

were cast idly on the page for a few seconds, till gradually as a mist clears away, the following words became visible, and at once fixed my attention. 'We looked for peace, but no good came; for a time of health, and behold trouble.'—I turned to the beginning of the chapter: it was the eighth of the prophet Jeremiah, and having read it to the end, I repeated aloud the verses which had become connected in my memory by their pertinency to the conversation, to which I had been so lately attending: namely, the 11th, 15th, 20th, and 22d.

They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying Peace, Peace, when there is no Peace. We looked for Peace, but no good came: for a time of health, and behold, trouble! The harvest is past, the summer is ended: and we are not saved. Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?

These impassioned remonstrances, these heart-probing interrogatories, of the lamenting Prophet, do indeed anticipate a full, and alas! a too faithful statement of the case, to the public consideration of which we have all of late been so often and so urgently invited, and

the inward thought of which our very countenances betray, as by a communion of alarm. In the bold painting of Scripture language, *all faces gather blackness*, the Many at the supposed magnitude of the national embarassment, the Wise at the more certain and far more alarming evil of its moral accompaniments. And they not only contain the state of the case, but suggest the most natural scheme and order of treating it. I avail myself, therefore, of the passage as a part of my text, with the less scruple because it will be found to supply of itself the requisite link of connection. The case itself, the plain fact admitted by men of all parties among us, is, as I have just observed, and as you will yourselves have felt at the first perusal of the words, described by anticipation in the intermediate verses; yet with such historic precision, so plain and so specifically as to render all comment needless, all application superfluous. Peace has come without the advantages expected from Peace, and on the contrary, with many of the severest inconveniences usually attributable to War. 'We looked for peace, but no good came: for a time of health and behold trouble. The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we

are not saved.' The inference therefore contained in the preceding verse is unavoidable. Where war has produced no repentance, and the cessation of war has brought neither concord or tranquility, we may safely cry aloud with the Prophet: 'They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying peace, peace, when there is no peace.' The whole remaining subject therefore may be comprized in the three questions implied in the last of the verses, recited to you; in three questions, and in the answers to the same. First, who are they who have hitherto prescribed for the case, and are still tampering with it? What are their qualifications? What has been their conduct? Second, What is the true seat and source of the complaint,—the ultimate causes as well as the immediate occasions? And lastly, What are the appropriate medicines? Who and where are the true physicians?

And first then of those who have been ever loud and foremost in their pretensions to a knowledge both of the disease and the remedy. In a preceding part of the same chapter from which I extracted the line prefixed, the Prophet Isaiah enumerates the conditions of a nation's recovery from a state

of depression and peril, and among these one condition which he describes in words that may be without any forced or over-refined interpretation unfolded into an answer to the present question. 'A vile person,' he tells us, 'must no more be called liberal, nor the churl be said to be bountiful. For the vile person shall speak villainy, and his heart will work iniquity to practice hypocrisy and to utter error against the Lord; to make empty the soul of the needy, and he will cause the drink of the thirsty to fail. The instruments also of the churl are evil: he deviseth wicked devices to destroy the poor with lying words, even when the needy speaketh aright. BUT THE LIBERAL DEVISETH LIBERAL THINGS, AND BY LIBERAL THINGS SHALL HE STAND.' (Isaiah, xxxii. 5, 6, 7, 8.)

Such are the political empirics mischievous in proportion to their effrontery, and ignorant in proportion to their presumption, the detection and exposure of whose true characters the inspired statesman and patriot represents as indispensable to the re-establishment of the general welfare, while his own portrait of these impostors whom in a former chapter (ix. 15. 16.) he calls, *the tail of*

the Nation, and in the following verse, *Demagogues that cause the people to err*, affords to the intelligent believer of all ages and countries the means of detecting them, and of undeceiving all whose own malignant passions have not rendered them blind and deaf and brutish. For these noisy and calumnious zealots, whom (with an especial reference indeed to the factious leaders of the populace who under this name exercised a tumultuary despotism in Jerulsalem, at once a sign and a cause of its approaching downfall) St. John beheld in the Apocalyptic vision as a compound of Locust and Scorpion, are not of one place or of one season. They are the perennials of history: and though they may disappear for a time, they exist always in the egg and need only a distempered atmosphere and an accidental ferment to start up into life and activity.

It is worth our while therefore, or rather it is our duty, to examine with a more attentive eye this representative portrait drawn for us by an infallible master, and to distinguish its component parts, each by itself, so that we may combine without confusing them in our memory; till they blend at

length into one physiognomic expression, which whenever the counterpart is obtruded on our notice in the sphere of our own experience, may be at once recognized, and enable us to convince ourselves of the identity by a comparison of feature with feature.

The passage commences with a fact, which to the inexperienced might well seem strange and improbable; but which being a truth nevertheless of our own knowledge, is the more striking and charateristic. Worthless persons of little or no estimation for rank, learning, or integrity, not seldom profligates, with whom debauchery has outwrestled repacity, easy because unprincipled and generous because dishonest, are suddenly cried up as men of enlarged views and liberal sentiments, our only genuine patriots and philanthropists: and churls, that is, men of sullen tempers and surly demeanor; men tyrannical in their families, oppressive and troublesome to their dependents and neighbours, and hard in their private dealings between man and man; men who clench with one hand what they have grasped with the other; these are extolled as public benefactors, the friends, guardians, and advocates of the poor! Here and there

indeed we may notice an individual of birth and fortune

(For great estates enlarge not narrow minds)

who has been duped into the ranks of incendiaries and mob-sycophants by an insane restlessness, and the wretched ambition of figuring as the triton of the minows. Or we may find perhaps a professional man of shewy accomplishments but of a vulgar taste, and shallow acquirements, who in part from vanity, and in part as a means of introduction to practice, will seek notoriety by an eloquence well calculated to set the multitude agape, and excite *gratis* to overt-acts of sedition or treason which he may afterwards be fee'd to defend! These however are but exceptions to the general rule. Such as the Prophet has described, such is the *sort* of men; and in point of historic fact it has been from men of this sort, *that profaneness is gone forth into all the land.* (Jeremiah, xxiii. 15.)

In harmony with the general character of these false prophets, are the particular qualities assigned to them. First, a passion for vague and violent invective, an habitual and inveterate predilection for the language of

hate; and rage and contumely, an ungoverned appetite for abuse and defamation! THE VILE WILL TALK VILLAINY.

But the fetid flower will ripen into the poisonous berry, and the fruits of the hand follow the blossoms of the slanderous lips. HIS HEART WILL WORK INIQUITY. That is, he will plan evil, and do his utmost to carry his plans into execution. The guilt exists already; and there wants nothing but power and opportunity to condense it into crime and overt-act. *He that hateth his brother is a murderer!* says St. John: and of many and various sorts are the brother-haters, in whom this truth may be exemplified. Most appropriately for our purpose, Isaiah has selected the fratricide of sedition, and with the eagle eye and practised touch of an intuitive demonstrator he unfolds the composition of the character, part by part, in the secret history of the agent's wishes, designs and attempts, of his ways, his means, and his ends. The agent himself, the incendiary and his kindling combustibles, had been already sketched by Solomon, with the rapid yet faithful outline of a master in the art: '*The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness and the end of his talk mischievous madness.*' Eccle-

siastes, x. 13. If in the spirit of Prophecy,* the wise Ruler had been present to our own times, and their procedures; if while he sojourned *in the valley of vision* he had actually heard the very harangues of our reigning demagogues to the convened populace;

* Solomon has himself informed us, that beyond wealth and conquest, and as of far greater importance to him, in his arduous office of King and Magistrate, he had *sought through knowledge of wisdom to lay hold on folly:* that is, by the study of *Man*, to arrive at a grounded knowledge of *Men*, and through a previous insight into the nature and conditions of *Good* to acquire by inference a thorough comprehension of the *Evil* that arises from its deficiency or perversion. And truly in all points of prudence, public and private, we may accommodate to the Royal Preacher his own words: (Ecclesiastes, ii. 12.) *What can the man say that cometh after the King? Even that which hath been said already.*

In a preceding page we have interpreted the fifth trumpet in the Apocalypse, of the Zelotæ during the siege of Jerusalem: to the Romans therefore, and their Oriental Allies, we must refer the sounding of the sixth Angel, in this sublime and magnificent drama acted in Heaven, before the whole Host of Heaven, the personal Friend of the Incarnate God attending as the Representative of Human Nature, and in her behalf looking and listening with fearful awe to the prophetic symbols of her destiny! But had I dared imitate the major part of the Commentators, and followed the *fatuous fires* of FANCY, that "shrewd sprite" ever busiest when in the service of pre-conceived partialities and antipathies, I

could he have more faithfully characterized either the speakers or the speeches? Whether in spoken or in printed Addresses, whether in periodical Journals or in yet cheaper implements of irritation, the ends are the same, the process is the same, and the same is their general

might have suffered my judgment to be seduced by the wonderful *(apparent)* aptness of the symbols, (many of them at least) and extended the application of the first eleven verses to the whole chapter, the former as treating of the Demagogues exclusively, the latter as including their infatuated followers likewise. For what other images, concorporated according to the rules of Hieroglyphic Syntax, could form more appropriate and significant exponents of a seditious and riotous multitude, with the mob-orators, their *Heads* or Leaders, than the thousands of pack-horses *(jumenta sarcinaria)* with *heads* resembling those of a roaring wild beast, with smoke, fire and brimstone (that is, empty, unintelligible, incendiary, calumnious, and offensively foul language) issuing from their mouths? 'For their power is in their *Mouths* and in their Tails; and they have *Heads*, and by means of them they do hurt.'

The authenticity of this canonical Book rests on the firmest grounds, both of outward testimony and internal evidence. But it has been most strangely abused and perverted from the Millenarians of the primitive Church to the religious Politicians of our own times. My own conception of the Book is, that it narrates in the broad and inclusive form of the ancient Prophets (i. e. in the prophetic power of faith and moral insight irradiated by inspiration) the successive struggles and final triumph of

line of conduct. On all occasions, but most of all and with a more bustling malignity, whenever any public distress inclines the lower classes to turbulence, and renders them more apt to be alienated from the government of their country—in all places and at every opportunity pleading *to* the Poor and Ignorant, no where and at no time are they found actually pleading *for* them. Nor is this the worst. They even plead against them. Yes! Sycophants to the *crowd*, enemies of the *individuals*, and well-wishers only to the continuance of their miseries, they plead *against* the poor and afflicted, under the weak and wicked pretence, that we are to do nothing of what we can, because we cannot do all, that we would wish. Or if this sophistry of

Christianity over the Paganism and Judaism of the then Roman Empire, typified in the Fall of Rome, the destruction of the Old and the (symbolical) descent of the New Jerusalem. Nor do I think its interpretation even in detail attended with any insuperable difficulties.

It was once my intention to have translated the Apocalypse into verse, as a Poem, holding a mid place between the Epic Narrative and the Choral Drama: and to have annexed a Commentary in Prose. An intention long and fondly cherished, but during many years deferred from an unfeigned sense of my deficiency; and now there remains only the hope and the wish, or rather a feeling between both!

sloth *(sophisma pigri)* should fail to check the bounty of the rich, there is still the sophistry of slander in reserve to chill the gratitude of the poor. If they cannot dissuade *the Liberal from devising liberal things,* they will at least blacken the motives of his beneficence. If they cannot close the hand of the giver, they will at least embitter the gift in the mouth of the receivers. Is it not as if they had said within their hearts: the sacrifice of charity has been offered indeed in despite of us; *but with bitter herbs shall it be eaten!* (Exod. xii. 8.) Imagined Wrongs shall make it distasteful. We will infuse vindictive and discontented fancies into minds, already irritable and suspicious from distress: till the fever of the heart shall coat the tongue with gall and spread wormwood on the palate?

However angrily our demagogues may disclaim all intentions of this kind, such has been their procedure, and it is susceptible of no other interpretation. We all know, that the shares must be scanty, where the dividend bears no proportion to the number of the claimants. Yet He, who satisfied the multitude in the wilderness with a few loaves and fishes, is still present to his church. Small

as the portions are, if they are both given and taken in the spirit of his commands, a Blessing will go with each; and *the handful of meal shall not fail, until the day when the Lord bringeth back plenty on the land.* But no Blessing can enter where Envy and Hatred are already in possession; and small good will the poor man have of the food prepared for him by his more favored Brother, if he have been previously taught to regard it as a mess of pottage given to defraud him of his Birth-right.

If then to promise medicine and to administer poison; if to flatter in order to deprave; if to affect love to all and shew pity to none; if to exaggerate and misderive the distress of the labouring classes in order to make them turbulent, and to discourage every plan for their relief in order to keep them so; if to skulk from private infamy in the mask of public spirit, and make the flaming patriot privilege the gamester, swindler or adulterer; if to seek amnesty for a continued violation of the laws of God by an equal pertinacity in outraging the laws of the land; if these characterize the hypocrite, we need not look far back or far round for faces, wherein to recognize the third striking

feature of this prophetic portrait! When therefore the verifying facts press upon us in real life; when we hear persons, the tyranny of whose will is the only law in their families, denouncing all law as tyranny in public—persons, whose hatred of power in others is in exact proportion to their love of it for themselves; when we behold men of sunk and irretrievable characters, to whom no man would entrust his wife, his sister, or his purse, have the effrontory to propose that we should entrust to them our religion and our country; when we meet with *Patriots*, who aim at an enlargement of the rights and liberties of the people by inflaming the populace to acts of madness that necessiate fetters—pretended heralds of freedom and actual pioneers of military despotism; we will call to mind the words of the prophet Isaiah, and say to ourselves: this is no new thing under the Sun! We have heard it with our own ears, and it was declared to our fathers, and in the old time before them, that one of the main characteristics of demagogues in all ages is, TO PRACTISE HYPOCRISY.

Such, I assert, has been the general line of conduct pursued by the political Empirics of the day: and your own recent experience will attest the truth of the assertion. It

was affirmed likewise at the same time, that as the conduct, such was the *process:* and I will seek no other support of this charge, I need no better test both of the men and their works, then the plain question: is there one good feeling, to which they do—is there a single bad passion, to which they do not appeal? If they are the enemies of liberty in general, inasmuch as they tend to make it appear incompatible with public quiet and personal safety, still more emphatically are they the enemies of the liberty of the PRESS in particular; and therein of all the truths human and divine which a free press is the most efficient and only commensurate means of protecting, extending and perpetuating. The strongest, indeed the only plausible, arguments against the education of the lower classes, are derived from the writings of these incendiaries; and if for our neglect of the light that hath been vouchsafed to us beyond measure, the land should be visited with a spiritual dearth, it will have been in no small degree occasioned by the erroneous and wicked principles which it is the trade of these men to propagate. Well therefore has the Prophet made it the fourth mark of these misleaders of the multitude, not alone TO utter

error, but TO UTTER ERROR AGAINST THE LORD, TO MAKE EMPTY THE SOUL OF THE HUNGRY! Alas! it is a hard and a mournful thing, that the Press should be constrained to call out for the harsh curb of the law against the Press! for how shall the Law predistinguish the ominous screech owl from the sacred notes of Augury, from the auspicious and friendly birds of Warning? And yet will we avoid this seeming injustice, we throw down all fence and bulwark of public decency and public opinion. Already has political calumny joined hands with private slander, and every principle, every feeling, that binds the citizen to his country, the spirit to its Creator, is in danger of being undermined.—Not by reasoning, for from that there is no danger; but—by the mere habit of hearing them reviled and scoffed at with impunity. Were we to contemplate the evils of a rank and unweeded Press only in its effects on the manners of a people, and on the general tone of thought and conversation, the greater love we bore to literature, and to all the means and instruments of human improvement, the more anxiously should we wish for some Ithuriel spear that might remove from the ear of the ignorant and half-

learned, and expose in their own fiendish shape, those reptiles, which *inspiring venom and forging illusions as they list,*

> ——— thence raise,
> At least distemper'd discontented thoughts,
> Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires.
>
> PARADISE LOST.

I feel, my friends! that even the strong and painful interest which, the peculiar state of the times, and almost the occurrences of the hour create, can scarcely counterbalance the wearisome aversion inspired by the deformity and *palpableness* of the subject itself. As the plan originates in the malignant restlessness of desperate ambition or desperate circumstances, so are its means and engines a *drag-net* of Fraud and Delusion. THE INSTRUMENTS ALSO OF THE CHURL ARE EVIL, HE DEVISETH WICKED DEVICES WITH LYING WORDS. He employs a compound poison, of which the following are the main ingredients, the proportions varying as the case requires or the wit of the poisoner suggests. It will be enough rapidly to name and number the components, as in a catalogue. 1. Bold, warm, and earnest assertions, it matters not whether supported by facts or no, nay, though

they should involve absurdities, and demonstrable impossibilities: ex. gr. that the amount of the sinecure places given by the executive power would suffice to remove all distress from the land. He is a bungler in the trade, and has been an indocile scholar of his dark-master, the father of lies, who cannot make an assertion pass for a fact with an ignorant multitude. The natural generosity of the human heart which makes it an effort to doubt; the confidence which apparent courage inspires; and the contagion of animal enthusiasm; will ensure the belief. Even in large assemblies of men highly educated it is too often sufficient to place impressive images in juxta-position: and the constitutive forms of the mind itself aided by the power of habit will supply the rest. For we all *think* by causal connections. 2. Startling particular Facts, which, dissevered from their context, enable a man to *convey* falsehood while he *says* truth. 3. Arguments built on passing events and deriving an undue importance from the feelings of the moment. The mere appeal, however, to the auditors whether the arguments are not such that none but an ideot or an hireling could resist, is an effective substitute for any argument at all. For mobs have no memories.

They are in nearly the same state as that of an individual when he makes (what is termed) *a Bull.* The passions, like a fused metal, fill up the wide interstices of thought, and supply the defective links: and thus incompatible assertions are harmonized by the *sensation*, without the *sense*, of connection. 4. The display of defects without the accompanying advantages, or vice versa. 5. Concealment of the general and ultimate result behind the scenery of local, and particular consequences. 6. Statement of positions that are true only under particular conditions, to men whose ignorance or fury make them forget that these conditions are not present, or lead them to take for granted that they are. 7. Chains of Questions, especially of such questions as the persons best authorized to propose are ever the slowest in proposing; and objections intelligible of themselves, the answers to which require the comprehension of a system. 8. Vague and common-place Satyr, stale as the wine in which flies were drowned last summer, seasoned by the sly tale and important anecdote of but yesterday, that came within the speaker's own knowledge! 9. Transitions from the audacious charge, not seldom of as signal impu-

dence "as any thing was ever carted for," to the lie pregnant and interpretative: the former to prove the orator's courage, and that he is neither to be bought or frightened; the latter to flatter the sagacity of the audience.

——— δῆλός ἐστιν ἀυτόθεν
Ἐν' πανουργίᾳ τε καὶ θράσει καὶ κοβαλικέυμασιν.

10. Jerks of style, from the lunatic trope, ῥήμαθ' ἱπποβάμονα, πολλάς τε ἀλινδήθρας ἐπῶν, to the buffoonery and "red-lattice phrases" of the Canaglia, Σκῶρ συσκευδῶν βόρβορον τε πόλυν καὶ κακίας καὶ συκοφαντίας; the one in ostentation of superior rank and acquirements (for where envy does not interfere, man loves to *look up;*) the other in pledge of *heartiness* and good fellowship. 11. Lastly, and throughout all, to leave a general impression of something striking, *something that is to come of it,* and to rely on the indolence of mens' understandings and the activity of their passions for their resting in this state, as the *brood*-warmth fittest to hatch whatever serpents' egg opportunity may enable the Deceiver to place under it. Let but mysterious expressions* be

* Vide North's Examen, p. 20; and The Knights of Aristophanes. A version of this comedy, abridged and modernized, would be a most seasonable present to the

aided by significant looks and tones, and you may cajole an hot and ignorant audience to believe any thing by saying nothing, and finally to act on the lie which they themselves have been drawn in to make. This is the Pharmacopœa of political empirics, here and everywhere, now and at all times! These are the drugs administered, and the tricks played off by the Mountebanks and Zanies of Patriotism; drugs that will continue to poison as long as Irreligion secures a predisposition to their influence; and artifices, that like stratagems in war, are never the less successful for having succeeded a hundred times before. "They *bend their tongues as a bow: they shoot out deceits as arrows: they are prophets of the deceit of their own hearts: they cause the people to err by their dreams and their lightness: they make the people*

Public. The words quoted above from this Play and the Frogs, may be rendered freely in the order in which they occur: thus,

1. Thence he is illustrious, as a man of all waters, a bold fellow, and one who knows how to tickle the populace.

2. Phrases on horse-back, curvetting and careering words.

3. Scattering filth and dirt, malice and sycophantic tales.

vain, they feed them with wormwood, they give them the water of gall for drink; and the people love to have it so. And what is the end thereof? (JEREM. *passim.*)

The Prophet answers for me in the concluding words of the description—TO DESTROY THE POOR EVEN WHEN THE NEEDY SPEAKETH ARIGHT—that is, to impel them to acts that must end in their ruin by inflammatory falsehoods and by working on their passions till they lead them to reject the prior convictions of their own sober and unsophisticated understandings. As in all the preceding features so in this, with which the prophetic portrait is compleated, our own experience supplies both proof and example. The ultimate causes of the present distress and stagnation are in the Writer's opinion complex and deeply seated; but the immediate occasion is too obvious to be over-looked but by eyes at once red and dim through the intoxication of factious prejudice, that maddening spirit which pre-eminently deserves the title of vinum dæmonum applied by an ancient Father of the Church to a far more innocent phrenzy. It is demonstrable that taxes, the product of which is circulated in the Country from which they are raised, can never injure a Country

directly by the mere amount; but either from the time or circumstances under which they are raised, or from the injudicious mode in which they are levied, or from the improper objects to which they are applied. The Sun may draw up the moisture from the river, the morass, and the ocean, to be given back in genial showers to the garden, the pasture and the cornfield; but it may likewise force upward the moisture from the fields of industry to drop it on the stagnant pool, the saturated swamp, or the unprofitable sand-waste. The corruptions of a system can be duly appreciated by those only who have contemplated the system in that ideal state of perfection exhibited by the reason: the nearest possible approximation to which under existing circumstances it is the business of the prudential understanding to realize. Those on the other hand, who commence the examination of a system by identifying it with its abuses or imperfections, degrade their understanding into the pander of their passions, and are sure to prescribe remedies more dangerous than the disease. Alas! there are so many real evils, so many just causes of complaint in the constitutions and administration of all governments, our own not excepted,

that it becomes the imperious duty of the true patriot to prevent, as much as in him lies, the feelings and efforts of his fellow-country-men from losing themselves on a wrong scent.

If then we are to master the *Ideal* of a beneficent and judicious system of Finance as the preliminary to all profitable insight into the defects of any particular system in actual existence, we could not perhaps find an apter illustration than the gardens of southern Europe would supply. The tanks or reservoirs would represent the capital of a nation: while the hundred rills hourly varying their channels and directions, under the gardener's spade, would give a pleasing image of the dispersion of that capital through the whole population by the joint effect of taxation and trade. For taxation itself is a part of commerce, and the Government may be fairly considered as a great manufacturing-house, carrying on in different places, by means of its partners and overseers, the trades of the ship-builder, the clothier, the iron-founder, &c. &c. As long as a balance is preserved between the receipts and the returns of Government in their amount, quickness, and degree of dispersion; as long as the due proportion obtains in the sums levied to the mass

in productive circulation, so long does the wealth and circumstantial prosperity of the nation, (its wealth, I say, not its real welfare; its outward prosperity, but not necessarily its happiness) remain unaffected, or rather they will appear to increase in consequence of the additional stimulus given to the circulation itself by the reproductive action of all large capitals, and through the check which taxation, in its own nature, gives to the indolence of the wealthy in its continual transfer of property to the industrious and enterprizing. If different periods be taken, and if the comparative weight of the taxes at each be calculated, as it ought to be, not by the sum *levied on* each individual, but by the sum *left in his possession*, the settlement of the account will be in favor of the national wealth, to the amount of all the additional productive labor sustained or excited by the taxes during the intervals between their efflux and their re-absorption.

But on the other hand, in a direct ratio to this increase will be the distress produced by the disturbance of this balance, by the loss of this proportion; and the operation of the distress will be at least equal to the total amount of the difference between the taxes

still levied, and the quantum of aid withdrawn from individuals by the abandonment of others, and of that which the taxes, that still remain, have ceased to give by the altered mode of their re-dispersion. But to this we must add the number of persons raised and reared in consequence of the demand created by the preceding state of things, and now discharged from their occupations: whether the latter belong exclusively to the Executive Power, as that of soldiers, &c. or from those in which the labourers for the nation in general are already sufficiently numerous. Both these classes are thrown back on the Public, and sent to a table where every seat is pre-occupied. The employment lessens as the number of men to be employed is increased; and not merely in the same, but from additional causes and from the indirect consequences of those already stated, in a far greater ratio. For it may easily happen, that the very same change, which had produced this depression at home, may from equivalent causes have embarrassed the countries in commercial connection with us. At one and the same time the great customer at home wants less, and our customers abroad are able to buy less. The conjoint action of these cir-

cumstances will furnish, for a mind capable of combining them, a sufficient solution of the melancholy fact. They cannot but occasion much distress, much obstruction, and these again in their re-action are sure to be more than doubled by the still greater and universal alarm, and by the consequent check of confidence and enterprize, which they never fail to produce.

Now it is a notorious fact, that these causes did all exist to a very extraordinary degree, and that they all worked with united strength, in the late sudden transition from War to Peace. It was one among the many anomalies of the late War, that it acted, after a few years, as a universal stimulant. We almost monopolized the commerce of the world. The high wages of our artisans and the high prices of agricultural produce intercirculated. Leases of no unusual length not seldom enabled the provident and thrifty farmer to purchase the estate he had rented. Every where might be seen roads, rail-ways, docks, canals, made, making, and projected; villages swelling into towns, while the metropolis surrounded itself, and became (as it were) *set* with new cities. Finally, in spite of all the waste and havock of a twenty

years' war, the population of the empire was increased by more than two millions! The efforts and war-expenditure of the nation, and the yearly revenue, were augmented in the same proportion: and to all this we must add a fact of the utmost importance in the present question, that the war did not, as was usually the case in former wars, die away into a long expected peace by gradual exhaustion and weariness on both sides, but *plunged* to its conclusion by a concentration, we might almost say, by a *spasm* of energy, and consequently by an *anticipation* of our resources. We conquered by compelling *reversionary* power into alliance with our existing and natural strength. The first intoxication of triumph having passed over, this our "agony of glory," was succeeded, of course, by a general stiffness and relaxation. The antagonist passions came into play; financial solicitude was blended with constitutional and political jealousies, and both, alas! were exacerbated by personal imprudences; the chief injury of which consisted in their own tendency to disgust and alienate the public feeling. And with all this, the financial errors and prejudices even of the more educated classes, in short, the general want or imper-

fection of clear views and a scientific insight into the true effects and influences of Taxation, and the mode of its operation, became now a real misfortune, and opened an additional source of temporary embarrassment. Retrenchment could no longer proceed by cautious and calculated steps; but was compelled to hurry forward, like one who crossing the sands at too late an hour finds himself threatened by the inrush of the tide. Nevertheless, it was a truth susceptible of little less than mathematical demonstration, that the more, and the more suddenly, the Revenue was diminished by the abandonment of the war-taxes, the greater would be the disturbance of the Balance*: so that the agriculturalist, the manufacturer, or the tradesman,

* The disturbance of this balance may be illustrated thus:—Suppose a great Capitalist to have founded, in a large market-town, a factory that gradually increasing employed at length from five to six hundred workmen; and that he had likewise a second factory at a distance from the former (in the Isle of Man, for instance) employing half that number, all of the latter having been drafted from and still belonging to the first Parish. After some years we may further suppose, that a large proportion of the housekeepers and tradespeople might have a running account with the Capitalist, many with him, as being their landlord, and still more for their stock. The workmen would in like manner be for the

(all in short but annuitants and fixed stipendiaries) who during the war having paid as Five had Fifteen left behind, would shortly

greater part on the books of the tradesfolks. As long as this state of things continued, all would go on well—nay, the town would be more prosperous with every increase of the factory. THE BALANCE IS PRESERVED. The circulations counterpoise each other, or rather they are neutralized by interfluence. But some sudden event leads or compels the Capitalist to put down both factories at once and with little or no warning; and to call in all the moneys owing to him, and which by law had the preference to all other debts.—What would be the consequence? The workmen are no longer employed, and cannot at once pay up their arrears to the tradesmen; and though the Capitalist should furnish the latter with goods at half price, and make the same abatement in their rent, these deductions would afford little present relief: while in the meantime the discharged workmen from the distant factory would fall back on the Parish, and increase the general distress. THE BALANCE IS DISTURBED.—Put the Country at large for the parishioners, and the Government in all departments of expenditure for the Capitalist and his factories: and nearly such is the situation in which we are placed by the transition from the late War to the present Peace. But the difference is this. The Town may never recover its temporary prosperity, and the Capitalist may spend his remaining fortune in another county; but a nation, of which the Government is an organic part with perfect interdependence of interests, can never remain in a state of depression thus produced, but by its own fault: that is, from moral causes.

have less than Ten after having paid but Two and a Half.

But there is yet another circumstance, which we dare not pass by unnoticed. In the best of times—or what the world calls such—the spirit of commerce will occasion great fluctuations, some falling while others rise, and therefore in all times there will be a large sum of individual distress. Trades likewise have their seasons, and at all times there is a very considerable number of artificers who are not employed on the average more than seven or eight months in the year: and the distress from this cause is great or small in proportion to the greater or less degree of dissipation and improvidence prevailing among them. But besides this, that artificial life and vigor of Trade and Agriculture, which was produced or occasioned by the direct or indirect influences of the late War, proved by no means innoxious in its effects. Habit and the familiarity with outward advantages, which takes off their *dazzle;* sense of character; and above all, the counterpoise of intellectual pursuits and resources; are all necessary preventives and antidotes to the dangerous properties of wealth and power with the great majority of mankind.

It is a painful subject: and I leave to your own experience and recollection the assemblage of folly, presumption, and extravagance, that followed in the procession of our late unprecedented prosperity; the blind practices and blending passions of speculation in the commercial world, with the shoal of ostentatious fooleries and sensual vices which the sudden influx of wealth let in on our farmers and yeomanry. Now though the whole mass of calamity consequent on these aberrations from prudence should in all fairness be attributed to the sufferer's own conduct; yet when there supervenes some one common cause or occasion of distress which pressing hard on many furnishes a pretext to all, this too will pass muster among its actual effects, and assume the semblance and dignity of national calamity. Each unfortunate individual shares during *the hard times* in the immunities of a privileged order, as the most tottering and ruinous houses equally with those in best repair are included in the same brief after an extensive fire. The change of the moon will not produce a change of weather, except in places where the atmosphere has from local and particular causes been predisposed to its influence. But the former is one, placed

aloft and conspicuous to all men; the latter are many and intricate, and known to few. Of course it is the moon that must bear the entire blame of wet summers and scanty crops. All these, however, whether they are distresses common to all times alike, or though *occasioned* by the general revolution and stagnation, yet really *caused* by personal improvidence or misconduct, combine with its peculiar and inevitable effects in making the cup overflow. The latter class especially, as being in such cases always the most clamorous sufferers, increase the evil by swelling the alarm.

The principal part of the preceding explication, the main causes of the present exigencies are so obvious, and lay so open to the common sense of mankind, that the labouring classes saw the connection of the change in the times with the suddenness of the peace, as clearly as their superiors, and being less heated with speculation, were in the first instance less surprized at the results. To a public event of universal concern there will often be more attributed than belongs to it; but never in the natural course of human feelings will there be less. That the depression began *with* the Peace would have been

of itself a sufficient proof with the Many, that it arose *from* the Peace. But this opinion suited ill with the purposes of sedition. The truth, that could not be precluded, must be removed; and "*when the needy speaketh aright*" the more urgent occasion is there for the "*wicked device*" and the "*lying words.*" Where distress is felt, tales of wrong and oppression are readily believed, to the sufferer's own disquiet. Rage and Revenge make the cheek pale and the hand tremble, worse than even want itself: and the cup of sorrow overflows by being held unsteadily. On the other hand nothing calms the mind in the hour of bitterness so efficaciously as the conviction that it was not within the means of those above us, or around us, to have prevented it. An influence, mightier than fascination; dwells in the stern eye of Necessity, when it is fixed steadily on a man: for together with the *power* of resistance it takes away its agitations likewise. This is one mercy that always accompanies the visitations of the Almighty when they are received *as* such. If therefore the sufferings of the lower classes are to supply air and fuel to their passions, and are to be perverted into instruments of mischief, they must be attributed to

causes that can be represented as removeable; either to individuals who had been previously rendered unpopular, or to whole classes of men, according as the immediate object of their seducers may require. What, though nothing should be more remote from the true cause? What though the invidious charge should be not only without proof, but in the face of strong proof to the contrary? What though the pretended remedy should have no possible end but that of exasperating the disease? All will be of little or no avail, if these truths have not been administered beforehand. When *the wrath is gone forth, the plague is already begun:* (Numbers, xvi. 46.) *Wrath is cruel,* and where is there a deafness like that of an outrageous multitude? *For as the matter of the fire is, so it burneth.* Let the demagogue but succeed in maddening the crowd, he may bid defiance to demonstration, and direct the madness against whom it pleaseth him. *A slanderous tongue has disquieted many, and driven them from nation to nation; strong cities hath it pulled down and overthrown the houses of great men.* (Ecclesiasticus, xxviii. 14.)

We see in every promiscuous public meeting the effect produced by the bold assertion

that the present hardships of all classes are owing to the number and amount of PENSIONS and SINE-CURES. Yet from the unprecedented zeal and activity in the education* of the

* With all due humility we contended that the war in question had likewise its *golden side*. The anomalous occasions and stupendous events of the contest had roused us, like the blast of a trumpet from the clouds; and as many as were capable of thinking were roused to thought. It had forced on the higher and middle classes—say rather on the people at large, as distinguished from the mere populace—the home truth, that national honesty and individual safety, private morals and public security, mutually grounded each other, that they were twined at the very root, and could not grow or thrive but in intertwine: and we of Great Britain had acquired this instruction without the stupifying influences of terror or actual calamity. Yet that it had operated practically, and in a scale proportional to the magnitude of the occasion, the late and present condition of manners and intellect among the young men at Oxford and Cambridge, the manly sobriety of demeanor, the submission to the routine of study in almost all, and the zeal in the pursuit of knowledge and academic distinction in a large and increasing number, afford a cheering testimony to such as were familiar with the state of the two Universities forty, or even thirty years ago, with the moral contrast which they presented, at the close of the last, and during the former half of the present reign; while a proof of still greater power, and open to the observation of all men, is supplied by the predominent anxiety concerning the education and principles of their children in all the

poor, of the thousands that are inflamed by, and therefore give credit to, these statements, there are few without a child at home, who could prove their impossibility by the first and simplest rules of arithmetic; there is not

respectable classes of the community, and the unexampled sale, in consequence, of the very numerous large and small volumes composed or compiled for the use of parents. Nor here did the salutary influence stop. We had been compelled to know and feel that the times in which we had to act or suffer were the saturnalia of revolution; and fearful evidence had been given us at the cost of our unfortunate neighbours, that a vicious and ignorant population was a magazine of combustibles left roofless, while madmen and incendiaries were letting off their new invented blue lights and fire-rockets in every direction. The wish sprang up and spread throughout England that every Englishman should be able to read his Bible, and have a Bible of his own to read. The general wish organized itself into act and plan: a discovery, the living educt of one great man's genius and benevolence, rendered the execution practicable and even easy; and the god-like idea began and is proceeding to realize itself with a rapidity yet stedfastness which nothing could make possible or credible but such a conviction effected by an experience so strange and awful, and acting on that volunteer spirit, that instinct of fervid yet orderly co-operation, which most of all our honourable characteristics distinguishes, secures, enriches, strengthens and elevates the people of Great Britain. [*From an Essay by the Author, published in the Courier, July*, 1816.]

one, perhaps, who taken by himself and in a cooler mood, would stand out against the simple question: whether it was not folly to suppose that the lowness of his wages, or his want of employment could be occasioned by the circumstance, that a sum (the whole of which, as far as it is raised by taxation, cannot take a yearly penny from him) was dispersed and returned into the general circulation by Annuitants of the Treasury instead of Annuitants of the Bank, by John instead of Peter: however blameable the regulation might be in other respects? What then? the hypothesis allows of a continual reference to *persons*, and to all the uneasy and malignant passions which personalities are of all means the best fitted to awaken. The *grief* itself, however grinding it may be, is of no avail to this end; it must first be converted into a *grievance*. Were the audience composed chiefly of the lower Farmers and the Peasantry, the same circumstance would for the same reason have been attributed wholly to the Clergy and the system of TYTHES; as if the corn would be more plentiful if the Farmers paid their whole rent to one man, instead of paying nine parts to the Landlords and the tenth to the Tythe-owners! But let the meeting be composed of

the Manufacturing Poor, and then it is the MACHINERY of their Employers that is devoted to destruction: though it would not exceed the truth if I affirmed, that to the use and perfection of this very Machinery the majority of the poor deluded destroyers owe their very *existence*, owe to it that they ever beheld the light of heaven!

Even so it is with the Capitalists and Storekeepers, who by spreading the dearness of provisions over a larger space and time prevent scarcity from becoming real famine, the frightful lot at certain and not distant intervals of our less commercial forefathers. These men by the mere instinct of self-interest are not alone birds of warning, that prevent waste; but as the raven of Elijah, they bring supplies from afar. But let the incendiary spirit have rendered them birds of ill omen: and it is well if the deluded Malcontents can be restrained from levelling at them missiles more alarming than the curse of the unwise that alighteth not. *There be three things* (says the wise son of Sirach) *that mine heart feareth, the slander of a city, the gathering together of an unruly multitude, and a false accusation: all these are worse than death.* But all these are the Arena, and the chosen weapons of

demagogues. Wretches! they would without remorse detract the hope that is the subliming and expanding warmth of public credit, destroy the public credit that is the vital air of national industry, convert obstruction into stagnation, and make grass grow in the exchange and the market-place; if so they might but goad ignorance into riot, and fanaticism into rebellion! They would snatch the last morsel from the poor man's lips to make him curse the Government in his heart—alas! to fall at length, either ignominiously beneath the *strength* of the outraged Law, or (if God in his anger, and for the punishment of general depravity should require a severer and more extensive retribution) to perish still more lamentably among the victims of its *weakness*.

Thus then, I have answered at large to the first of the three questions proposed as the heads and divisions of this Address. I am well aware that our demagogues are not the only empirics who have tampered with the case. But I felt unwilling to put the mistakes of sciolism, or even those of vanity and self-interest, in the same section with crime and guilt. What is omitted here will find its place elsewhere; the more readily,

that having been tempted by the foulness of the ways to turn for a short space out of my direct path, I have encroached already on the second question; that, namely, which respects the ultimate causes and immediate occasions of the complaint.

The latter part of this problem I appear to myself to have solved fully and satisfactorily. To those who deem any further or deeper research superfluous, I must content myself with observing, that I have never heard it denied, that there is more than a sufficiency of food in existence. I have, at least, met with no proof, that there is, or has been any scarcity, either in the materials of all necessary comforts, or any lack of strength, skill and industry to prepare them. If we saw a man in health pining at a full table because there was not 'the savory meat there which he loved,' and had expected, the wanton delay or negligence of the messenger would be a compleat answer to our enquiries after the *occasion* of this sullenness or inappetence; but the *cause* of it we should be tempted to seek in the man's own undisciplined temper, or habits of self-indulgence. So far from agreeing therefore with those who find the causes in the occasions, I think the half of

the question already solved of very unequal importance with that which yet remains for solution.

The immediate occasions of the existing distress may be correctly given with no greater difficulty than would attend any other series of known historic facts; but toward the discovery of its true seat and sources, I can but offer a humble contribution. They appear to me, however, resolvable into the OVERBALANCE* OF THE COMMERCIAL SPIRIT IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE ABSENCE OR WEAKNESS OF THE COUNTER-WEIGHTS; this over-

* I entreat attention to the word, *over*-balance. My opinions would be greatly misinterpreted if I were supposed to think hostilely of the spirit of commerce to which I attribute the largest proportion of our actual freedom (i. e. as *Englishmen*, and not merely as *Landowners*) and at least as large a share of our virtues as of our vices. Still more anxiously would I guard against the suspicion of a design to inculpate any number or class of individuals. It is not in the power of a minister or of a cabinet to say to the current of national tendency, stay here! or flow there! The excess can only be remedied by the slow progress of intellect, the influences of religion, and irresistible events guided by Providence. In the points even, which I have presumed to blame, by the word Government I intend all the directors of political power, that is, the great estates of the Realm, temporal and spiritual, and not only the Parliament, but all the elements of Parliament.

balance considered as displaying itself, 1. In the COMMERCIAL WORLD itself: 2. In the Agricultural: 3. In the Government: and, 4. In the combined Influence of all three on the more numerous and labouring Classes.

Of the natural counter-forces to the impetus of trade the first, that presents itself to my mind, is the ancient feeling of rank and ancestry, compared with our present self-complacent triumph over these supposed prejudices. Not that titles and the rights of precedence are pursued by us with less eagerness than by our Forefathers. The contrary is the case; and for this very cause, because they inspire less reverence. In the old times they were valued by the possessors and revered by the people as distinctions of *Nature*, which the crown itself could only ornament, but not give. Like the stars in Heaven, their influence was wider and more general, because for the mass of mankind there was no hope of reaching, and therefore no desire to appropriate, them. That many evils as well as advantages accompanied this state of things I am well aware: and likewise that many of the latter have become incompatible with far more important blessings. It would therefore be sickly affectation to suspend the thankfulness

due for our immunity from the one in an idle regret for the loss of the other. But however true this may be, and whether the good or the evil preponderated, still it acted as a counterpoise to the grosser superstition for wealth. Of the efficiency of this counter-influence we can offer negative proof only: and for this we need only look back on the deplorable state of Holland in respect of patriotism and public spirit at and before the commencement of the French revolution.

The limits and proportions of this address allow little more than a bare reference to this point. The same restraint I must impose on myself in the following. For under this head I include the general neglect of all the austerer studies; the long and ominous eclipse of Philosophy; the usurpation of that venerable name by physical and psychological Empiricism; and the non-existence of a learned and philosophic Public, which is perhaps the only innoxious form of an imperium in imperio, but at the same time the only form which is not directly or indirectly encouraged. So great a risk do I incur of malignant interpretation, and the assertion itself is so likely to appear paradoxical even to men of candid minds, that I

should have passed over this point, most important as I know it to be; but that it will be found stated more at large, with all its proofs, in a work on the point of publication. The fact is simply this. We have—*Lovers*, shall I entitle them? Or must I not rather hazard the introduction of their own phrases, and say, *Amateurs* or *Dillettanti*, as Musicians, Botanists, Florists, Mineralogists, and Antiquarians. Nor is it denied that these are ingenuous pursuits, and such as become men of rank and fortune. Neither in these or in any other points do I complain of any excess in the pursuits themselves; but of that which arises from the deficiency of the counterpoise. The effect is the same. Every work, which can be made use of either to immediate profit or immediate pleasure, every work which falls in with the desire of acquiring wealth suddenly, or which can gratify the senses, or pamper the still more degrading appetite for scandal and personal defamation, is sure of an appropriate circulation. But neither Philosophy or Theology in the strictest sense of the words, can be said to have even a public *existence* among us. I feel assured, that if Plato himself were to return and renew his sublime lucubrations in

the metropolis of Great Britain, a handicraftsman, from a laboratory, who had just succeeded in disoxydating on Earth, would be thought far the more respectable, nay, the more illustrious person of the two. Nor will it be the least drawback from his honors, that he had never even asked himself, what law of universal Being Nature uttered in this phænomenon: while the character of a visionary would be the sole remuneration of the man, who from the insight into that law had previously demonstrated the necessity of the fact. As to that which passes with us under the name of metaphysics, philosophic elements, and the like, I refer every man of reflection to the contrast between the present times and those shortly after the restoration of ancient literature. In the latter we find the greatest men of the age, Statesmen, Warriors, Monarchs, Architects, in closest intercourse with philosophy. I need only mention the names of Lorenzo the magnificent; Picus, Count Mirandula, Ficinus and Politian; the abstruse subjects of their discussion, and the importance attached to them, as the requisite qualifications of men placed by Providence as guides and governors of their fellow-creatures. If this be undeniable, equally no-

torious is it that at present the more effective a man's talents are, and the more likely he is to be useful and distinguished in the highest situations of public life, the earlier does he shew his aversion to the metaphysics, and the books of metaphysical speculation, which are placed before him: though they come with the recommendation of being so many triumphs of modern good sense over the schools of ancient philosophy. Dante, Petrarch, Spencer, Sir Philip Sidney, Algernon Sidney, Milton and Barrow were Platonists. But all the men of genius, with whom it has been my fortune to converse, either profess to know nothing of the present systems, or to despise them. It would be equally unjust and irrational to seek the solution of this difference in the men; and if not, it can be found only in the philosophic systems themselves. And so in truth it is. The *Living* of former ages communed gladly with a life-breathing philosophy. The *Living* of the present age wisely leave the dead to take care of the dead.

But whatever the causes may be, the result is before our eyes. An excess in our attachment to temporal and personal objects can be counteracted only by a pre-occupation

of the intellect and the affections with permanent, universal, and eternal truths. Let no man enter, said Plato, who has not previously disciplined his mind by Geometry. He considered this science as the first purification of the soul, by abstracting the attention from the accidents of the senses. We too teach Geometry; but that there may be no danger of the pupil's, becoming too *abstract* in his conceptions, it has been not only proposed, but the proposal has been adopted, that it should be taught by *wooden* diagrams! It pains me to remember with what applause a work, that placed the inductions of modern Chemistry in the same rank with the demonstrations of Mathematical Science, was received even in a mathematical University. I must not permit myself to say more on this subject, desirous as I am of shewing the importance of a philosophic class, and of evincing that it is of vital utility, and even an essential element in the composition of a civilized community. It must suffice, that it has been explained in what respect the pursuit of Truth for its own sake, and the reverence yielded to its professors, has a tendency to calm or counteract the pursuit of wealth; and that there-

fore a counterforce is wanting wherever Philosophy is degraded in the estimation of society. What are *you* (a philosopher was once asked) in consequence of your admiration of these abstruse speculations? He answered: What I am, it does not become me to say; but what thousands are, who despise them, and even pride themselves on their ignorance, I see—and tremble!

There is a third influence, alternately our spur and our curb, without which all the pursuits and desires of man must either exceed or fall short of their just measure. Need I add, that I mean the influence of Religion? I speak of that sincere, that entire interest, in the undivided faith of Christ which demands the first-fruits of the whole man, his affections no less than his outward acts, his understanding equally with his feelings. For be assured, never yet did there exist a full faith in the divine WORD, (by whom not Immortality alone, but *Light* and Immortality were brought into the world) which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the mind, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions. If acquiescence with-

out insight; if warmth without light; if an immunity from doubt given and guaranteed by a resolute ignorance; if the habit of taking for granted the words of a catechism, remembered or forgotten; if a sensation of *positiveness* substituted—I will not say, for certainty; but—for that calm assurance, the very means and conditions of which it supersedes; if a belief that seeks the darkness, and yet strikes no root, immovable as the limpet from its rock, and like the limpet fixed there by mere force of adhesion; if these suffice to make us Christians, in what intelligible sense could our Lord have announced it as the height and consummation of the signs and *miracles* which attested his Divinity, that the Gospel was preached to the POOR? In what sense could the Apostle affirm, that Believers have received, not indeed the wisdom of this world that comes to nought, but the wisdom of God, that we might know and comprehend the things that are freely given to us of God? or that every Christian, in proportion as he is indeed a Christian, has received the Spirit that *searcheth* all things, yea the deep things of God himself?—on what grounds could the Apostle denounce even the sincerest fervor of spirit as defective, where it does not bring

forth fruits in the *Understanding?* * Or again: if to believe were enough, why are we commanded by another Apostle, that, "besides this, giving all diligence we should add to our faith manly energy and to manly energy *knowledge!*". Is it not especially significant, that in the divine œconomy, as revealed to us in the New Testament, the peculiar office of Redemption is attributed to the WORD, that is, to the *intelligential* wisdom which from all eternity is with God, and is God? that in *him* is life, and the life is the *light* of men?

In the present day we hear much, and from men of various creeds, of the *plainness* and *simplicity* of the Christian religion: and a strange abuse has been made of these words, often indeed with no ill intention, but still oftener by men who would fain transform the necessity of believing *in* Christ into a recommendation to believe him. The advocates of the latter scheme grew out of a sect that were called Socinians, but having succeeded in disbelieving far beyond the last foot-marks of the Socini, have chosen to de-

* Brethren! be not children in understanding; howbeit, in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.

signate themselves by the name of *Unitarians*. But this is a word, which in its proper sense, can belong only to their antagonists; for Unity or Unition, and indistinguishable *Unicity* or Oneness, are incompatible terms: while, in the exclusive sense in which they mean the name to be understood, it is a presumptuous boast, and an uncharitable calumny. Their true designation, which simply expresses a fact admitted on all sides, would be that of *Psilanthropists*,* or assertors of the *mere* humanity of Christ. It is the interest of these men to speak of the Christian religion as comprized in a few plain doctrines, and containing nothing not intelligible, at the first hearing, to men of the narrowest capacities. Well then, (it might be replied) we are disposed to place a full

* New things justify new terms. Novis in rebus licet nova nobis verba confingere.—We never speak of the *unity* of Attraction, or of the unity of Repulsion; but of the unity of Attraction and Repulsion in each one corpuscle. The essential diversity of the ideas, unity and sameness, was among the elementary principles of the old Logicians; and the sophisms grounded on the confusion of these terms have been ably exposed by Leibnitz, in his Critique on Wissowatius, the acutest, perhaps, of all the learned Socinian divines, when Socinian divines were undeniably men of learning.

reliance on the veracity of the great Founder of the Christian Religion, and likewise—which is more than you yourselves are on all occasions willing to admit—on the accuracy and competence of the Writers, who first recorded his acts and sayings. We have learned from you, *whom*,—and we now wish to hear from you—*what* we are to believe. The answer is:—the actual occurrence of an extraordinary event, as recorded by the biographers of Jesus, in confirmation of doctrines, without the *previous* belief of which, no man would, or rather, according to St. Paul's declaration, *could* become a convert to Christianity; doctrines, which it is certain, that Christ's immediate disciples believed, not less confidently before they had acknowledged his mission, than they did afterwards. Religion and politics, they tell us, require but the application of a common sense, which every man possesses, to a subject in which every man is concerned. "To be a musician, an orator, a painter, or even a good mechanician, presupposes *genius;* to be an excellent artizan or mechanic requires more than an average degree of *talent;* but to be a legislator or a theologian, or both at once, demands nothing

but common sense."* Now we willingly admit that nothing can be necessary to the salvation of a Christian which is not in his power. For such, therefore, as have neither the opportunity or the capacity of learning more, sufficient, doubtless, will be the belief of those plain truths, and the fulfilment of those commands, which to be incapable of understanding, is to be a man in appearance only. But even to this scanty creed the *disposition* of faith must be added: and let it not be forgotten, that though nothing can be easier than to understand a code of belief, four-fifths of which consists in avowals of disbelief, and the remainder in truths, concerning which (in this country at least) a man must have *taken pains to learn* to have any doubt; yet it is by no means easy to reconcile this code of negatives with the declarations of the Christian Scripture. On the contrary, it requires all the resources of verbal criticism,

* The Friend, Vol. I. As the original work, of of which but a small number of copies were printed on stamped sheets, and sent to the subscribers by the post, is not to be procured; the reference is made to the edition now printing, in three volumes, of the size of the British Essayists: if indeed a work, a great part of which is new in substance, and the whole in form and arrangement, can be described as an edition of the former.

and all the perverse subtlety of special pleading, to work out a plausible semblance of correspondency between them. It must, however, be conceded, that a man may consistently spare himself the trouble of the attempt, and leave the New Testament unread, after he has once thoroughly persuaded himself that it can teach him nothing of any real importance that he does not already know. St. Paul indeed thought otherwise. For though he too teaches us, that in the religion of Christ there is milk for babes; yet he informs us at the same time, that there is meat for strong men! and to the like purpose one of the Fathers has observed, that in the New Testament there are shallows where the lamb may ford, and depths where the elephant must swim. The Apostle exhorts the followers of Christ to the continual study of the new religion, on the ground that in the mystery of Christ, which in other ages was not made known to the sons of men, and in the riches of Christ which no research could exhaust, there were contained all the treasures of knowledge and wisdom. Accordingly, in that earnestness of spirit, which his own personal experience of the inspired truth, he prays with a solemn and a ceremonious fervor, that

being "strengthened with might in the inner man, they may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height," of that living Principle, at once the Giver and the Gift! of that anointing Faith, which in endless evolution "*teaches us of all things, and is truth!*" For all things are but parts and forms of its progressive manifestation, and every new knowledge, but a new organ of sense and insight into this one all-inclusive Verity, which, still filling the vessel of the understanding, still dilates it to a capacity of yet other and yet greater Truths, and thus makes the soul feel its poverty by the very amplitude of its present, and the immensity of its reversionary, wealth. All truth indeed is simple, and needs no extrinsic ornament. And the more profound the truth is, the more simple: for the whole labour and building-up of knowledge is but one continued process of simplification. But I cannot comprehend, in what ordinary sense of the words the properties of *plainness* and *simplicity* can be applied to the Prophets, or to the Writings of St. John, or to the Epistles of St. Paul; or what can have so marvellously improved the capacity of *our* laity beyond the same

class of persons among the primitive Christians; who, as we are told by a fellow apostle, found in the Writings last-mentioned many passages hard to be understood, which the *unlearned* as well as the unstable, were in danger of wresting and misinterpreting. I can well understand, however, what is and has been the practical consequence of this notion. It is this very consequence, indeed, that occasioned the preceding remarks, makes them pertinent to my present subject, and gives them a place in the train of argument requisite for its illustration. For what need of any after-recurrence to the sources of information concerning a religion, the whole contents of which can be thoroughly acquired at once, and in a few hours? An occasional *remembrancing* may, perhaps, be expedient; but what object of *study* can a man propose to himself in a matter of which he knows all that can be known, all at least, that it is of use to know? Like the first rules of arithmetic, its few plain and obvious truths may hourly serve the man's purposes, yet never once occupy his thoughts. But it is impossible that the affections should be kept constant to an object which gives no employment to the understanding. The energies of the intellect, in-

crease of insight, and enlarging views, are necessary to keep alive the substantial faith in the heart. They are the appointed fuel to the sacred fire. In the state of *Perfection* all other faculties may, perhaps, be swallowed up in love; but it is on the wings of the *Cherubim*, which the ancient Hebrew Doctors interpreted as meaning the powers and efforts of the Intellect, that we must first be borne up to the "pure Empyrean": and it must be Seraphs and not the hearts of poor Mortals, that can burn unfuelled and self-fed. "Give me *understanding* (exclaimed the royal Psalmist) and I shall observe thy law with my whole heart. Teach me *knowledge* and good *judgment*. Thy commandment is exceeding *broad*: O how I love thy law! it is my *meditation* all the day. The entrance of thy words giveth *light*, it giveth *understanding* to the simple. I prevented the dawning of the morning: mine eyes prevent the night-watches, that I might meditate upon thy word." Now where the very contrary of this is the opinion of many, and the practice of most, what results can be expected but those which are actually presented to us in our daily experience?

There is one class of men* who read the Scriptures, when they do read them, in order to pick and choose their faith; or (to speak more accurately) for the purpose of plucking

* Whether it be on the increase, as a Sect, is doubtful. But it is admitted by all—nay, strange as it may seem, made a matter of boast,—that the number of its secret adherents, outwardly of other denominations, is ten-fold greater than that of its avowed and incorporated Followers. And truly, in our cities and great manufacturing and commercial towns, among Lawyers and such of the Tradesfolk as are the ruling members in Book-clubs, I am inclined to fear that this has not been asserted without good ground. For Socinianism in its present form, consisting almost wholly in attack and imagined detection, has a particular charm for what are called *shrewd, knowing* men. Besides, the vain and half-educated, whose christian and sir names in the title pages of our Magazines, Lady's Diaries, &c. are the successors of the shame-faced Critos, Philoleutheroses, and Philalethèses in the time of our Grandfathers, will be *something*; and now that Deism has gone out of fashion, Socinianism has swept up its Refuse. As the main success of this sect is owing to the small proportion which the affirmative articles of their Faith (*rari rantes in gurgite vasto*) bear to the negative, (that is, their Belief to their Disbelief) it will be an act of kindness to the unwary to bring together the former under one point of view. This is done in the following Catalogue, the greater part if not the whole of which may be authenticated from the writings of Mr. Belsham.

away, *like asunder*, as it were, from the divine organism of the Bible, textuary morsels and fragments for the support of doctrines which they had learned beforehand from the higher

1. They believe in one God, professing to differ from other Christians only in holding the Deity to be unipersonal, the Father alone being God, the Son a mere, though an inspired and highly gifted, man, and the Holy Spirit either a Synonime of God, or of the divine agency, or of its effects.

2. They believe men's actions necessitated, and consistently with this affirm that the Christian Religion (i. e. *their* view of it) precludes all *remorse* for our sins, they being a present calamity, but not *guilt*.

3. They believe the Gospels, though not written by inspiration, to be authentic Histories on the whole; though with some additions and interpolations. And on the authority of these Writings, confirmed by other evidence, they believe in the Resurrection of the Man, Jesus Christ, from the dead.

4. On the historic credibility of this event they believe in the Resurrection of the Body, which in their opinion is the Whole Man, at the last Day: and differ from other Churches in this only, that while other Christians believe, that all Men will arise in the Body, they hold, that all the Bodies that had been Men, will arise.

5. A certain indefinite number of Mankind thus renewed to life and consciousness, it is the common belief of *them all*, will be placed in a state of happiness and immortality. But with respect to those who have died in the calamitous condition of unreformed Sinfulness, (to what extent it is for the supreme Judge to de-

oracle *of their own natural Common-Sense. Sanctas Scripturas frustant ut frustrent.* Through the gracious dispensations of Providence a complexity of circumstances may

cide) they are divided among themselves. The one party teach, that such unhappy persons will be raised only to be re-annihilated: the other party contend, that there will be a *final* Restoration of all Men, with a purgatory or state of remedial discipline, the severity and duration of which will be proportioned to the kind, degree, and obstinacy of the Disease, and of which therefore every Man is left to his own conjectural Hopes and Fears: with this comfort however to the very worst, (i. e. most *unfortunate* and *erroneous* of Mankind) that it will be all well with them at last. In this article they differ from the Papists, in having no Hell, and in placing their Purgatory *after*, instead of before, the Day of Judgment.

6. Lastly, as they hold only an intellectual and physical, and not a *moral* difference in the actions and characters of Men, they not being free Agents, and therefore not more *responsible* Beings than the brute Beasts, although their greater powers of memory and comparison render them more susceptible of being *acted on* by prospective motives—(and in *this* sense they retain the *term*, responsibility, after having purified it by the ex-inanition of its old, and the transfusion of a new, meaning)—and as they, with strict consequence, merge all the attributes of Deity in Power, Intelligence, and Benevolence, (Mercy and Justice being modes, or rather perspective views, of the two latter; the Holiness of God meaning the same or nothing at all; and his Anger,

co-operate as antidotes to a noxious principle, and realize the paradox of a very good man under a very evil faith. It is not denied, that a Socinian may be as honest, useful and bene-

Offence, and Hatred of Moral Evil, being mere metaphors and figures of speech addressed to a rude and barbarous People) they profess to hold a Redemption—not however by the Cross of Christ, except as his death was an evidence of his sincerity, and the necessary preliminary to his Resurrection; but—by the effects which this fact of his Resurrection, together with his example, and his re-publication of the moral precepts (taught indeed long before, but as *they* think, not so clearly, by Moses and the Prophets) were calculated to produce on the human mind. So that if it had so happened, that a man had been influenced to an innocent and useful life by the example, precepts, and martyrdom of Socrates, Socrates and not Christ, would have been his Redeemer.

These are all the Positives of the modern Socinian Creed, and even these it was not possible to extricate wholly from the points of Disbelief. But if it should be asked, why this resurrection, or re-creation is confined to the human animal, the answer must be—that more than this has not been revealed. And so far all Christians will join assent. Butsome have added, and in my opinion much to their credit, that they hope, it may be the case with the Brutes likewise, as they see no sufficient reason to the contrary. And truly, upon *their* scheme, I agree with them. For if Man be no other or nobler Creature *essentially*, than he is represented in their system, the meanest reptile, that maps out its path on the earth by lines of slime, must be of equal worth

volent a character as any of his neighbours; and if he *thinks* more and derives a larger portion of his pleasures from intellectual sources, he is likely to be more so. But in such

and respectability, not only in the sight of the Holy One, but by a strange contradiction even before Man's own reason. For remove all the sources of Esteem and the Love founded on esteem, and whatever else pre-supposes a Will and, therein, a possible transcendence to the material world: Mankind, as far as my experience has extended, (and I am less than the least of many whom I could cite as having formed the very same Judgment) are *on the whole* distinguished from the other Beasts incomparably more to their *disadvantage*, by Lying, Treachery, Ingratitude, Massacre, Thirst of Blood, and by Sensualities which both in sort and degree it would be libelling their Brother-beasts to call *bestial*, than to their advantage by a greater extent of Intellect. And what indeed, abstracted from the Free-will, could this intellect be but a more shewy instinct? of more various application indeed, but far less secure, useful, or adapted to its purposes, than the instinct of Birds, Insects, and the like. In short, as I have elsewhere observed, compared with the wiles and factories of the Spider, or with the cunning of the Fox, it would be but a more efflorescent, and for that very cause a less efficient, *Salt* to preserve the Hog from putrifying before its destined hour.

Well may the words of Isaiah be applied and addressed to the Teachers and Followers of this Sect, or rather, I would say, to their Tenets as personified— "The word of the Lord was unto them, precept upon

instances, and I am most willing to bear witness from my own experience, that they are not infrequent, the fruit is from the grafts not from the tree. The native produce is, or would be, an intriguing, overbearing, scornful and worldly disposition; and in point of fact, it is the only scheme of Religion that inspires in its adherents a contempt for the understandings of all who differ from them. But be this as it may, and whatever be its effects, it is not probable that Christianity will have any *direct* influence on men who pay it no other compliment than that of calling by its name the previous dictates and decisions of their own mother-wit.

But the more numerous class is of those who do not trouble themselves at all with religious matters, which they resign to the clergyman of the parish. But while not a

precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little, that they might go and fall backward, and be broken and spared. Wherefore, hear the word of the Lord, ye *Scornful* Men that rule this people! Because ye have said, *We* have made a covenant with Death, and with Hell are *we* at agreement! Your Covenant with Death shall be annulled, and your agreement with Hell shall not stand. For your Bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it."—Isaiah xxviii.

few among these men consent to pray and hear by proxy; and while others, more attentive to the prudential advantages of a decorous character, yield the customary evidence of their church-membership; but, this performed, are at peace with themselves, and

——————think their Sunday's task
As much as God or Man can fairly ask;

there exists amongst the most respectable Laity of our cities and great towns, an active, powerful, and enlarging minority, whose industry, while it enriches their families, is at the same time a support to the revenue, and not seldom enlivens their whole neighbourhood: men whose lives are free from all disreputable infirmities, and of whose activity in the origination, patronage, and management both of charitable and of religious associations, who must not have read or heard? and who that has, will dare deny to be most exemplary? After the custom of our forefathers, and their pure household religion,* these, in so many respects estimable persons, are for the greater part in

* And pure Religion breathing household laws.
WORDSWORTH.

the habit of having family-prayer, and a portion of Scripture read every morning and evening. In this class, with such changes or substitutions as the peculiar tenets of the sect require, we must include the sensible, orderly and beneficent Society of the FRIENDS, more commonly called Quakers. Here then, if any where, (that is, in any *class* of men; for the present argument is not concerned with individuals) we may expect to find Christianity tempering commercial avidity and sprinkling its holy damps on the passion of accumulation. This, I say, we might expect to find, if an undoubting belief in the threats and promises of Revelation, and a consequent regularity of personal, domestic, and social demeanor, sufficed to constitute that Christianity, the power and privilege of which is so to renew and irradiate the whole intelligential and moral life of man, as to overcome the *spirit of the world.* (St. John: Epistle I.) If this, the appointed test, were found wanting, should we not be forced to apprehend, nay, are we not compelled to infer, that the spirit of prudential motive, however ennobled by the magnitude and awfulness of its objects,*

* And in this alone the late Dr. Paley, by a use of terms altogether arbitrary, places the distinction between

and, though as the termination of a lower, it may be the commencement (and not seldom the *occasion*) of an higher state, is not, even in respect of *morality* itself, that abiding and continuous principle of action, which is either *one* with the faith spoken of by St. Paul, or its

Prudence and Virtue, the former being Self-love in its application to the sum of pain and pleasure that is likely to result to us, as the consequence of our actions, in the present life only; while the latter is the same Self-love, that, together with the present consequences of our actions, takes in likewise the more important enjoyments or sufferings which, according as we obey or disobey His known commands, God has promised to bestow, or threatened to inflict, on us in the Life to come. According to this writer, it becomes the duty of a rational free agent (it would be more pertinent to say, of a sentient animal capable of Forecast) to reduce his Will to an habitual coincidence with his Reason, on no other ground, but because he believes that God is able and determined either to gratify or to torment him. Thus, the great principle of the Gospel, that we are bound to love our neighbours as ourselves and God above all, must, if translated into a consistency with this theory of enlightened Self-love, run thus: On the ground of our fear of torment and our expectation of pleasure from an infinitely powerful Being, we are under a prudential obligation of acting towards our neighbours *as if* we loved them equally with ourselves; but ultimately and in very truth to love ourselves only. And this is the Work, this the System of moral and political Philosophy cited as highest authority in our Senate and Courts of Judicature! And

immediate offspring. It cannot be that *spirit* of obedience to the commands of Christ, by which the soul dwelleth in him, and he in it: (1 John, c. iii. 4.) and which our Saviour himself announces as a *being born again*. And this indispensable act, or influence, or impregnation, of which, as of a divine tradition, the eldest philosophy is not silent; which flashed through the darkness of the pagan mysteries; and which it was therefore a reproach to a Master in Israel, that he had not already known; (John's Gospel, c. iii.)—this is elsewhere explained, as a seed which, though of gradual developement, did yet *potentially* contain the essential form not merely of a better, but of an *other* life: amidst all the frailties and

(still worse!) this is the Text-Book for the moral Lectures at one of our Universities, justly the most celebrated for scientific ardor and manly thinking. 'Tis not without a pang of filial sorrow, that the Writer makes this acknowledgement, which nothing could have *extorted from him* but the strongest conviction of the mischievous and debasing tendencies of that wide-spread system, in which the Works of Dr. Paley (his Sermons excepted) are not the less pernicious part, because the most decorous and plausible. The fallacious sophistry of the grounding principle in this whole system has been detected by Des Cartes, and Bishop Butler: and of late years, with great ability and originality, by Mr. W. Hazlitt.

transient eclipses of mortality making, I repeat, the subjects of this regeneration not so properly better as *other* men, whom therefore the world could not but hate, as aliens. Its own native growth, however, improved by cultivation (whether thro' the agency of blind sympathies, or of an intelligent self-interest, the utmost heights to which the *worldly life* can ascend) the World has always been ready and willing to acknowlege and admire. *They are of the world: therefore speak they out of the heart of the world* (ἐκ τοῦ κόσμου) *and the world heareth them.* (1 John, ivth.)

To abstain from acts of wrong and violence, to be moreover industrious, useful, and of seemly bearing, are qualities presupposed in the gospel code, as the preliminary conditions, rather than the proper and peculiar effects, of Christianity. But they are likewise qualities so palpably indispensable to the temporal interests of mankind that, if we except the brief frenzies of revolutionary Riot, there never was a time, in which the World did not profess to reverence them: nor can we state any period, in which a more than ordinary character for assiduity, regularity, and charitableness did not secure the World's praise and favor, and were not calculated to

advance the individuals own worldly interests: provided only, that his manners and professed tenets were those of some known and allowed body of men.

I ask then, what is the fact? We are—and, till it's good purposes, which are many, have been all atchieved, and we can become something better, long may we continue such! —a busy, enterprizing, and commercial nation. The habits attached to this character must, if there exist no adequate counterpoise, inevitably lead us, under the specious names of utility, practical knowledge, and so forth, to look at all things thro' the medium of the market, and to estimate the Worth of all pursuits and attainments by their marketable value. In this does the Spirit of Trade consist. Now would the general experience bear us out in the assertion, that amid the absence or declension of all other antagonist Forces, there is found in the very circle of the trading and opulent themselves, in the increase, namely, of religious professors among them, a spring of resistance to the excess of the commercial impetus, from the impressive example of *their* unworldly feelings evidenced by *their* moderation in worldly pursuits? I fear, that we may anticipate the answer wherever the

religious zeal of such professors does not likewise manifest itself by the glad devotion of as large a portion of their Time and Industry, as the duty of providing a fair competence for themselves and their families leaves at their own disposal; to the comprehension of those inspired writings and the evolution of those pregnant truths, which are proposed for our earnest, sedulous research, in order that by occupying our understandings they may more and more assimilate our affections? I fear, that the inquiring traveller would more often hear of zealous Religionists who have read (and as a duty too and with all due acquiescence) the prophetic, "Wo to them that join house to house and lay field to field, that they may be alone in the land!" and yet find no object deform the beauty of the prospect from their window or even from their castle turrets so annoyingly, as a meadow not their own, or a field under ploughing with the beam-end of the plough in the hands of its humble owner! I fear, that he must too often make report of men lawful in their dealings, scriptural in their language, alms-givers, and patrons of Sunday schools, who are yet resistless and overawing Bidders at all Land Auctions in their neighbourhood, who live in

thid center of farms without leases, and tenants without attachments! Or, if his way should lie through our great towns and manufacturing districts, instances would grow cheap with him of wealthy religious practitioners, who never travel for orders without cards of edification in prose and verse, and small tracts of admonition and instruction, all "plain and easy, and suited to the meanest capacities;" who pray daily, as the first act of the morning and as the last of the evening, Lead us not into temptation! but deliver us from evil! and employ all the interval with an edge of appetite keen as the scythe of Death, in the pursuit of yet more and yet more of a temptation so perilous, that (as they have full often read, and heard read, without the least questioning, or whisper of doubt) *no* power short of Omnipotence could make their deliverance from it credible or conceivable. Of all denominations of Christians, there is not one in existence or on record whose whole scheme of faith and worship was so expressly framed for the one purpose of spiritualizing the mind and of abstracting it from the vanities of the world, as the Society of Friends! not one, in which the church members are connected, and their professed principles enforced, by so effective

and wonderful a form of discipline. But in the zeal of their Founders and first Proselytes for perfect Spirituality they excluded from their system all ministers specially trained and educated for the ministry, with all Professional Theologians: and they omitted to provide for the raising up among themselves any other established class of learned men, as teachers and schoolmasters for instance, in their stead. Even at this day, though the Quakers are in general remarkably shrewd and intelligent in all worldly concerns, yet learning, and more particularly theological learning, is more rare among them in proportion to their wealth and rank in life, and held in less value, than among any other known sect of Christians. What has been the result? If the occasion permitted, I could dilate with pleasure on their decent manners and decorous morals, as individuals, and their exemplary and truly illustrious philanthropic efforts as a Body. From all the gayer and tinsel vanities of the world their discipline has preserved them, and the English character owes to their example some part of its manly plainness in externals. But my argument is confined to the question, whether Religion in its present state and under the present concep-

tions of its demands and purposes does, even among the most religious, exert any efficient force of controul over the commercial spirit, the excess of which we have attributed not to the extent and magnitude of the commerce itself, but to the absence or imperfection of its appointed checks and counteragents. Now as the system of the Friends in its first intention is of all others most hostile to worldly-mindedness on the one hand; and as, on the other, the adherents of this system both in confession and *practice* confine Christianity to feelings and motives; they may be selected as representatives of the strict, but unstudied and uninquiring, Religionists of every denomination. Their characteristic propensities will supply, therefore, no unfair test for the degree of resistance, which our present Christianity is capable of opposing to the cupidity of a trading people. That species of Christianity I mean, which, as far as knowledge and the faculties of thought are concerned,—which, as far as the growth and grandeur of the *intellectual* man is in question—is to be learnt ex tempore! A Christianity poured in on the Catechumen all and all at once, as from a shower-bath: and which, whatever it may be in the heart, yet for the understanding and reason is from boy-

hood; onward a thing past and perfected!! If the almost universal opinion be tolerably correct, the question is answered. But I by no means *appropriate* the remark to the wealthy Quakers, or even apply it to them in any particular or eminent sense, when I say, that often as the motley reflexes of my experience move in long procession of manifold groups before me, the distinguished and world-honored company of Christian Mammonists appear to the eye of my imagination as a drove of camels heavily laden, yet all at full speed, and each in the confident expectation of passing through the EYE OF THE NEEDLE, without stop or halt, both beast and baggage.

Not without an uneasy reluctance have I ventured to tell the truth on this subject, lest I should be charged with the indulgence of a satirical mood and an uncharitable spleen. But my conscience bears me witness, and I know myself too near the grave to trifle with its name, that I am solely actuated by a sense of the *exceeding* importance of the subject at the present moment. I feel it an awful duty to exercise the honest liberty of free utterance in so dear a concernment as that of preparing my country for a change in its external relations, which must come sooner or later; which

I believe to have already commenced; and that it will depend on the presence or absence of a correspondhig change in the *mind* of the nation, and above all in the aims and ruling opinions of our gentry and moneyed men whether it is to cast down our strength and prosperity, or to fix them on a firmer and more august basis. "Surely to every good and peaceable man it must in nature needs be a hateful thing to be the displeaser and molester of thousands; but when God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say and what he shall conceal."

That my complaints, both in this and in my former Lay Sermon, concerning the same errors, are not grounded on any peculiar notions of mine; the following remarks of a great and good man, not less illustrious for his piety and fervent zeal as a Christian than for his acuteness and profundity as a Philosopher, may, perhaps, be accepted as proof.

"Prevailing studies, he observes, are of no small consequence to a state, the religion, manners, and civil government of a country ever taking some bias from its philosophy, which affects not only the minds of its professors and students, but also the opinions of

all the better sort, and the practice of the whole people, remotely and consequentially indeed, though not inconsiderably. Have not the doctrines of Necessity and Materialism with the consequent denial of men's responsibility, of his corrupt and fallen nature, and of the whole scheme of Redemption by the incarnate Word gained ground during the general passion for the Corpuscularian and Experimental Philosophy which hath prevailed about a century? This indeed might usefully enough have employed some share of the leisure and curiosity of inquisitive persons. But when it entered the seminaries of Learning, as a necessary accomplishment and as the most important part of knowledge, by engrossing men's thoughts and fixing their minds so much on corporeal objects, it hath, however undesignedly, not a little indisposed them for spiritual, moral, and intellectual matters. Certainly, had the philosophy of Pythagoras and Socrates prevailed in this age, we should not have seen interest take so general and fast hold on the minds of men. But while the employment of the mind on things purely intellectual is to most men irksome, whereas the sensitive powers by our constant use of them, acquire strength, the

objects of sense are too often counted the chief good. For these things men fight, cheat, and scramble. Therefore, in order to tame mankind and introduce a sense of virtue, *the best human means is to exercise their understanding*; to give them a glimpse of a world superior to the sensible; and while they take pains to cherish and maintain the animal life, to teach them not to neglect the intellectual.

It might very well be thought serious trifling to tell my readers that the greatest men had ever an high esteem for Plato; whose writings are the touchstone of an hasty and shallow mind; whose philosophy, the admiration of ages, supplied patriots, magistrates and law-givers to the most flourishing states, as well fathers to the Church, and doctors to the Schools. In these days the depths of that old learning are rarely fathomed: *and yet it were happy for these lands, if our young nobility and gentry instead of modern maxims would imbibe the notions of the great men of antiquity.* But in these free-thinking times, many an empty head is shook at Aristotle and Plato: and the writings of these celebrated ancients are by most men treated on a level with the dry and barbarous lucubrations of the Schoolmen. It may, however, be

modestly presumed that there are not many among us, even of those that are called the better sort, who have more sense, virtue, and love of their country than Cicero, who in a letter to Atticus could not forbear exclaiming, O Socrates et Socratici Viri! nunquam vobis gratiam referam. Would to God, many of our countrymen had the same obligations to those Socratic writers. Certainly, where the people are well educated, the art of piloting a state is best learnt from the writings of Plato. But among a people void of discipline and a gentry devoted to vulgar cares and views, Plato, Pythagoras, and Aristotle themselves, were they living, could do but little good."

Thus then, of the three most approved antagonists to the Spirit of Barter, and the accompanying disposition to overvalue Riches with all the Means and Tokens thereof—of the three fittest and most likely checks to this tendency, namely, the feeling of ancient birth and the respect paid to it by the community at large; a genuine intellectual Philosophy with an accredited, learned, and philosophic *Class*; and lastly, Religion; we have found the first declining, the second not existing, and the third efficient, indeed, in many re-

spects and to many excellent purposes, only not in this particular direction, the Religion here spoken of, having long since parted company with that inquisitive and bookish Theology which tends to defraud the student of his worldly wisdom, inasmuch as it diverts his mind from the accumulation of wealth by pre-occupying his thoughts in the acquisition of knowledge. For the Religion of best repute among us holds all the truths of Scripture and all the doctrines of Christianity so very transcendent, or so very easy, as to make study and research either vain or needless. It professes, therefore, to hunger and thirst after Righteousness alone, and the rewards of the Righteous; and thus habitually *taking for granted* all truths of spiritual import leaves the understanding vacant and at leisure for a thorough insight into present and temporal interests: which, doubtless, is the true reason why its followers are in general such shrewd, knowing, wary, well-informed, thrifty and thriving men of business. But this is likewise the reason why it neither does or can check or circumscribe the Spirit of Barter; and to the consequent *monopoly* which this commercial Spirit possesses, must its over-balance be attributed, not to the extent or magnitude of the Commerce itself.

Before I enter on the result, assigned by me as the chief ultimate *cause* of the present state of the country, and as the main *ground* on which the immediate occasions of the general distress have worked, I must entreat my Readers to reflect that the spirit of Trade has been a thing of insensible growth; that whether it be enough, or more or less than enough, is a matter of relative, rather than of positive determination; that it depends on the degree in which it is aided or resisted by all the other tendencies that co-exist with it; and that in the best of times this spirit may be said to live on a narrow isthmus between a sterile desert and a stormy sea, still threatened and encroached on either by the Too Much or the Too Little. As the argument does not depend on any precise accuracy in the dates, I shall assume it to have commenced, as an influencing part of the national character, with the institution of the Funds in the reign of William the Third, and from the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, to have been hurrying onward to its maximum, which it seems to have attained during the late war. The short interruptions may be well represented as a few steps backward, that it might leap forward with an additional momentum. The words, old and modern, now and then,

are applied by me, the latter to the whole period since the Revolution, and the former to the interval between this epoch and the Reformation; the one from 1460 to 1680, the other from 1680 to the present time.

Having premised this explanation, I can now return an intelligible answer to a question, that will have risen in the Reader's mind during his perusal of the last three or four pages. How, it will be objected, does all this apply to the present times in particular? When was the industrious part of mankind not attached to the pursuits most likely to reward their industry? Was the wish to make a fortune or, if you prefer an invidious phrase, the lust of lucre, less natural to our forefathers than to their descendants? If you say, that though a not less frequent, or less powerful passion with them than with us, it yet met with a more frequent and more powerful check, a stronger and more advanced boundary-line, in the Religion of old times, and in the faith, fashion, habits, and authority of the Religious: in what did this difference consist? and in what way did these points of difference act? If indeed the antidote in question once possessed virtues which it no longer possesses, or not in the same

degree, what is the ingredient, either added, omitted, or diminished since that time, which can have rendered it less efficacious now than then?

Well! (I might reply) grant all this; and let both the profession and the professors of a spiritual principle, as a counterpoise to the worldly weights at the other end of the Balance, be supposed much the same in the one period as in the other! Assume for a moment, that I can establish neither the fact of its lesser efficiency, nor any points of difference capable of accounting for it! Yet it might still be a sufficient answer to this objection, that as the commerce of the country, and with it the spirit of commerce, has increased fifty-fold since the commencement of the latter period, it is not enough that the counterweight should be as great as it was in the former period: to remain the same in its effect, it ought to have become very much greater. But though this be a consideration not less important than it is obvious, yet I do not purpose to rest in it. I affirm, that a difference may be shewn, and of no trifling importance as to that one point, to which my present argument is confined. For let it be remembered, that it is not to any extraordinary

influences of the religious principle that I am referring, not to voluntary poverty, or sequestration from social and active life, or schemes of mortification. I speak of Religion merely as I should of any worldly object, which, as far as it employs and interests a man, leaves less room in his mind for other pursuits: except that this must be more especially the case in the instance of Religion, because beyond all other Interests it is calculated to occupy the whole mind, and employ successively all the faculties of man; and because the objects which it presents to the Imagination as well as to the Intellect cannot be actually contemplated, much less can they be the subject of frequent meditation, without dimming the lustre and blunting the rays of all rival attractions. It is well known, and has been observed of old, that Poetry tends to render its devotees* careless of money and outward appearances, while

* Hic error tamen et levis hic insania quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis avarus
Non temere est animus; versus amat, hoc studet unum;
Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet;
Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo; vivit siliquis et pane secundo:
Militiæ quamquam piger et malus, utilis urbi.

HORAT. EPIST. II. 1.

Philosophy inspires a contempt of both as objects of Desire or Admiration. But Religion is the Poetry and Philosophy of all mankind; unites in itself whatever is most excellent in either, and while it at one and the same time calls into action and supplies with the noblest materials both the imaginative and the intellective faculties, superadds the interests of the most substantial and home-felt reality to both, to the poetic vision and the philosophic idea. But in order to produce a similar effect it must act in a similar way: it must reign in the thoughts of a man and in the powers akin to thought, as well as exercise an admitted influence over his hopes and fears, and through these on his deliberate and individual acts.

Now as my first presumptive proof of a difference (I might almost have said, of a contrast) between the religious character of the period since the Revolution, and that of the period from the accession of Edward the Sixth to the abdication of the second James, I refer to the Sermons and to the theological Works generally, of the latter period. It is my full conviction, that in any half dozen Sermons of Dr. Donne, or Jeremy Taylor, there are more thoughts, more facts

and images, more excitements to inquiry and intellectual effort, than are presented to the congregations of the present day in as many churches, or meetings during twice as many months. Yet both these were the most popular preachers of their times, were heard with enthusiasm by crowded and promiscuous Audiences, and the effect produced by their eloquence was held in reverential and affectionate remembrance by many attendants on their ministry, who, like the pious Isaac Walton, were not themselves men of learning or education. In addition to this fact, think likewise on the large and numerous editions of massy, closely printed folios: the impressions so large and the editions so numerous, that all the industry of destruction for the last hundred years has but of late sufficed to make them rare. From the long list select those works alone, which we know to have been the most current and favorite works of their day: and of these again no more than may well be supposed to have had a place in the scantiest libraries, or perhaps with the Bible and Common Prayer Book to have *formed*, the library of their owner. Yet on the single shelf so filled we should find almost every possible question, that

could interest or instruct a reader whose whole heart was in his religion, discussed with a command of intellect that seems to exhaust all the learning and logic, all the historical and moral relations, of each several subject. The very length of the discourses, with which these "rich souls of wit and knowledge" fixed the eyes, ears, and hearts of their crowded congregations, are a source of wonder now-a-days, and (we may add) of self-congratulation, to many a sober christian, who forgets with what delight he himself has listened to a two hours' harangue on a Loan or Tax, or at the trial of some remarkable cause or culprit. The transfer of the interest makes and explains the whole difference. For though much may be fairly charged on the revolution in the *mode* of preaching as well as in the matter, since the fresh morning and fervent noon of the Reformation, when there was no need to visit the conventicles of fanaticism in order to

See God's ambassador in the pulpit stand,
Where they could take notes from his Look and Hand;
And from his speaking *action* bear away
More sermon than our preachers use to *say*;

yet this too must be referred to the same

change in the habits of men's minds, a change that involves both the shepherd and the flock: though, like many other *Effects*, it tends to reproduce and strengthen its own cause.

The last point, to which I shall appeal, is the warmth and frequency of the religious controversies during the former of the two periods; the deep interest excited by them among all but the lowest and most ignorant classes; the importance attached to them by the very highest; the number, and in many instances the transcendent merit, of the controversial publications—in short, the rank and value assigned to *polemic divinity*. The subjects of the controversies may or may not have been trifling; the warmth, with which they were conducted, may have been disproportionate and indecorous; and we may have reason to congratulate ourselves that the age, in which we live, is grown more indulgent and less captious. The fact is introduced not for its own sake, but as a *symptom* of the general state of men's feelings, as an evidence of the direction and main channel, in which the thoughts and interests of men were then flowing. We all know, that lovers are apt to take offence and wrangle with each other on occasions that perhaps are but trifles, and

which, assuredly would appear such to those who had never been under the influence of a similar passion. These quarrels may be no proofs of wisdom; but still in the imperfect state of our nature the entire absence of the same, and this too on far more serious provocations, would excite a strong suspicion of a comparative *indifference* in the feelings of the parties towards each other, who can love so coolly where they profess to love so well. I shall believe our present religious tolerancy to proceed from the abundance of our charity and good sense, when I can see proofs that we are equally cool and forbearing, as Litigators and political Partizans. And I must again intreat my reader to recollect, that the present argument is exclusively concerned with the requisite correctives of the commercial spirit, and with Religion therefore no otherwise, than as a counter-charm to the sorcery of wealth: and my main position is, that neither by reasons drawn from the nature of the human mind, or by facts of actual experience, are we justified in expecting this from a religion which does not employ and actuate the understandings of men, and combine their affections with it as a system of Truth gradually and progressively manifest-

ing itself to the intellect; no less than as a system of motives and moral commands learnt as soon as heard, and containing nothing but what is plain and easy to the lowest capacities. Hence it is, that Objects, the ostensible principle of which I have felt it my duty to oppose (vide the STATESMAN'S MANUAL, p. 50.) and objects, the which and the measures for the attainment of which possess my good wishes and have had the humble tribute of my public advocation and applause—I am here alluding to the British and Foreign Bible Society—may yet converge, as to the point now in question. They may, both alike, be symptoms of the same predominant disposition to that Coalition-system in Christianity, for the expression of which Theologians have invented or appropriated the term, *Syncretism*:* although the former may be an ominous, the latter an auspicious symptom,

* Clementia Evangelica (writes a German Theologian of the last Century) quasi matrona habenda est, purioris doctrinæ custos, mitis quidem, at sedula tamen, at vigilans, at seductorum impatiens. Iste vero Syncretismus, quem Laodiceni apud nos tantopere collaudant, nusquam a me nisi meretrix audiet, Fidei vel pigræ vel status sui ignaræ proles, postea autem indolis secularis genetrix, et quàcum nec sincera fides, nec genuina Caritas commorari feret.

Translation.—The true Gospel Spirit of Toleration

though the one may be worse from Bad, while the other is an instance of Good educed from Evil. Nay, I will dare confess, that I know not how to think otherwise, when I hear a Bishop of an established Church publicly exclaim (and not viewing it as a lesser inconvenience to be endured for the attainment of a far greater good, but as a thing desirable and to be preferred for its own sake) *No Notes! No Comment! Distribute the Bible and the Bible only among the Poor!*—a declaration, which from any lower quarter I should have been under the temptation of attributing either to a fanatical notion of immediate illumination superseding the necessity of human teaching, or to an ignorance of difficulties which (and what more worthy?) have *successfully* employed all the learning, sagacity, and unwearied labors of great and wise men,

we should regard as a Matron, a kind and gentle guardian indeed of the pure Doctrine, but sedulous, but vigilant, but impatient of Seducers. This SYNCRETISM, on the contrary, which the Laodiceans among us join in extolling so highly, shall no where hear from me other, or better name than that of Harlot, the offspring of a Belief either slothful or ignorant of its own condition, and then the parent of Worldly-mindedness, and with whom therefore neither sincere Faith nor genuine Charity will endure to associate.

and eminent servants of Christ, during all the ages of Christianity; and will doubtless continue to yield new fruits of Knowledge and Insight to a long series of Followers.*

Though an overbalance of the commercial

* I am well aware, that by these open avowals, that with much to honor and praise in many, there is something to correct in all, parties, I shall provoke many enemies and make never a friend. If I *dared* abstain, how gladly should I have so done! Would that the candid part of my Judges would peruse or re-peruse the affecting and most eloquent introductory pages of Milton's Second Book of his "Reason of Church Government urged, &c.:" and give me the credit, which (my conscience bears me witness) I am entitled to claim, for all the *moral* feelings expressed in that exquisite passage. The following paragraph I extract from a volume of my own, which has been long printed, for the greater part, and which will, I trust, now be soon published.

"All my experience from my first entrance into life to the present hour is in favor of the warning maxim, that the man who opposes in toto the political or religious zealots of his age, is safer from their obloquy than he who differs from them in any one or two points or perhaps only in degree. By that transfer of the feelings of private life into the discussions of public questions, which is the *queen bee* in the hive of party fanaticism, the partizan has more sympathy with an intemperate opposite than with a moderate Friend. We now enjoy an intermission and long may it continue! In addition to far higher and more important merits, our present bible

spirit is involved in the deficiency of its counterweights; yet the facts, that exemplify the mode and extent of its operation, will afford a more direct and satisfactory kind of proof. And first I am to speak of this overbalance as displayed in the commercial world itself. But as this is the first, so is it for my present purpose the least important point of view. A portion of the facts belonging to this division of the subject I have already noticed, p. 34, 35; and for the remainder let the following suffice as the substitute or representative. The moral of the tale I leave to the Reader's

societies, and other numerous associations for national or charitable objects, may serve perhaps to carry off the superfluous activity and fervor of stirring minds in innocent hyperboles and the bustle of management. But the poison-tree is not dead, though the sap may for a season have subsided to its roots. At least, let us not be lulled into such a notion of our entire security, as not to keep watch and ward, even on our best feelings. I have seen gross intolerance shewn in support of toleration; sectarian antipathy most obtrusively displayed in the promotion of an undistinguishing comprehension of sects; and acts of cruelty (I had almost said), of treachery, committed in furtherance of an object vitally important to the cause of humanity; and all this by men too of naturally kind dispositions and exemplary conduct."—*Biographia Literaria, or Sketches of my Literary Life, and Opinions, p.* 190.

own reflections. Within the last sixty years or perhaps a somewhat larger period, (for I do not pretend to any nicety of dates, and the documents are of easy access) there have occurred at intervals of about 12 or 13 years each, certain periodical Revolutions of Credit. Yet Revolution is not the precise word. To state the thing as it is, I ought to have said, certain gradual expansions of credit ending in sudden contractions, or, with equal propriety, ascensions to a certain utmost possible height, which has been different in each successive instance; but in every instance the attainment of this, its ne plus ultra, has been instantly announced by a rapid series of explosions (in mercantile language, a *Crash*) and a consequent precipitation of the general system. For a short time this Icarian*

* "Icarus, Son of Dædalus, who flying with his father from Crete flew too high, whereby the Sun melting his waxen wings he fell into the Sea, from *him* named the Icarian Sea."—AINSWORTH. By turning back to the word, Dædalus, the Reader will find such a striking and ingenious allegory of the Manufacturing System, its connections with a forced or contraband Trade, and its successful evasions of what has been lately called the *continental system*, as may induce him to forgive the triteness and school-boy character which all allusions of this sort have at first sight for a sensible mind.

Credit, or rather this illegitimate offspring of CONFIDENCE, to which it stands in the same relation as Phaëthon to his parent god in the old fable, seems to lie stunned by the fall; but soon recovering, again it strives upward, and having once more regained its mid region,

> ——— thence many a league,
> As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
> Audacious!
>
> PARADISE LOST.

till at the destined zenith of its vaporous exaltation, "*all unawares, fluttering its pennons vain, plumb down it drops!*" Or that I may descend myself to the "cool element of prose," Alarm and suspicion gradually diminish into a judicious circumspectness; but by little and little, circumspection gives way to the desire and emulous ambition of *doing business;* till Impatience and Incaution on one side, tempting and encouraging headlong Adventure, Want of principle, and Confederacies of false credit on the other, the movements of Trade become yearly gayer and giddier, and end at length in a vortex of hopes and hazards, of blinding passions and blind practices, which should have been left where alone they ought

ever to have been found, among the wicked lunacies of the Gaming Table.

I am not ignorant that the power, and circumstantial prosperity of the Nation has been increasing during the same period, with an accelerated force unprecedented in any country, the population of which bore the same proportion to its productive soil: and partly, perhaps, even in consequence of this system. By facilitating the *means* of enterprize it must have called into activity a multitude of enterprizing Individuals and a variety of Talent that would otherwise have lain dormant: while by the same ready supply of excitements to Labor, together with its materials and instruments, even an unsound credit has been able within a short time to* substantiate itself.

* If by the display of forged Bank Notes a Speculator should establish the belief of his being a Man of large fortune, and gain a temporary confidence in his own paper-money; and if by large wages so paid he should stimulate a number of indolent Highlanders to bring a track of waste land into profitable cultivation, the promissary Notes of the Owner, which derived their first value from a delusion, would end in representing a real property, and this their own product. A most improbable case! In its accidental features, I reply, rather than in its essentials. How many thousand acres have been reclaimed from utter unproductiveness, how many doubled

We shall perhaps be told too, that the very Evils of this System, even the periodical *crash* itself, are to be regarded but as so much superfluous steam ejected by the Escape Pipes and Safety Valves of a self-regulating Machine: and lastly, that in a free and trading country *all things find their level.*

I have as little dispostion as motive to recant the principles, which in many forms and through various channels I have labored to propagate; but there is surely no inconsistency in yielding all due honor to the spirit of Trade, and yet charging sundry evils, that weaken or reverse its blessings, on the over-balance of that spirit, taken as the paramount principle of action in the Nation at large. Much I still concede to the arguments for the present

in value, by the agency of notes issued beyond the bonâ fide Capital of the Bank or Firm that circulated them, or at best on Capital afloat and insecure.

In this section of the present address, I consider myself as having redeemed a promise, made by me (November 1809) in the Essay "On vulgar errors concerning Taxation." Having demonstrated the favourable influences of the system "on our political strength and *circumstantial* prosperity," THE FRIEND added the following pledge: "What have been its *injurious* effects on our Literature, Morals, and Religious Principles, I shall hereafter develope with the same boldness."

scheme of Things, as adduced in the preceding paragraph: but I likewise see, and always have seen, much that needs winnowing. Thus instead of the position, that all things *find*, it would be less equivocal and far more descriptive of the fact to say, that Things are always *finding*, their level: which might be taken as the paraphrase or ironical definition of a storm, but would be still more appropriate to the Mosaic Chaos, ere its brute tendencies had been enlightened by the WORD (i. e. the communicative Intelligence) and before the Spirit of Wisdom* moved on the *level-finding* Waters. But Persons are not *Things*—but Man does not find his level. Neither in body nor in soul does the Man find his level! After a hard and calamitous season, during which the thousand Wheels of some vast manufactory had remained silent as a frozen water-fall, be it that plenty has returned and that Trade has once more become brisk and stirring: go, ask the overseer, and question the parish doctor, whether the workman's health and temperance with

* Σοφία, Wisdom, (that is, Reason in Act or Energy) was the name by which the Christians and Christian Writers of the three first Centuries most commonly addressed and distinguished the Holy Ghost.

27217

the staid and respectful Manners best taught by the inward dignity of conscious self-support, have found *their* level again! Alas! I have more than once seen a group of children in Dorsetshire, during the heat of the dog-days, each with its little shoulders up to its ears, and its chest pinched inward, the very habit and *fixtures*, as it were, that had been impressed on their frames by the former ill-fed, ill-clothed, and unfuelled winters. But as with the Body, so or still worse with the Mind. Nor is the effect confined to the laboring classes, whom by an ominous but too appropriate a change in our phraseology we are now accustomed to call the Laboring Poor. I cannot persuade myself, that the frequency of Failures with all the disgraceful secrets of Fraud and Folly, of unprincipled Vanity in expending and desperate Speculation in retrieving, can be familiarized to the thoughts and experience of Men, as matters of daily occurrence, without serious injury to the Moral Sense: more especially in times when Bankruptcies spread, like a fever, at once contagious and epidemic; swift too as the travel of an Earthquake, that with one and the same chain of Shocks opens the ruinous chasm in cities that have an ocean between them!—

in times, when the Fate flies swifter than the Fear, and yet the report, that follows the flash, has a ruin of its own and arrives but to multiply the Blow!—when princely capitals are often but the Telegraphs of distant calamity: and still worse, when no man's treasure is safe who has adopted the ordinary means of safety, neither the high or the humble; when the Lord's rents and the Farmer's store, entrusted perhaps but as yesterday, are asked after at closed doors!—but worst of all, in its moral influences as well as in the cruelty of suffering, when the old Laborers' Savings, the precious robberies of self-denial from every day's comfort; when the Orphan's Funds; the Widow's Livelihood; the fond confiding Sister's humble Fortune; are found among the victims to the remorseless mania of dishonest Speculation, or to the desperate cowardice of Embarrassment, and the drunken stupor of a usurious Selfishness that for a few months respite dares incur a debt of guilt and infamy, for which the grave itself can plead no statute of limitation. Name to me any Revolution recorded in History, that was not followed by a depravation of the national Morals. The Roman character during the Triumvirate, and under Tiberius; the reign of Charles the Second;

and Paris at the present moment; are obvious instances. What is the main cause? The sense of Insecurity. On what ground then dare we hope, that with the same accompaniment Commercial Revolutions should not produce the same effect, in proportion to the extent of their sphere?

But these Blessings—with all the specific terms, into which this most comprehensive Phrase is to be resolved? Dare we unpack the bales and cases so marked, and look at the articles, one by one? Increase of human Life and increase of the means of Life are, it is true, reciprocally cause and effect: and the Genius of Commerce and Manufactory has been the cause of both to a degree that may well excite our *wonder*. But do the last results justify our exultation likewise? Human Life, alas! is but the malleable Metal, out of which the thievish Picklock, the Slave's Collar, and the Assassin's Stiletto are formed as well as the clearing Axe, the feeding Plough-share, the defensive Sword, and the mechanic Tool. But the subject is a painful one: and, fortunately the labors of others, with the communications of medical men concerning the state of the manufacturing Poor, have rendered it unnecessary. I will rather (though in strict

method it should, perhaps, be reserved for the following Head) relate a speech made to me near Fort Augustus, as I was travelling on foot through the Highlands of Scotland. The Speaker was an elderly and respectable widow, who expressed herself with that simple eloquence, which strong feeling seldom fails to call forth in humble life, but especially in women. She spoke English, as indeed most Highlanders do who speak it at all, with a propriety of phrase and a discrimination of tone and emphasis that more than compensated for the scantiness of her vocabulary. After an affecting account of her own wrongs and ejectment, (which however, she said, bore with comparative lightness on her, who had had saved up for her a wherewithal to live, and was blessed with a son well to do in the world), she made a movement with her hand in a circle, directing my eye meanwhile to various objects as marking its outline: and then observed, with a deep sigh and a suppressed and slow voice which she suddenly raised and quickened after the first drop or cadence—Within this space—how short a time back! there lived a hundred and seventy-three persons: and now there is only a shepherd, and an underling or two. Yes, Sir! One hun-

dred and seventy-three Christian souls, man, woman, boy, girl, and babe; and in almost every home an old man by the fire-side, who would tell you of the troubles, before our roads were made; and many a brave youth among them who loved the birth-place of his forefathers, yet would swing about his broad-sword and want but a word to march off to the battles over sea; aye Sir, and many a good lass, who had a respect for herself! Well! but they are gone, and with them the bristled bear,* and the pink haver,† and the potatoe plot that looked as gay as any flower garden with its blossoms! I sometimes fancy, that the very birds are gone, all but the crows and the gleads! Well, and what then? Instead of us all, there is one shepherd man, and it may be a pair of small lads—and a many, many sheep! And do you think, Sir! that God allows of such proceedings?

Some days before this conversation, and while I was on the shores of the Loch Kathern ‡ I had heard of a sad counterpart to the

* A species of Barley. † A species of Oats.

‡ The Lake so widely celebrated since then by a Poet, to whose writings a larger number of persons have owed a larger portion of innocent, refined, and heart-bettering

widow's tale, and told with a far fiercer indignation, of a "Laird who had raised a company from the country round about, for the love that was borne to his name, and who gained high preferment in consequence: and that it was but a small part of those that he took away whom he brought back again. And what were the thanks which the folks had both for those that came back with him, some blind and more in danger of blindness; and for those that had perished in the hospitals, and for those that fell in battle, fighting before or beside him? Why, that their fathers were all turned out of their farms before the year was over, and sent to wander like so many gipsies, unless they would consent to shed their gray hairs, at ten-pence a day, over the new canals. Had there been a price set upon his head, and his enemies had been coming upon him, he needed but have whistled, and a hundred brave lads would have made a wall of flame round about him with the flash of their broad-swords! Now if the ——— should

amusement, than perhaps to any favorite of the Muse recorded in English literature: while the most learned of his readers must feel grateful for the mass of interesting and highly instructive information scattered throughout his works, in which respect SOUTHEY is his only rival.

come among us, as (it is said) they will, let him whistle to his sheep and see if *they* will fight for him!" The frequency with which I heard, during my solitary walk from the end of Loch-Lomond to Inverness, confident expectations of the kind expressed in his concluding words—nay, far too often eager hopes mingled with vindictive resolves—I spoke of with complaint and regret to an elderly man, whom by his dress and way of speaking, I took to be a schoolmaster. Long shall I recollect his reply: "O, Sir, it kills a man's love for his country, the hardships of life coming by change and with injustice!" I was sometime afterwards told by a very sensible person who had studied the mysteries of political œconomy, and was therefore entitled to be listened to, that more food was produced in consequence of this revolution, that the mutton must be eat somewhere, and what difference where? If three were fed at Manchester instead of two at Glenco or the Trossacs, the balance of human enjoyment was in favor of the former. I have passed through many a manufacturing town since then, and have watched many a group of old and young, male and female, going to, or returning from, many a factory, but I could

never yet persuade myself to be of his opinion. Men, I still think, ought to be weighed not counted. Their *worth* ought to be the final estimate of their value.

Among the occasions and minor causes of this change in the views and measures of our Land-owners, and as being itself a consequent on that system of credit, the outline of which was given in a preceding page, the universal practice of enhancing the sale price of every article on the presumption of Bad Debts, is not the least noticeable. Nor, if we reflect that this additional per centage is repeated at each intermediate stage of its elaboration and distribution from the Grower or Importer to the last Retailer *inclusively*, will it appear the least operative. Necessary, and therefore justifiable, as this plan of reprisal by anticipation may be in the case of each individual dealer, yet taken collectively and without reference to persons, the plan itself would, I suspect, startle an unfamiliarized conscience, as a sort of non-descript Piracy, not promiscuous in its exactions only because by a curious anomaly it grants a free pass to the offending party. Or if the Law maxim, *volentibus nulla fit injuria*, is applicable in this case, it may perhaps be described more courteously as

a *Benefit Society* of all the careful and honest men in the kingdom to pay the debts of the dishonest or improvident. It is mentioned here, however, as one of the appendages to the twin paramount causes, the Paper Currency and the National Debt, and for the sake of the conjoint results. Would we learn what these results are? What they have been in the higher, and what in the most numerous, class of society? Alas! that some of the intermediate rounds in the social ladder have been broken and not replaced, is itself one of these results. Retrace the progress of things from 1792 to 1813, when the tide was at its height, and then, as far as its rapidity will permit, the ebb from its first turn to the dead low-water mark of the last quarter. Then see whether the remainder may not be generalized under the following heads. Fluctuation in the wages of labor, alternate privation and excess (not in all at the same time, but successively in each) consequent improvidence, and over all discontent and a system of factious confederacy—these form the history of the mechanics and lower ranks of our cities and towns. In the country, a peasantry sinking into pauperism, step for step with the rise of the farmer's profits and indulgencies.

On the side of the landlord and his compeers, we shall find the presence of the same causes attested by answerable effects. Great as "their almost magical effects"* on the increase of prices were in the necessaries of life, they were still greater, disproportionally greater, in all articles of shew and luxury. With few exceptions, it soon became difficult, and at length impracticable, for the gentry of the land, for the possessors of fixed property to retain the rank of their ancestors, or their own former establishments, without joining in the general competition under the

* During the composition of this sheet I have had, and availed myself of the opportunity of perusing the Report of the Board of Agriculture for the year 1816. The numerous reflections, which this most extraordinary volume excited in my mind, I cannot even touch on, in this closing sheet of an Address that has already extended far beyond my original purpose. But had I perused it at the commencement, I should still have felt it my duty to direct the main force of my animadversions against the Demagogue class of State-empirics. I was not indeed, ignorant of the aid, which they derived from other quarters:—nor am I now ashamed of not having anticipated its extent. There is, however, one communication (p. 208 to 227) from Mr. Mosely, from which, with the abatement only of the passage on tythes, I cannot withhold my entire admiration. It almost redeems the remainder of the Report.

influence of the same trading spirit. Their dependants were of course either selected from, or driven into, the same eddy; while the temptation of obtaining more than the legal interest for their principal became more and more strong with all persons who, neither trading nor farming, had lived on the interest of their fortunes. It was in this latter class that the rash, and too frequently, the unprincipled projector found his readiest dupes. Had we but the secret history of the *building* speculations only in the vicinity of the metropolis, too many of its pages would supply an afflicting but instructive comment. That both here, and in all other departments, this increased momentum in the spirit of trade has been followed by results of the most desirable nature, I have myself*, exerted my best powers to evince, at a period when to

* In a variety of articles published at different periods in the Morning Post and Courier; but with most success in the Essay, before cited, on Vulgar Errors on Taxation, which had the advantage of being transferred almost entire to the columns of a daily paper, of the largest circulation, and from thence, in larger or smaller extracts, to several of our Provincial Journals. It was likewise reprinted in two of the American Federalist Papers: and a translation appeared, I have been told, in the Hamburgh Correspondenten.

present the fairest and most animating features of the system, and to prove their vast and charm-like influence on the power and resources of the nation appeared a duty of patriotism. Nothing, however, was advanced incompatible with the position, which even then I did not conceal, and which from the same sense of duty I am now attempting to display; namely, that the extension of the commercial spirit into our agricultural system, *added* to the over-balance of the same spirit, even within its own sphere; *aggravated* by the operation of our Revenue Laws; and finally *reflected* in the habits, and tendencies of the Laboring Classes; is the ground-work of our calamity, and the main predisposing cause, without which the late *occasions* would (some of them not have existed, and the remainder) not have produced the present distresses.

That Agriculture requires principles essentially different from those of Trade,—that a gentleman ought not to regard his estate as a merchant his cargo, or a shopkeeper his stock,—admits of an easy proof from the different tenure of Landed Property,* and

* The very idea of *individual* or private property, in our present acceptation of the term, and according

from the purposes of Agriculture itself, which ultimately are the same as those of the State of which it is the offspring. (For we do not include in the name of Agriculture the cultivation of a few vegetables by the women of

to the current notion of the *right* to it, was originally confined to moveable things: and the more moveable, the more susceptible of the nature of property. Proceeding from the more to the less perfect *right*; we may bring all the objects of an independent ownership under five heads:—viz. 1. Precious stones, and other jewels of as easy transfer; 2. The precious metals, and foreign coin taken as weight of metal; 3. Merchandize, by virtue of the contract between the importer and the sovereign in whose person the unity and integrity of the *common* wealth were represented; i. e. after the settled price had been paid by the former for the permission to import, and received by the latter under the further obligation of protecting the same; 4. The coin of the Country in the possession of the natural subject; and last of all, and in *certain* cases, the live stock, the *peculium a pecus*. Hence, the minds of men were most familiar with the idea in the case of Jews and Aliens: till gradually, the privileges attached to the vicinity of the Bishops and mitred Abbots prepared an asylum for the fugitive Vassal and the oppressed Frankling, and thus laid the first foundations of a fourth class of freeman, that of Citizens and Burghers. To the Feudal system we owe the *forms*, to the Church the *substance* of our liberty. As comment take, first, the origin of towns and cities; next, the holy war waged against slavery and villenage, and with such success that the law had barely to sanction an opus jam consum-

the less savage Hunter Tribes.) If the continuance and independence of the State be its object, the final causes of the State must be its final causes. We suppose the negative ends of a State already attained, viz. its own safety by means of its own strength, and the protection of person and property for all its members, there will then remain its positive ends:—1. To make the means of subsistence more easy to each individual. 2. To secure to each of its members THE HOPE * of bettering his own condition or that of his children. 3. The developement of those faculties which are essential to his Humanity, i. e. to his rational and moral Being. Under the last head we do not mean those degrees of intellectual cultivation which distinguish man from

* The civilized man gives up those stimulants of Hope and Fear, the mixture or alternation of which constitutes the chief charm of the savage life: and yet his Maker has distinguished him from the Brute that perishes, by making Hope an instinct of his nature and an indispensable condition of his moral and intellectual progression. But a natural instinct constitutes a natural right, as far as its gratification is compatible with the equal rights of others. Hence our ancestors classed those who were incapable of altering their condition from that of their parents, as Bondsmen or Villains, however advantageously they might otherwise be situated.

man in the same civilized society, but those only that raise the civilized man above the Barbarian, the Savage, and the Animal. We require, however, on the part of the State, in behalf of all its members, not only the outward means of *knowing* their essential duties and dignities as men and free men, but likewise, and more especially, the discouragement of all such Tenures and Relations as must in the very nature of things render this knowledge inert, and cause the good seed to perish as it falls. Such at least is the appointed Aim of a State: and at whatever distance from the ideal Mark the existing circumstances of a nation may unhappily place the actual statesman; still every movement ought to be in this direction. But the negative merit of not forwarding—but the exemption from the crime of necessitating—the debasement and virtual disfranchisement of any class of the community, may be demanded of every State under all circumstances: and the Government, that pleads difficulties in repulse or demur of this claim, impeaches its own wisdom and fortitude. But as the *specific* ends of Agriculture are the maintenance, strength, and security of the State, so (we repeat) must its *ultimate* ends be the same as those of the State: even as the

ultimate end of the spring and wheels of a watch must be the same as that of the watch. Yet least of all things dare we overlook or conceal, that morally and with respect to the character and conscience of the Individuals, the Blame of unfaithful Stewardship is aggravated, in proportion as the Difficulties are less, and the consequences, lying within a narrower field of vision, are more evident and affecting. An injurious system, the connivance at which we scarcely dare more than regret in the Cabinet or Senate of an Empire, may justify an earnest reprobation in the management of private Estates: provided always, that the System only be denounced, and the pleadings confined to the Court of Conscience. For from this court only can the redress be awarded. All Reform or Innovation, not won from the free Agent by the presentation of juster Views and nobler Interests, and that does not leave the merit of having effected it sacred to the individual proprietor, it were folly to propose, and worse than folly to attempt. Madmen only would dream of digging or blowing up the foundation of a House in order to employ the materials in repairing the walls. Nothing more dare be asked of the State, no other duty is imposed on it, than to

withhold or retract all extrinsic and artificial aids to an injurious system; or at the utmost to invalidate in extreme cases such claims as have arisen indirectly from the letter or unforeseen operations of particular Statutes: claims that instead of being contained in the Rights of its proprietary Trustees are incroachments on its own Rights, and a destructive Trespass on a part of its own inalienable and untransferable Property — I mean the health, strength, honesty, and filial love of its children.

It would border on an affront to the understandings of our Landed Interest, were I to explain in detail what the plan and conduct would be of a gentleman;* if, as the result of his own free conviction the *marketable* produce of his Estates were made a subordinate

* Or, (to put the question more justly as well as more candidly) of the Land-owners collectively—for who is not aware of the facilities that accompany a conformity with the general practice, or of the numerous hindrances that retard, and the final imperfection that commonly awaits a deviation from it? On the distinction mentioned, p. 120, between Things and Persons, all law human and divine is grounded. It consists in this: that the former may be *used*, as *mere* means; but the latter *dare* not be employed as the means to an end without directly or indirectly sharing in that end. See FRIEND, Vol. II.

consideration to the living and moral growth that is to remain on the land. I mean a healthful, callous-handed but high-and-warm-hearted Tenantry, twice the number of the present landless, parish-paid Laborers, and ready to march off at the first call of their country with a SON OF THE HOUSE at their head, because under no apprehension of being (forgive the lowness of the expression) *marched off* at the whisper of a Land-taster! If the admitted rule, the paramount *Self*-commandment, were comprized in the fixed resolve—I will improve my *Estate* to the utmost; and my *rent-roll* I will raise as much as, but no more than, is compatible with the three great ends (before enumerated) which being those of my country must be mine inclusively! This, I repeat, it would be more than superfluous to particularize. It is a problem, the solution of which may be safely entrusted to the common sense of every one who has the hardihood to ask himself the question. But how encouraging even the approximations to such a system, of what fair promise the few fragmentary samples are, may be seen in the Report of the Board of Agriculture for 1816, p. 11, from the Earl of Winchelsea's communication, in

every paragraph of which Wisdom seems to address us in behalf of Goodness.

But the plan of my argument requires the reverse of this picture. I am to ask what the results would be, on the supposition, that Agriculture is carried on in the spirit of Trade; and if the necessary answer coincide with the known general practice, to shew the connection of the consequences with the present state of distress and uneasiness. In Trade, from its most innocent form to the abomination of the African commerce nominally abolished after a hard-fought battle of twenty years, no distinction is or can be acknowledged between Things and Persons. If the latter are part of the concern, they come under the denomination of the former. Two objects only can be proposed in the management of an Estate, considered as a *Stock* in Trade—first, that the Returns should be the largest, quickest, and securest possible; and secondly, with the least out-goings in the providing, over-looking, and collecting the same—whether it be expenditure of money paid for other mens' time and attention, or of the tradesman's own, which are to him *money's worth*, makes no difference in the argument. Am I disposing of a bale of goods? The man whom I most

love and esteem must yield to the stranger that outbids him; or if it be sold on credit, the highest price, with equal security, must have the preference. I may fill up the deficiency of my friend's offer by a private gift, or loan; but as a tradesman, I am bound to regard honesty and established character themselves, as *things*, as *securities*, for which the known unprincipled dealer may offer an unexceptionable substitute. Add to this, that the security being equal, I shall prefer, even at a considerable abatement of price, the man who will take a thousand chests or bales at once, to twenty who can pledge themselves only for fifty each. For I do not seek trouble for its own sake; but among other advantages I seek wealth for the sake of freeing myself more and more from the necessity of taking trouble in order to attain it. The personal worth of those, whom I benefit in the course of the Process, or whether the persons are really benefited or no, is no concern of mine. The Market and the Shop are open to all. To introduce any other principle in Trade, but that of obtaining the highest price with adequate security for Articles fairly described, would be tantamount to the position, that Trade ought not to exist. If this be admitted,

then what as a Tradesman I cannot do, it cannot be my Duty, as a Tradesman, to attempt: and the only remaining question in reason or morality is—what are the proper objects of Trade. If my Estate be such, my plan must be to make the most of it, as I would of any other mode of Capital. As my Rents will ultimately depend on the quantity and value of the Produce raised and brought into the best market from my Land, I will entrust the latter to those who bidding the most have the largest Capital to employ on it: and this I cannot effect but by dividing it into the fewest Tenures, as none but extensive Farms will be an object to men of extensive capital and enterprizing minds. I must prefer this system likewise for my own ease and security. The Farmer is of course actuated by the same motives, as the Landlord: and, provided they are both faithful to their engagements, the objects of both will be: 1. the utmost Produce that can be raised without injuring the estate; 2. with the least possible consumption of the Produce on the Estate itself; 3. at the lowest wages; and 4. with the substitution of machinery for human labor where ever the former will cost less and do the same work. What are the modest reme-

dies proposed by the majority of correspondents in the last Report of the Board of Agriculture? Let measures be taken, that rents, taxes, and wages be lowered, and the Markets raised! A great calamity has befallen us, from importation, the lessened purchases of Government, and "*the evil of a superabundant Harvest*"—of which we deem ourselves the more entitled to complain, because "*we had been long making* 112 *shillings per quarter of our Corn*," and of all other articles in proportion. As the best remedies for this calamity, we propose that we should pay less to our Landlords, less to our Laborers, nothing to our Clergyman, and either nothing or very little to the maintenance of the Government and of the Poor; but that we should sell at our former prices to the Consumer!—In almost every page we find deprecations of the Poor Laws: and I hold it impossible to exaggerate their pernicious tendency and consequences. But let it not be forgotten, that in agricultural districts three-fourths of the Poors' Rates are paid to healthy, robust, and (O sorrow and shame!) *industrious, hard-working* Paupers in lieu of Wages—(for men cannot at once work and starve:) and therefore if there are twenty House-keepers in the Parish, who are

not holders of Land, their contributions are so much Bounty Money to the latter. But the Poor Laws form a subject, which I should not undertake without trembling, had I the space of a whole volume to allot to it. Suffice, that this enormous mischief is *undeniably* the offspring of the Commercial System. In the only plausible Work, that I have seen, in favor of our Poor Laws on the present plan, the Defence is grounded: first, on the expediency of having Labor cheap, and Estates let out in the fewest possible portions—in other words, of large Farms and low Wages—each as indispensable to the other, and both conjointly as the only means of drawing Capital to the Land, by which alone the largest Surplus is attainable for the *State:* that is, for the Market, or in order that the smallest possible proportion of the largest possible Produce may be consumed by the Raisers and their families! Secondly, on the impossibility of supplying, as we have supplied, all the countries of the civilized World (India perhaps and China excepted) and of underselling them even in their own markets, if our *working* Manufacturers were not secured by the State against the worst consequences of those failures, stagnations, and transfers, to which the different

branches of Trade are exposed, in a greater or less degree, beyond all human prevention; or if the *Master* Manufacturers were compelled to give previous security for the maintenance of those whom they had, by the known Law of human Increase, virtually called into existence.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not myself admit this impossibility. I have already denied, and I now repeat the denial, that these are *necessary* consequences of our extended Commerce. On the contrary, I feel assured that the Spirit of Commerce is itself capable of being at once counteracted and enlightened by the Spirit of the State, to the advantage of both. But I *do* assert, that they are necessary consequences of the Commercial Spirit *un*-counteracted and *un*-enlightened, wherever Trade has been carried to so vast an extent as it has in England. I assert too, historically and as matter of fact, that they *have been* the consequence of our commercial system. The laws of Lycurgus, like those of the inspired Hebrew Legislator, were anti-commercial: those of Solon and Numa were at least uncommercial. Now I ask myself, what the impression would have been on the Senate of the Roman or of the Athenian Republic,

if the following proposal had been made to them and introduced by the following preamble. "Conscript Fathers, (or Senators of Athens!) it is well known to you, that circumstances being the same and the time allowed proportional, the human animal may be made to multiply as easily, and at as small an expence, as your sheep or swine: which is meant, perhaps, in the fiction of our Philosophers, that Souls are out of all proportion more numerous than the Bodies, in which they can subsist and be manifested. It is likewise known to you, Fathers! that though in various States various checks have been ordained to prevent this increase of births from becoming such as should frustrate or greatly endanger the ends for which freemen are born; yet the most efficient limit must be sought for in the moral and intellectual prerogatives of men, in their foresight, in their habituation to the comforts and decencies of society, in the pride of independence; but above all in THE HOPE that enables men to withstand the tyranny of the present impulse, and in their expectation of honor or discredit from the rank, character, and condition of their children. Now there are proposed to us the speedy means of at once increasing the

number of the rich, the wealth of those that are already such, and the revenues of the State: and the latter, Fathers! to so vast an amount, that we shall be able to pay not only our own soldiers but those of the monarchs whom we may thus induce to become our Allies. But for this it will be requisite and indispensable that all men of enterprize and sufficiency among us should be permitted, without restraint, to encourage, and virtually to occasion, the birth of many myriads of free citizens, who from their childhood are to be amassed in clusters and employed as parts of a mighty system of machinery. While all things prove answerable to the schemes and wishes of these enterprisers, the Citizens thus raised and thus employed by them will find an ample maintenance, except in such instances where the individual may have rendered himself useless by the effects of his own vices. It dare not, however, be disguised from you, that the nature of the employments and the circumstances to which these citizens will be exposed, will often greatly tend to render them intemperate, diseased, and restless. Nor has it been yet made a part of the proposal, that the employers should be under any bond to counteract such injurious circum-

stances by education, discipline, or other efficient regulations. Still less may it be withheld from your knowledge, O Fathers of the State, that should events hereafter prove hostile to all or to any branch of these speculations, to many or to any one of the number that shall have devoted their wealth to the realization of the same—and the light, in which alone they can thrive, is confessedly subject to partial and even to total eclipses, which there are no means of precisely foretelling! the guardian planets, to whose conjunction their success is fatally linked, will at uncertain periods, for a longer or shorter time, act in malignant oppositions!—Then, Fathers, the Principals are to shift for themselves, and leave the disposal of the calamitous, and therefore too probably turbulent, multitude, now unemployed and useless, to the mercy of the community, and the solicitude of the State: or else to famine, violence, and the vengeance of the Laws!"

If, on the maxims of ancient prudence, on the one hand not enlightened, on the other not dazzled by the principles of Trade, the immediate answer would have been:—"We should deem it danger and detriment, were we to permit so indefinite and improvident

increase even of our Slaves and Helots: in the case of free Citizens, our countrymen, who are to swear to the same laws, and worship at the same altars, it were profanation! May the Gods avert the Omen!"—If this, I say, would have been their rescript, it may be safely concluded, that the connivance at the same scheme, much more that the direct encouragement of it, must be attributed to that spirit which the ancients did not recognize, namely, the Spirit of Commerce.

But we have shewn, that the same system has gradually taken possession of our agriculture. What have been the results? For him who is either unable or unwilling to deduce the whole truth from the portion of it revealed in the following extract from Lord Winchelsea's Report, whatever I could have added would have been equally in vain. His Lordship speaking of the causes which oppose all attempts to better the Laborers condition, mentions, as one great cause, the dislike the generality of Farmers have to seeing the Laborers rent any land. Perhaps, (he continues) "one of the reasons for their disliking this is, that the land, if not occupied by the laborers, would fall to their own share; and another I am afraid is, that they

rather wish to have the laborers more dependent upon them; for which reasons they are always desirous of hiring the house and land occupied by a laborer, under pretence, that by that means the landlord will be secure of his rent, and that they will keep the house in repair. This the agents of estates are too apt to give into, as they find it much less trouble to meet six than sixty tenants at a rent-day, and by this means avoid the being sometimes obliged to hear the wants and complaints of the poor. All parties therefore join in persuading the landlord, who it is natural to suppose (unless he has time and inclination to investigate the matter very closely) will agree to this their plan, from the manner in which it comes recommended to him: and it is in this manner that the laborers have been dispossessed of their cow-pastures in various parts of the midland counties. The moment the farmer obtains his wish, he takes every particle of the land to himself, and re-lets the house to the laborer, who by this means is rendered miserable; the Poor Rate increased; the value of the Estate to the Landowner diminished; and the house suffered to go to decay; which once fallen the tenant will never rebuild, but the landlord must, at

a considerable expence. Whoever travels through the midland counties, and will take the trouble of enquiring, will generally receive for answer, that formerly there were a great many cottagers who kept cows, but that the land is now thrown to the farmers; and if he enquires still farther, he will find that in those parishes the poors' rates have increased in an amazing degree, more than according to the average rise throughout England."—In confirmation of his Lordship's statement I find in the Agricultural Reports, that the county, in which I read of nothing but farms of 1000, 1500, 2000, and 2500 acres, is likewise that in which the poor rates are most numerous, the distresses of the poor most grievous, and the prevalence of revolutionary principles the most alarming. But if we consider the subject on the largest scale and nationally, the consequences are, that the most important rounds in the social ladder are broken, and the Hope, which above all other things distinguishes the free man from the slave, is extinguished. The peasantry therefore are eager to have their children add as early as possible to their wretched pittances, by letting them out to manufactories; while the youths take every opportunity of escaping to towns and cities.

And if I were questioned, as to my opinion, respecting the ultimate cause of our liability to distresses like the present, the cause of what has been called a vicious (i. e. excessive) population with all the furies that follow in its train—in short, of a state of things so remote from the simplicity of nature, that we have almost deprived Heaven itself of the power of blessing us; a state in which, without absurdity, a superabundant Harvest can be complained of as an evil, and the recurrence of the same a ruinous calamity—I should not hesitate to answer—*the vast and disproportionate number of men who are to be fed from the produce of the fields, on which they do not labor.*

What then is the remedy? Who the physicians? The reply may be anticipated. An evil, which has come on gradually, and in the growth of which all men have more or less conspired, cannot be removed otherwise than gradually, and by the joint efforts of all. If we are a christian nation, we must learn to act nationally as well as individually, as Christians. We must remove half-truths, the most dangerous of errors (as those of the poor visionaries called SPENCEANS) by the whole Truth. The Government is employed already in retrenchments; but he who expects imme-

diate relief from these, or who does not even know that if they do any thing at all, they must for the time tend to aggravate the distress, cannot have studied the operation of public expenditure.

I am persuaded that more good would be done, not only ultimate and permanent, but immediate, good, by the abolition of the Lotteries accompanied with a public and parliamentary declaration of the moral and religious grounds that had determined the Legislature to this act; of their humble confidence in the blessing of God on the measure; and of their hopes that this sacrifice to principle, as being more exemplary from the present pressure on the Revenue of the State, would be the more effective in restoring confidence between man and man—I am deeply convinced, that more sterling and visible benefits would be derived from this one solemn proof and pledge of moral fortitude and national faith, than from retrenchments to a tenfold greater amount. Still more, if our Legislators should pledge themselves at the same time, that they would hereafter take council for the gradual removal or counteraction of all similar encouragements and temptations to Vice and Folly, that had alas! been tolerated hitherto, as the easiest way of supplying the exchequer. And truly,

the financial motives would be strong indeed, if the Revenue Laws in question were but half as productive of money to the State as they are of guilt and wretchedness to the people.

Our manufacturers must consent to regulations; our gentry must concern themselves in the *education* as well as in the *instruction* of their natural clients and dependents, must regard their estates as secured indeed from all human interference by every principle of law, and policy, but yet as offices of trust, with duties to be performed, in the sight of God and their Country. Let us become a better people, and the reform of all the public (real or supposed) grievances, which we use as pegs whereon to hang our own errors and defects, will follow of itself. In short, let every man measure his efforts by his power and his sphere of action, and do all he can do! Let him contribute money where he cannot act personally; *but let him act personally and in detail* wherever it is practicable. Let us palliate where we cannot cure, comfort where we cannot relieve; and for the rest rely upon the promise of the King of Kings by the mouth of his Prophet, "BLESSED ARE YE THAT SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS."

FINIS.

THE

STATESMAN'S MANUAL;

OR

THE BIBLE THE BEST GUIDE TO POLITICAL SKILL AND FORESIGHT:

A Lay Sermon,

ADDRESSED TO

THE HIGHER CLASSES OF SOCIETY,

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

COMMENTS AND ESSAYS

CONNECTED WITH

THE STUDY OF THE INSPIRED WRITINGS.

By S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

"Ad ist hæc quæso vos, qualia cunque primo videantur aspectu, adtendite, ut qui vobis forsan insanire videar, saltem quibus insaniam rationibus cognoscatis."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR GALE AND FENNER, PATER-NOSTER ROW;
J. M. RICHARDSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE; AND
HATCHARD, PICCADILLY.

1816.

252
col/spa

Printed by S. Curtis, Southampton Place, Camberwell.

A

LAY SERMON, &c.

PSALM LXXVIII. v. 5, 6, 7.

5. For he established a testimony in Jacob and appointed a law in Israel; which he commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children. 6. *That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children:* 7. *That they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God.*

IF our whole knowlege and information concerning the Bible had been confined to the one fact of its immediate derivation from God, we should still presume that it contained rules and assistances for all conditions of men under all circumstances; and therefore for communities no less than for individuals. The contents of every work must correspond to the character and designs of the work-master;

and the inference in the present case is too obvious to be overlooked, too plain to be resisted. It requires, indeed, all the might of superstition to conceal from a man of common understanding the further truth, that the interment of such a treasure in a dead language must needs be contrary to the intentions of the gracious Donor. Apostacy itself dared not question the *premise:* and that the practical *consequence* did not follow, is conceivable only under a compleat *system* of delusion, which from the cradle to the death-bed ceases not to overawe the will by obscure fears, while it pre-occupies the senses by vivid imagery and ritual pantomime. But to such a scheme all forms of sophistry are native. The very excellence of the Giver has been made a reason for withholding the gift; nay the transcendent value of the gift itself assigned as the motive of its detention. We may be shocked at the presumption, but need not be surprized at the fact, that a jealous priesthood should have ventured to represent the applicability of the Bible to all the wants and occasions of men as a wax-like pliability to all their fancies and prepossessions. Faithful guardians of Holy Writ! they are constrained to make it useless in order to guard it from profanation; and

those, whom they have most defrauded, are the readiest to justify the fraud. For imposture, organized into a comprehensive and self-consistent whole, forms a world of its own, in which inversion becomes the order of nature.

Let it not be forgotten, however, (and I recommend the fact to the especial attention of those among ourselves, who are disposed to rest contented with an implicit faith and passive acquiescence) that the Church of Superstition never ceased to avow the profoundest reverence for the Scriptures themselves, and what it forbids its vassals to ascertain, it not only permits, but commands them to *take for granted.*

Whether, and to what extent, this suspension of the rational functions, this spiritual slumber, will be imputed as a sin to the souls who are still under chains of papal darkness, we are neither enabled or authorized to determine. It is enough for us to know that the land, in which we abide, has like another Goshen *been severed from the plague,* and that we have light in *our* dwellings. The road of salvation for *us* is a high road, and the wayfarers, though 'simple, need not err therein,' The Gospel lies open in the market-place,

and on every window seat, so that (*virtually*, at least) the deaf may hear the words of the Book! It is preached at every turning, so that the blind may see them. (Isai. xxix. 18.) The circumstances then being so different, if the result should prove similar, we may be quite certain that *we* shall not be held guiltless. The ignorance, which may be the excuse of others, will be our crime. Our birth and denizenship in an enlightened and protestant land, will, with all our rights and franchises to boot, be brought in judgment against us, and stand first in the fearful list of blessings abused. The glories of our country will form the blazonry of our own impeachment, and the very name of Englishmen, which we are almost all of us too proud of, and scarcely any of us enough thankful for, will be annexed to that of Christians only to light up our shame, and aggravate our condemnation.

I repeat, therefore, that the habitual unreflectingness, which in certain countries may be susceptible of more or less palliation in most instances, can in this country be deemed blameless in none. The humblest and least educated of our countrymen must have wilfully neglected the inestimable privileges, secured to all alike, if he has not himself found,

if he has not from his own personal experience discovered, the *(a)* sufficiency of the Scriptures in all knowledge requisite for a right performance of his duty as a man and a christian. Of the labouring classes, who in all countries form the great majority of the inhabitants, more than this is not demanded, more than this is not perhaps generally desireable—"They are not sought for in public counsel, nor need they be found where politic sentences are spoken.—It is enough if every one is wise in the working of his own craft: so best will they maintain the state of the world."

But you, my friends, to whom the following pages are more particularly addressed, as to men moving in the higher class of society:—You will, I hope, have availed yourselves of the ampler means entrusted to you by God's providence, to a more extensive study and a wider use of his revealed will and word. From you we have a right to expect a sober and meditative accomodation to your own times and country of those important truths declared in the inspired writings 'for a thousand generations,' and of the awful examples, belonging to all ages, by which those truths are at once illustrated and

confirmed. Would you feel conscious that you had shewn yourselves unequal to your station in society—would you stand degraded in your own eyes; if you betrayed an utter want of information respecting the acts of human sovereigns and legislators? And should you not much rather be both ashamed and afraid to know yourselves inconversant with the acts and constitutions of God, whose law executeth itself, and whose Word is the foundation, the power, and the life of the universe? Do you hold it a requisite of your rank to shew yourselves inquisitive concerning the expectations and plans of statesmen and state-counsellors? Do you excuse it as natural curiosity, that you lend a listening ear to the guesses of state-gazers, to the dark hints and open revilings of our self-inspired state fortune-tellers, '*the wizards, that peep and mutter*' and forecast, alarmists by trade, and malecontents for their bread? And should you not feel a deeper interest in predictions which are permanent prophecies, because they are at the same time eternal truths? Predictions which in containing the grounds of fulfilment involve the principles of foresight, and teach the science of the future in its perpetual elements?

But I will struggle to believe that of those whom I now suppose myself addressing, there are few who have not so employed their greater leisure and superior advantages as to render these remarks, if not wholly superfluous, yet personally inapplicable. In common with your worldly inferiors, you will indeed have directed your *main* attention to the promises and the information conveyed in the records of the evangelists and apostles: promises, that need only a lively trust in them, on our own part, to be the means as well as the pledges of our *eternal* welfare! information that opens out to our knowledge a kingdom that is not of this world, thrones that cannot be shaken, and sceptres that can neither be broken or transferred! Yet not the less on this account will you have looked back with a proportionate interest on the *temporal* destinies of men and nations, stored up for our instruction in the archives of the Old Testament: not the less will you delight to retrace the paths by which Providence has led the kingdoms of *this* world through the valley of mortal life—Paths, engraved with the footmarks of captains sent forth from the God of Armies! Nations in whose guidance or chastise-

ment the arm of Omnipotence itself was made bare.

Recent occurrences have given additional strength and fresh force to our sage poet's eulogy on the Jewish prophets:

> As men divinely taught and better teaching
> The solid rules of civil government
> In their majestic unaffected style,
> Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
> In them is plainest taught and easiest learnt
> What makes a nation happy and keeps it so,
> What ruins kingdoms and lays cities flat.
>
> PARADISE REGAINED, iv. 354.

If there be any antidote to that restless craving for the wonders of the day, which in conjunction with the appetite for publicity is spreading like an efflorescence on the surface of our national character; if there exist means for deriving resignation from general discontent, means of building up with the very materials of political gloom that stedfast frame of hope which affords the only certain shelter from the throng of self-realizing alarms, at the same time that it is the natural home and workshop of all the active virtues; that antidote and these means must be sought for in the collation of the present with the past, in the habit of thoughtfully assimilating the events of

our own age to those of the time before us. If this be a moral advantage derivable from history in general, rendering its study therefore a moral duty for such as possess the opportunities of books, leisure and education, it would be inconsistent even with the *name* of believers not to recur with pre-eminent interest to events and revolutions, the records of which are as much distinguished from all other history by their especial claims to divine authority, as the facts themselves were from all other facts by especial manifestation of divine interference. 'Whatsoever things,' saith Saint Paul (Romans xv. 4.) 'were written aforetime, were written for our learning; that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope.'

In the infancy of the world, signs and wonders were requisite in order to startle and break down that superstition, idolatrous in itself and the source of all other idolatry, which tempts the natural man to seek the true cause and origin of public calamities in outward circumstances, persons and incidents: in agents therefore that were themselves but surges of the same tide, passive conductors of the one invisible influence, under which the total host of billows, in the whole line of suc-

cessive impulse, swell and roll shoreward; there finally, each in its turn, to strike, roar and be dissipated.

But with each miracle worked there was a truth revealed, which thence forward was to act as its substitute: And if we think the Bible less applicable to us on account of the miracles, we degrade ourselves into mere slaves of sense and fancy, which are indeed the appointed medium between earth and heaven, but for that very cause stand in a desirable relation to spiritual truth then only, when, as a mere and passive medium, they yield a free passage to its light. It was only to overthrow the usurpation exercised in and through the senses, that the senses were miraculously appealed to. Reason and Religion *(b)* are their own evidence. The natural Sun is in this respect a symbol of the spiritual. Ere he is fully arisen, and while his glories are still under veil, he calls up the breeze to chase away the usurping vapours of the night-season, and thus converts the air itself into the minister of its own purification: not surely in proof or elucidation of the light from heaven, but to prevent its interception.

Wherever, therefore, similar circumstances co-exist with the same moral causes, the prin-

ciples revealed, and the examples recorded, in the inspired writings render miracles superfluous: and if we neglect to apply truths in expectation of wonders, or under pretext of the cessation of the latter, we tempt God and merit the same reply which our Lord gave to the Pharisees on a like occasion. 'A wicked and an adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas:' that is, a threatening call to repentance. (c) Equally applicable and prophetic will the following verses be. 'The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation and shall condemn it, because they repented at the preaching of Jonas, and behold, a greater than Jonas is here. —The queen of the South shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold a greater than Solomon is here.' For have we not divine assurance that Christ is with his church, even to the end of the world? And what could the queen of the South, or the men of Nineveh have beheld, that could enter into competition with the events of our own times, in importance, in splendor, or even in strangeness and significancy?

The true origin of human events is so little susceptible of that kind of evidence which can *compel* our belief; so many are the disturbing forces which in every cycle or ellipse of changes modify the motion given by the first projection; and every age has, or imagines it has, its own circumstances which render past experience no longer applicable to the present case; that there will never be wanting answers, and explanations, and specious flatteries of hope to persuade a people and its government, that the history of the past is inapplicable to *their* case. And no wonder, if we read history for the facts instead of reading it for the sake of the general principles, which are to the facts as the root and sap of a tree to its leaves: and no wonder, if history so read should find a dangerous rival in novels, nay, if the latter should be preferred to the former on the score even of probability. I well remember, that when the examples of former Jacobins, as Julius Cæsar, Cromwell, and the like, were adduced in France and England at the commencement of the French Consulate, it was ridiculed as pedantry and pedant's ignorance to fear a repetition of usurpation and military despotism at the close of the ENLIGHTENED EIGHTEENTH

CENTURY! Even so, in the very dawn of the late tempestuous day, when the revolutions of Corcyra, the prescriptions of the Reformers, Marius, Cæsar, &c. and the direful effects of the levelling tenets in the Peasant's War in Germany, (differenced from the tenets of the first French constitution only by the mode of wording them, the figures of speech being borrowed in the one instance from theology, and in the other from modern metaphysics) were urged on the Convention, and its vindicators; the magi of the day, the true citizens of the world, the Plusquam-perfecti of patriotism, gave us set proofs that similar results were *impossible*, and that it was an insult to so philosophical an age, to so enlightened a nation, to dare direct the public eye towards them as to lights of warning. Alas! like lights in the stern of a vessel they illuminated the path only that had been past over!

The politic Florentine* has observed, that there are brains of three races. The one understands of itself; the other understands as much as is shown it by others; the third nei-

* Sono di tre generazioni cervelli: l'uno intende per se; l'altro intende quanto da altri gli e mostro; il terzo non intende né per se stesso ne per demostrazione d'altri.

MACHIAVELLI.

ther understands of itself, nor what is shewn it by others. In our times there are more perhaps who belong to the third class from vanity and acquired frivolity of mind, than from natural incapacity. It is no uncommon foible with those who are honoured with the acquaintance of the great, to attribute national events to particular persons, particular measures, to the errors of one man, to the intrigues of another, to any possible spark of a particular occasion, rather than to the true proximate cause, (and which alone deserves the name of a cause) the predominant state of public opinion. And still less are they inclined to refer the latter to the ascendancy of speculative principles, and the scheme or mode of thinking in vogue. I have known men, who with significant nods and the pitying contempt of smiles, have denied all influence to the corruptions of moral and political philosophy, and with much solemnity have proceeded to solve the riddle of the French Revolution by ANECDOTES! Yet it would not be difficult, by an unbroken chain of historic facts, to demonstrate that the most important changes in the commercial relations of the world had their origin in the closets or lonely walks of uninterested theorists;—that the mighty epochs of commerce, that have changed

the face of empires; nay, the most important of those discoveries and improvements in the mechanic arts, which have numerically increased our population beyond what the wisest statesmen of Elizabeth's reign deemed possible, and again doubled this population virtually; the most important, I say, of those inventions that in their results

——— best uphold
War by her two main nerves, iron and gold;

had their origin not in the cabinets of statesmen, or in the practical insight of men of business, but in the closets of uninterested theorists, in the visions of recluse genius. To the immense majority of men, even in civilized countries, speculative philosophy has ever been, and must ever remain, a terra incognita. Yet it is not the less true, that all the *epoch-forming* Revolutions of the Christian world, the revolutions of religion and with them the civil, social, and domestic habits of the nations concerned, have coincided with the rise and fall of metaphysical systems. So few are the minds that really govern the machine of society, and so incomparably more numerous and more important are the indirect consequences of things than their foreseen and direct effects.

It is with nations as with individuals. In tranquil moods and peaceable times we are quite *practical.* Facts only and cool common sense are then in fashion. But let the winds of passion swell, and straitway men begin to generalize; to connect by remotest analogies; to express the most universal positions of reason in the most glowing figures of fancy; in short, to feel particular truths and mere facts, as poor, cold, narrow, and incommensurate with their feelings.

The Apostle of the Gentiles quoted from a Greek comic poet. Let it not then be condemned as unseasonable or out of place, if I remind you that in the intuitive knowledge of this truth, and with his wonted fidelity to nature, our own great poet has placed the greater number of his profoundest maxims and general truths, both political and moral, not in the mouths of men at ease, but of men under the influence of passion, when the mighty thoughts overmaster and become the tyrants of the mind that has brought them forth. In his Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, principles of deepest insight and widest interest fly off like sparks from the glowing iron under the loud anvil. It seems a paradox only to the unthinking, and it is a fact that

none, but the unread in history, will deny, that in periods of popular tumult and innovation the more abstract a notion is, the more readily has it been found to combine, the closer has appeared its affinity, with the feelings of a people and with all their immediate impulses to action. At the commencement of the French revolution, in the remotest villages every tongue was employed in echoing and enforcing the almost geometrical abstractions of the physiocratic politicians and economists. The public roads were crowded with armed enthusiasts disputing on the inalienable sovereignty of the people, the imprescriptible laws of the pure reason, and the universal constitution, which, as rising out of the nature and rights of man as man, all nations alike were under the obligation of adopting. Turn over the fugitive writings, that are still extant, of the age of Luther; peruse the pamphlets and loose sheets that came out in flights during the reign of Charles the First and the Republic; and you will find in these one continued comment on the aphorism of Lord Chancellor Bacon (a man assuredly sufficiently acquainted with the extent of secret and personal influence) that the knowledge of the speculative principles of men in general

between the age of twenty and thirty, is the one great source of political prophecy. And Sir Philip Sidney regarded the adoption of one set of principles in the Netherlands, as a proof of the divine agency and the fountain of all the events and successes of that revolution.

A calm and detailed examination of the facts justifies me to my own mind in hazarding the bold assertion, that the fearful blunders of the late dread revolution, and all the calamitous mistakes of its opponents from its commencement even to the æra of loftier principles and wiser measures (an æra, that began with, and ought to be named from, the war of the Spanish and Portuguese insurgents) every failure with all its gloomy results may be unanswerably deduced from the neglect of some maxim or other that had been established by clear reasoning and plain facts in the writings of Thucydides, Tacitus, Machiavel, Bacon, or Harrington. These are red-letter names even in the almanacks of worldly wisdom: and yet I dare challenge all the critical benches of infidelity to point out any one important truth, any one efficient, practical direction or warning, which did not pre-exist, and for the most part in a sounder,

more intelligible, and more comprehensive form in the Bible.

In addition to this, the Hebrew legislator, and the other inspired poets, prophets, historians and moralists of the Jewish church have two immense advantages in their favor. First, their particular rules and prescripts flow directly and visibly from universal principles, as from a fountain: they flow from principles and ideas that are not so properly said to be confirmed by reason as to be reason itself! Principles, in act and procession, disjoined from which, and from the emotions that inevitably accompany the actual intuition of their truth, the widest maxims of prudence are like arms without hearts, muscles without nerves. Secondly, from the very nature of these principles, as taught in the Bible, they are understood in exact proportion as they are believed and felt. The regulator is never separated from the main spring. For the words of the apostle are literally and philosophically true: WE (that is, the human race) LIVE BY FAITH. Whatever we do or know, that in kind is different from the brute creation, has its origin in a determination of the reason to have faith and trust in itself. This, its first act of faith is scarcely less than identical

with its own being. *Implicitè*, it is the COPULA—it contains the *possibility*—of every position, to which there exists any correspondence in reality. It is itself, therefore, the realizing principle, the spiritual substratum of the whole complex body of truths. This primal act of faith is enunciated in the word, GOD: a faith not derived from experience, but its ground and source, and without which the fleeting *chaos of facts* would no more form experience, than the dust of the grave can of itself make a living man. The imperative and oracular form of the inspired Scripture is the form of reason itself in all things purely rational and moral.

If it be the word of Divine Wisdom, we might anticipate that it would in all things be distinguished from other books, as the Supreme Reason, whose knowledge is creative, and antecedent to the things known, is distinguished from the understanding, or creaturely mind of the individual, the acts of which are posterior to the things, it records and arranges. Man alone was created in the image of God: a position groundless and inexplicable, if the reason in man do not differ from the understanding. For this the inferior animals, (many at least) possess *in degree*: and assuredly

the divine image or idea is not a thing of degrees.

Hence it follows that what is *expressed* in the inspired writings, is *implied* in all absolute science. The latter whispers what the former utter as with the voice of a trumpet. As SURE AS GOD LIVETH, is the pledge and assurance of every positive truth, that is asserted by the reason. The human understanding *musing on* many things, snatches at truth, but is frustrated and disheartened by the fluctuating nature of its objects;† its conclusions therefore are timid and uncertain, and it hath no way of giving permanence to things but by reducing them to abstractions: hardly (saith the author of the Wisdom of Solomon, of whose words the preceding sentence is a paraphrase) hardly do we guess aright at things that are upon earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us; but all certain knowlege is in the power of God, and

† Ποταμῷ γὰρ οὐκ ἔστι δὶς ἐμβῆναι τῷ αὐτῷ καθ' Ἡράκλειτον, οὔτε θνητῆς οὐσίας δὶς ἅψασθαι κατὰ ἕξιν· ἀλλὰ ὀξύτητι καὶ τάχει τῆς μεταβολῆς σκίδνησι καὶ πάλιν συνάγει, μᾶλλον δὲ οὐδὲ πάλιν οὐδὲ ὕστερον ἀλλ' ἅμα συνίσταται καὶ ἀπολείπει, καὶ πρόσεισι καὶ ἄπεισι· ὅθεν οὐδ' εἰς τὸ εἶναι περαίνει τὸ γιγνόμενον αὐτῆς τῷ μηδέποτε λήγειν μηδ' ἱστᾶσθαι τὴν γένεσιν.

PLUTARCH. *Edit. Hull. cap.* XVIII. *Vol. p.* IX. 239.

a presence from above. So only have the ways of men been reformed, and every doctrine that contains a *saving* truth, and all acts pleasing to God (in other words, all actions consonant with human nature, in its original intention) are through WISDOM: that is, the *rational* spirit of man.

This then is the prerogative of the Bible; this is the privilege of its believing students. With them the principle of knowledge is likewise a spring and principle of action. And as it is the only *certain* knowledge, so are the actions that flow with it the only ones on which a secure reliance can be placed. The understanding may suggest motives, may avail itself of motives, and make judicious conjectures respecting the probable consequences of actions. But the knowledge taught in the Scriptures *produces* the motives, *involves* the consequences; and its highest formula is still: AS SURE AS GOD LIVETH, so will it be unto thee! Strange as this position will appear to such as forget that motives can be causes only in a secondary and improper sense, inasmuch as the man makes the motive, not the motives the man; and that the same thought shall be a motive to one man and no motive to his neighbour; (a sufficient proof that the motives

themselves are effects, the principle of which, good or evil, lies far deeper)—matter for scorn and insult though this position will furnish to those, who think (or try to think) every man *out of his senses* who has not lost his reason (or alienated it by wilful sophistry, demanding reasons for reason itself) yet all history bears evidence to its truth. The sense of expediency, the cautious balancing of comparative advantages, the constant wakefulness to the Cui bono?—in connection with the Quid mihi?—all these are in their places in the routine of conduct, by which the individual provides for himself the real or supposed wants of to-day and to-morrow: and in quiet times and prosperous circumstances a nation presents an aggregate of such individuals, a busy ant-hill in calm and sunshine. By the happy organization of a well-governed society the contradictory interests of ten millions of such individuals may neutralize each other, and be reconciled in the unity of the national interest. But whence did this happy organization first come?—Was it a tree transplanted from Paradise, with all its branches in full fruitage?—Or was it sowed in sun-shine?—Was it in vernal breezes and

gentle rains that it fixed its roots, and grew and strengthened?—Let History answer these questions!—With blood was it planted—it was rocked in tempests—the goat, the ass, and the stag gnawed it—the wild boar has whetted his tusks on its bark. The deep scars are still extant on its trunk, and the path of the lightning may be traced among its higher branches. And even after its full growth, in the season of its strength, 'when its height reached to the heaven, and the sight thereof to all the earth,' the whirlwind has more than once forced its stately top to to touch the ground: it has been bent like a bow, and sprang back like a shaft. Mightier powers were at work than Expediency ever yet called up!—yea, mightier than the mere Understanding can comprehend! One confirmation of the latter assertion you may find in the history of our country, written by the same Scotch philosopher, who devoted his life to the undermining of the Christian religion; and expended his last breath in a blasphemous regret that he had not survived it!—by the same heartless sophist who, in this island, was the main pioneer of that atheistic philosophy, which in France transvenomed the

natural thirst of truth into the hydrophobia of a wild and homeless scepticism; the Elias of that Spirit of Anti-christ, which

> ——— still promising
> Freedom, itself too sensual to be free,
> Poisons life's amities and cheats the soul
> Of faith, and quiet hope and all that lifts
> And all that soothes the spirit!

This inadequacy of the mere understanding to the apprehension of moral greatness we may trace in this historian's cool systematic attempt to steal away every feeling of reverence for every great name by a scheme of *motives*, in which as often as possible the efforts and enterprizes of heroic spirits are attributed to this or that paltry view of the most despicable selfishness. But in the majority of instances this would have been too palpably false and slanderous: and therefore the founders and martyrs of our church and constitution, of our civil and religious liberty, are represented as fanatics and bewildered enthusiasts. But histories incomparably more authentic than Mr. Hume's, (nay, spite of himself even his own history) confirm by irrefragable evidence the aphorism of ancient wisdom, that nothing great was ever atchieved without enthusiasm. For what is enthusiasm but the oblivion and

swallowing-up of self in an object dearer than self, or in an idea more vivid?—How this is produced in the enthusiasm of wickedness, I have explained in the third Comment annexed to this Discourse. But in the genuine enthusiasm of morals, religion, and patriotism, this enlargement and elevation of the soul above its mere self attest the presence, and accompany the intuition of ultimate PRINCIPLES alone. These alone can interest the undegraded human spirit deeply and enduringly, because these alone belong to its essence, and will remain with it permanently.

Notions, the depthless abstractions of fleeting phenomena, the shadows of sailing vapors, the colorless repetitions of rain-bows, have effected their utmost when they have added to the *distinctness* of our knowledge. For this very cause they are of themselves adverse to lofty emotion, and it requires the influence of a light and warmth, not their own, to make them chrystallize into a semblance of growth. But every principle is actualized by an idea; and every idea is living, productive, partaketh of infinity, and (as Bacon has sublimely observed) containeth an endless power of semination. Hence it is, that science, which consists wholly in ideas

and principles, is power. Scientia et potentia (saith the same philosopher) in idem coincident. Hence too it is, that notions, linked arguments, reference to particular facts and calculations of prudence, influence only the comparatively few, the men of leisurely minds who have been trained up to them: and even these few they influence but faintly. But for the reverse, I appeal to the general character of the doctrines which have collected the most numerous sects, and acted upon the moral being of the converts with a force that might well seem supernatural! The great PRINCIPLES of our religion, the sublime IDEAS spoken out everywhere in the Old and New Testament, resemble the fixed stars, which appear of the same size to the naked as to the armed eye; the magnitude of which the telescope may rather seem to diminish than to increase. At the annunciation of *principles*, of *ideas*, the soul of man awakes, and starts up, as an exile in a far distant land at the unexpected sounds of his native language, when after long years of absence, and almost of oblivion, he is suddenly addressed in his own mother-tongue. He weeps for joy, and embraces the speaker as his brother. How else can we explain the fact so honorable to Great Britain, that the

poorest* amongst us will contend with as much enthusiasm as the richest for the rights of property? These rights are the spheres and necessary conditions of free agency. But free agency contains the idea of the free will; and in this he intuitively knows the sublimity, and the infinite hopes, fears, and capabilities of his own nature. On what other ground but the cognateness of ideas and principles to man as man, does the nameless soldier rush to the combat in defence of the liberties or the honor of his country?—Even men wofully neglectful of the precepts of religion will shed their blood for its truth.

Alas!—the main hindrance to the use of the Scriptures, as your Manual, lies in the notion that you are already acquainted with its contents. Something *new* must be presented to you, wholly new and wholly out of yourselves; for whatever is within us must be as old as the first dawn of human reason. Truths of all others the most awful and

* The reader will remember the anecdote told with so much humour in Goldsmith's Essay. But this is not the first instance where the mind in its hour of meditation finds matter of admiration and elevating thought, in circumstances that in a different mood had excited its mirth.

mysterious and at the same time of universal interest; are considered as so true as to lose all the powers of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side, with the most despised and exploded errors. But it should not be so with you! The pride of education, the sense of consistency should preclude the objection: for would you not be ashamed to apply it to the works of Tacitus, or of Shakespear? Above all, the rank which you hold, the influence you possess, the powers you may be called to wield, give a special unfitness to this frivolous craving for novelty. To find no contradiction in the union of old and new, to contemplate the ANCIENT OF DAYS, his words and his works, with a feeling as fresh as if they were now first springing forth at his fiat—this characterizes the minds that feel the riddle of the world and may help to unravel it! This, most of all things, will raise you above the mass of mankind, and therefore will best entitle and qualify you to guide and controul them! You say, you are already familiar with the Scriptures. With the *words*, perhaps, but in any other sense you might as wisely boast of your familiar acquaintance

with the rays of the sun, and under that pretence turn away your eyes from the light of Heaven.

Or would you wish for authorities?—for great examples?—You may find them in the writings of Thuanus, of Lord Clarendon, of Sir Thomas More, of Raleigh; and in the life and letters of the heroic Gustavus Adolphus. But these, though eminent statesmen were christians, and might lie under the thraldom of habit and prejudice. I will refer you then to authorities of two great men, both pagans; but removed from each other by many centuries, and not more distant in their ages than in their characters and situations. The first shall be that of Heraclitus, the sad and recluse philosopher. Πολυμαθίη νοον ου διδασκει· Σίβυλλα δὲ μαινομένῳ στοματι ἀγέλαστα καὶ ἀκαλλώπιστα καὶ ἀμύριστα φθεγγομένη χιλίων ἐτῶν ἐξικνεῖται τῇ φωνῇ διὰ τὸν θεόν.* Shall we hesitate to apply to the prophets of God, what could be affirmed

* TRANSLATION.—Multiscience (or a variety and quantity of acquired knowledge) does not teach intelligence. But the SIBYLL with wild enthusiastic mouth shrilling forth unmirthful, inornate, and unperfumed truths reaches to a thousand years with her voice through the power of God.

of the Sibylls by a philosopher whom Socrates, the prince of philosophers, venerated for the profundity of his wisdom?

For the other, I will refer you to the darling of the polished court of Augustus, to the man whose works have been in all ages deemed the models of good sense, and are still the pocket companions of those who pride themselves on uniting the scholar with the gentleman. This accomplished man of the world has given an account of the subjects of conversation between the illustrious statesmen who governed, and the brightest luminaries who then adorned, the empire of the civilized world:

Sermo oritur non de villis domibusve alienis
Nec, male, nec ne lepus saltet. Sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus: utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati?
Et quo sit natura boni? summumque quid eius? *
Horat. Sermon, L. II. Sat. 6. v. 71.

* TRANSLATION.—Conversation arises not concerning the country seats or families of strangers in a neighbourhood, or whether the dancing hare performed well or ill. But we discuss what more nearly concerns us, and which it is an evil not to know: whether men are made happy by wealth or by virtue? In what consists the nature of good? And what is the supreme good and to be our ultimate aim?

Berkeley indeed asserts, and is supported in his assertion by the great statesmen, Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh, that without an habitual interest in these subjects a man may be a dextrous intriguer, but never can be a statesman. (The FRIEND, No. 5.)

But do you require some one or more particular passage from the Bible, that may at once illustrate and exemplify its applicability to the changes and fortunes of empires? Of the numerous chapters that relate to the Jewish tribes, their enemies and allies, before and after their division into two kingdoms, it would be more difficult to state a single one, from which some guiding light might *not* be struck. And in nothing is Scriptural history more strongly contrasted with the histories of highest note in the present age, than in its freedom from the hollowness of abstractions. While the latter present a shadow-fight of Things and Quantities, the former gives us the history of Men, and balances the important influence of individual Minds with the previous state of the national morals and manners, in which, as constituting a specific susceptibility, it presents to us the true cause both of the Influence itself, and of the Weal or Woe that were its Consequents.

How should it be otherwise? The histories and political economy of the present and preceding century partake in the general contagion of its mechanic philosophy, and are the *product* of an unenlivened generalizing Understanding. In the Scriptures they are the living *educts* of the Imagination; of that reconciling and mediatory power, which incorporating the Reason in Images of the Sense, and organizing (as it were) the flux of the Senses by the permanence and self-circling energies of the Reason, gives birth to a system of symbols, harmonious in themselves, and consubstansial with the truths, of which they are the *conductors*. These are the Wheels which Ezekiel beheld, when the hand of the Lord was upon him, and he saw visions of God as he sate among the captives by the river of Chebar. *Whithersoever the Spirit was to go, the wheels went, and thither was their spirit to go: for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels also.* The truths and the symbols that represent them move in conjunction and form the living chariot that bears up (for *us*) the throne of the Divine Humanity. Hence, by a derivative, indeed, but not a divided, influence, and though in a secondary yet in more than a metaphorical sense, the Sacred Book

is worthily intitled *the* WORD OF GOD. Hence too, its contents present to us the stream of time continuous as Life and a symbol of Eternity, inasmuch as the Past and the Future are virtually contained in the Present. According therefore to our relative position on its banks the Sacred History becomes prophetic, the Sacred Prophecies historical, while the power and substance of both inhere in its Laws, its Promises, and its Comminations. In the Scriptures therefore both Facts and Persons must of necessity have a two-fold significance, a past and a future, a temporary and a perpetual, a particular and a universal application. They must be at once Portraits and Ideals.

Eheu! paupertina philosophia in paupertinam religionem ducit:—A hunger-bitten and idea-less philosophy naturally produces a starveling and comfortless religion. It is among the miseries of the present age that it recognizes no medium between *Literal* and *Metaphorical*. Faith is either to be buried in the dead letter, or its name and honors usurped by a counterfeit product of the mechanical understanding, which in the blindness of self-complacency confounds SYMBOLS with ALLEGORIES. Now an Allegory is but a translation of abstract notions into a picture-

language which is itself nothing but an abstraction from objects of the senses; the principal being more worthless even than its phantom proxy, both alike unsubstantial, and the former shapeless to boot. On the other hand a Symbol (ὁ ἔστιν ἀεὶ ταυτηγόρικον) is characterized by a translucence of the Special in the Individual or of the General in the Especial or of the Universal in the General. Above all by the translucence of the Eternal through and in the Temporal. It always partakes of the Reality which it renders intelligible; and while it enunciates the whole, abides itself as a living part in that Unity, of which it is the representative. The other are but empty echoes which the fancy arbitrarily associates with apparitions of matter, less beautiful, but not less shadowy than the sloping orchard or hill-side pasture-field seen in the transparent lake below. Alas! for the flocks that are to be led forth to such pastures! "*It shall even be as when the hungry dreameth, and behold! he eateth; but he waketh and his soul is empty: or as when the thirsty dreameth, and behold he drinketh; but he awaketh and is faint!*" (ISAIAH XXIX. 8.) O! that we would seek for the bread which was given from heaven, that we should eat thereof and

be strengthened! O that we would draw at the well at which the flocks of our forefathers had living water drawn for them, even that water which, instead of mocking the thirst of him to whom it is given, becomes a well within himself springing up to life everlasting!

When we reflect how large a part of our present knowledge and civilization is owing, directly or indirectly, to the Bible; when we are compelled to admit, as a fact of history, that the Bible has been the main Lever by which the moral and intellectual character of Europe has been raised to its present comparative height; we should be struck, me thinks, by the marked and prominent difference of this Book from the works which it is now the fashion to quote as guides and authorities in morals, politics and history. I will point out a few of the excellencies by which the one is distinguished, and shall leave it to your own judgment and recollection to perceive and apply the contrast to the productions of highest name in these latter days. In the Bible every agent appears and acts as a self-subsisting individual: each has a life of its own, and yet all are one life. The elements of necessity and free-will are reconciled

in the higher power of an omnipresent Providence, that predestinates the whole in the moral freedom of the integral parts. Of this the Bible never suffers us to lose sight. The root is never detached from the ground. It is God everywhere: and all creatures conform to his decrees, the righteous by performance of the law, the disobedient by the sufferance of the penalty.

Suffer me to inform or remind you, that there is a threefold Necessity. There is a logical, and there is a mathematical, necessity; but the latter is always hypothetical, and both subsist *formally* only, not in any real object. Only by the intuition and immediate spiritual consciousness of the idea of God, as the One and Absolute, at once the Ground and the Cause, who alone containeth in himself the ground of his own nature, and therein of *all* natures, do we arrive at the third, which alone is a real *objective*, necessity. Here the immediate consciousness decides: the idea is its own evidence, and is insusceptible of all other. It is necessarily groundless and indemonstrable; because it is itself the ground of all possible demonstration. The Reason hath faith in itself, in its own revelations. Ο ΛΟΓΟΣ ΕΦΗ. IPSE DIXIT! So

it is: for it is so! All the necessity of causal relations (which the mere understanding reduces, and must reduce to co-existence and regular succession* in the objects of which they are predicated, and to habit and association in the mind predicating) depends on, or rather inheres in, the idea of the Omnipresent and Absolute: for this it is, in which the Possible is one and the same with the Real and the Necessary. Herein the Bible differs from all the books of Greek philosophy; and in a two-fold manner. It doth not affirm a Divine Nature only, but a God: and not a God only, but the living God. Hence in the Scriptures alone is the *Jus divinum*, or direct Relation of the State and its Magistracy to the Supreme Being, taught as a vital and indispensable part of all moral and of all political wisdom, even as the Jewish alone was a true theocracy.

But I refer to the demand. Were it my object to touch on the present state of public affairs in this kingdom, or on the prospective measures in agitation respecting our sister

* See Hume's Essays. The sophist evades, as Cicero long ago remarked, the better half of the predicament, which is not "præire" but "*efficienter* præire."

island, I would direct your most serious meditations to the latter period of the reign of Solomon, and to the revolutions in the reign of Rehoboam, his successor. But I should tread on glowing embers. I will turn to a subject on which all men of reflection are at length in agreement—the causes of the revolution and fearful chastisement of France. We have learned to trace them back to the rising importance of the commercial and manufacturing class, and its incompatibility with the old feudal privileges and prescriptions; to the spirit of sensuality and ostentation, which from the court had spread through all the towns and cities of the empire; to the predominance of a presumptuous and irreligious philosophy; to the extreme over-rating of the knowledge and power given by the improvements of the arts and sciences, especially those of astronomy, mechanics, and a wonder-working chemistry; to an assumption of prophetic power, and the general conceit that states and governments might be and ought to be constructed as machines, every movement of which might be foreseen and taken into previous calculation; to the consequent multitude of plans and constitutions, of planners and constitution-makers, and the remorseless

arrogance with which the authors and proselytes of every new proposal were ready to realize it, be the cost what it might in the established rights, or even in the lives, of men; in short, to restlessness, presumption, sensual indulgence, and the idolatrous reliance on false philosophy in the whole domestic, social, and political life of the stirring and effective part of the community: these all acting, at once and together, on a mass of materials supplied by the unfeeling extravagance and oppressions of the government, which 'shewed no mercy, and very heavily laid its yoke.'

Turn then to the chapter from which the last words were cited, and read the following seven verses; and I am deceived if you will not be compelled to admit, that the Prophet Isaiah revealed the true philosophy of the French revolution more than two thousand years before it became a sad irrevocable truth of history. 'And thou saidst, I shall be a lady for ever: so that thou didst not lay these things to thy heart, neither didst remember the latter end of it. Therefore, hear now this, thou that art given to pleasures, that dwellest carelessly, that sayest in thine heart, I am, and none else besides me! I shall not sit as a widow, neither shall I know the

loss of children. But these two things shall come to thee in a moment, in one day; the loss of children, and widowhood; they shall come upon thee in their perfection, for the multitude of thy sorceries, and for the abundance of thine inchantments. For thou hast trusted in thy wickedness; thou hast said, there is no overseer. Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, it hath perverted thee; and thou hast said in thine heart, I am, and none else besides me. Therefore shall evil come upon thee, thou shalt not know* from whence it riseth: and mischief shall fall upon thee, thou shalt not be able to put it off; and

* The Reader will scarcely fail to find in this verse a remembrancer of the sudden setting-in of the frost, a fortnight before the usual time (in a country too, where the commencement of its two seasons is in general scarcely less regular than that of the wet and dry seasons between the tropics) which caused, and the desolation which accompanied, the flight from Moscow. The Russians baffled the *physical* forces of the imperial Jacobin, because they were inaccessible to his *imaginary* forces. The faith in St. Nicholas kept off at safe distance the more pernicious superstition of the Destinies of Napoleon the Great. The English in the Peninsula overcame the real, because they *set at defiance*, and had heard only to despise, the imaginary powers of the irresistible Emperor. Thank heaven, the heart of the country was sound at the *core*.

desolation shall come upon thee suddenly, which thou shalt not know. Stand now with thine enchantments, and with the multitude of thy sorceries, wherein thou hast laboured from thy youth; if so be thou shalt be able to profit, if so be thou mayest prevail. Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels: let now the astrologers, the stargazers, the monthly prognosticators stand up, and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee.'

There is a grace that would enable us to take up vipers, and the evil thing shall not hurt us: a spiritual alchemy which can transmute poisons into a panacæa. We are counselled by our Lord himself to make unto ourselves friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness: and in this age of sharp contrasts and grotesque combinations it would be a wise method of sympathizing with the tone and spirit of the Times, if we elevated even our daily newspapers and political journals into COMMENTS ON THE BIBLE.

When I named this Essay a Sermon, I sought to prepare the inquirers after it for the absence of all the usual softenings suggested by worldly prudence, of all compro-

mise between truth and courtesy. But not even as a Sermon would I have addressed the present Discourse to a promiscuous audience; and for this reason I likewise announced it in the title-page, as exclusively *ad clerum*; i. e. (in the old and wide sense of the word) to men of *clerkly* acquirements, of whatever profession. I would that the greater part of our publications could be thus *directed*, each to its appropriate class of Readers. But this cannot be! For among other odd burs and kecksies, the misgrowth of our luxuriant activity, we have now a READING PUBLIC *—

* Some participle passive in the diminutive form, ERUDITULORUM NATIO for instance, might seem at first sight a fuller and more exact designation; but the superior force and humor of the former become evident whenever the phrase occurs as a step or stair in a *climax* of irony. By way of example take the following sentences, transcribed from a work *demonstrating* that the New Testament was intended exclusively for the primitive converts from Judaism, was accomodated to their prejudices, and is of no authority, as a rule of faith, for Christians in general. "The READING PUBLIC in this ENLIGHTENED AGE, and THINKING NATION, by its favorable reception of LIBERAL IDEAS, has long demonstrated the benign influence of that PROFOUND PHILOSOPHY which has already emancipated us from so many absurd prejudices held in superstitious awe by our deluded forefathers. But the *Dark Age* yielded at length to the dawning light of Reason and Common-Sense at the glorious, though imperfect, Revolution. THE PEOPLE can be no longer duped or scared out of their *imprescriptible and inalienable* RIGHT to judge and decide for themselves on all im-

as strange a phrase, methinks, as ever forced a splenetic smile on the staid countenance of Meditation; and yet no fiction! For our

portant questions of Government and Religion. The *scholastic jargon* of jarring articles and metaphysical creeds may continue for a time to deform our Church-establishment; and like the grotesque figures in the nitches of our old gothic cathedrals may serve to remind the nation of its former barbarism; but the *universal suffrage* of a FREE AND ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC," &c. &c.!

Among the Revolutions worthy of notice, the change in the nature of the introductory sentences and prefatory matter in serious Books is not the least striking. The same gross flattery which disgusts us in the dedications to individuals in the elder writers, is now transferred to the Nation at large, or the READING PUBLIC: while the Jeremiads of our old Moralists, and their angry denunciations concerning the ignorance, immorality, and irreligion of the *People*, appear (mutatis mutandis, and with an appeal to the worst passions, envy, discontent, scorn, vindictiveness, &c.) in the shape of bitter libels on Ministers, Parliament, the Clergy: in short, on the State and Church, and all persons employed in them. Likewise, I would point out to the Reader's attention the marvellous predominance at present of the *words*, Idea and Demonstration. Every talker now a days has an *Idea;* aye, and he will demonstrate it too! A few days ago, I heard one of the READING PUBLIC, a thinking and independant smuggler, *euphonize* the latter word with much significance, in a tirade against the planners of the late African expedition:—"*As to Algiers, any man that has half an* IDEA *in his skull, must know, that it has been long ago dey-monstered, I should say*, dey-monstrified, &c." But, the phrase, which occasioned this note, brings to my mind the mistake of a lethargic Dutch traveller, who returning highly gratified from a showman's caravan, which he had been tempted to enter by the words, THE LEARNED PIG, gilt on the pannels, met another caravan of a similar shape, with THE READING FLY on it, in

Readers have, in good truth, multiplied exceedingly, and have waxed proud. It would require the intrepid accuracy of a Colquhoun to venture at the precise number of that vast company only, whose heads and hearts are dieted at the two public *ordinaries* of Literature, the circulating libraries and the periodical press. But what is the result? Does the inward man thrive on this regimen? Alas! if the average health of the consumers may be judged of by the articles of largest consumption; if the secretions may be conjectured from the ingredients of the dishes that are found best suited to their palates; from all that I have seen, either of the banquet or the guests, I shall utter my *Profaccia* with a desponding sigh. From a popular philosophy and a philosophic populace, Good Sense deliver us!

letters of the same size and splendour. "Why, dis is voonders above voonders!" exclaims the Dutchman, takes his seat as first comer, and soon fatigued by waiting, and by the very hush and intensity of his expectation, gives way to his constitutional somnulence, from which he is roused by the supposed showman at Hounslow, with a "*In what name, Sir! was your place taken? Are you booked all the way for Reading?*—Now a Reading Public is (to my mind) more marvellous still, and in the third tier of "Voonders above Voonders."

At present, however, I am to imagine for myself a very different audience. I appeal exclusively to men, from whose station and opportunities I may dare anticipate a respectable portion of that "*sound book learnedness*," into which our old public schools still continue to initiate their pupils. I appeal to men in whom I may hope to find, if not philosophy, yet occasional impulses at least to philosophic thought. And here, as far as my own experience extends, I can announce one favorable symptom. The notion of our measureless superiority in good sense to our ancestors, so general at the commencement of the French Revolution, and for some years before it, is out of fashion. We hear, at least, less of the jargon of this *enlightened age*. After fatiguing itself, as performer or spectator in the giddy figure-dance of political changes, Europe has seen the shallow foundations of its self-complacent faith give way; and among men of influence and property, we have now more reason to apprehend the stupor of despondence, than the extravagancies of hope, unsustained by experience, or of self-confidence not bottomed on principle.

In this rank of life the danger lies, not in any tendency to innovation, but in the choice

of the means for preventing it. And here my apprehensions point to two opposite errors; each of which deserves a separate notice. The first consists in a disposition to think, that as the Peace of Nations has been disturbed by the diffusion of a false light, it may be re-established by excluding the people from all knowledge and all prospect of amelioration. O! never, never! Reflection and stirrings of mind, with all their restlessness, and all the errors that result from their imperfection, from the *Too much*, because *Too little*, are come into the world. The Powers, that awaken and foster the spirit of curiosity, are to be found in every village: Books are in every hovel. The Infant's cries are hushed with *picture*-books: and the Cottager's child sheds his first bitter tears over pages, which render it impossible for the man to be treated or governed as a child. Here as in so many other cases, the inconveniences that have arisen from a things' having become too general, are best removed by making it universal.

The other and contrary mistake proceeds from the assumption, that a national education will have been realized whenever the People at large have been taught to read and write.

Now among the many means to the desired end, this is doubtless one, and not the least important. But neither is it the most so. Much less can it be held to *constitute* Education, which consists in *educing* the faculties, and forming the habits; the means varying according to the sphere in which the individuals to be educated are likely to act and become useful. I do not hesitate to declare, that whether I consider the nature of the discipline adopted,* or the plan of poisoning the children of the poor with a sort of *potential* infidelity under the "*liberal idea*" of teaching those points only of religious faith, in which all denominations agree, I cannot but denounce the so called Lancastrian schools as pernicious beyond all power of compensation by the new acquirement of Reading and Writing. —But take even Dr. Bell's original and unsophisticated plan, which I myself regard as an especial gift of Providence to the *human*

* See Mr. Southey's Tract on the New or Madras system of Education: especially toward to the conclusion, where with exquisite humor as well as with his usual poignancy of wit he has detailed Joseph Lancaster's disciplinarian Inventions. But even in the schools, that used to be called Lancastrian, these are, I believe, discontinued. The true perfection of discipline in a school is—The maximum of watchfulness with the minimum of punishment.

race; and suppose this incomparable machine, this vast moral steam-engine to have been adopted and in free motion throughout the Empire; it would yet appear to me a most dangerous delusion to rely on it as if this of itself formed an efficient national education. We cannot, I repeat, honor the scheme too highly as a prominent and necessary part of the great process; but it will neither supersede nor can it be substituted for sundry other measures, that are at least equally important. And these are such measures too, as unfortunately involve the necessity of sacrifices on the side of the rich and powerful more costly, and far more difficult than the yearly subscription of a few pounds! such measures as demand more self-denial than the expenditure of time in a committee or of eloquence in a public meeting.

Nay, let Dr. Bell's philanthropic end have been realized, and the proposed medium of learning universal: yet convinced of its insufficiency to stem up against the strong currents *set in* from an opposite point, I dare not assure myself, that it may not be driven backward by them and become confluent with the evils, it was intended to preclude.

What other measures I had in contem-

plation, it has been my endeavour to explain elsewhere. But I am greatly deceived, if one preliminary to an efficient education of the laboring classes be not the recurrence to a more manly discipline of the intellect on the part of the learned themselves, in short a thorough re-casting of the moulds, in which the minds of our Gentry, the characters of our future Land-owners, Magistrates and Senators, are to receive their shape and fashion. O what treasures of practical wisdom would be once more brought into open day by the solution of this problem! Suffice it for the present to hint the master-thought. *The first man, on whom the Light of an* IDEA *dawned, did in that same moment receive the spirit and the credentials of a Law-giver:* and as long as man shall exist, so long will the possession of that antecedent knowledge (the maker and master of all profitable Experience) which exists only in the power of an *Idea*, be the one lawful qualification of all Dominion in the world of the senses. Without this, Experience itself is but a cyclops walking backwards, under the fascination of the Past: and we are indebted to a lucky coincidence of outward circumstances and contingencies, least of all things to be calculated on in times

like the present, if this one-eyed Experience does not seduce its worshipper into practical anachronisms.

But alas! the halls of old philosophy have been so long deserted, that we circle them at shy distance as the haunt of Phantoms and Chimæras. The sacred Grove of Academus is held in like regard with the unfoodful trees in the shadowy world of Maro that had a dream attached to every leaf. The very terms of ancient wisdom are worn out, or (far worse!) stamped on baser metal: *(e)* and whoever should have the hardihood to reproclaim its solemn Truths must commence with a Glossary.

In reviewing the foregoing pages, I am apprehensive that they may be thought to resemble the overflow of an earnest mind rather than an orderly premeditated composition. Yet this imperfection of form will not be altogether uncompensated, if it should be the means of presenting with greater liveliness the feelings and impressions under which they were written. Still less shall I regret this defect if it should induce some future traveller engaged in the like journey to take the same station and to look through the same medium at the one main object which

amid all my discursions I have still held in view. The more, however, doth it behove me not to conclude this address without attempting to recapitulate in as few and as plain words as possible the sum and substance of its contents.

There is a state of mind indispensable for all perusal of the Scriptures to edification, which must be learnt by experience, and can be described only by negatives. It is the direct opposite of that which (supposing a *moral* passage of Scripture to have been cited) would prompt a man to reply, *Who does not know this?* But if the quotation should have been made in sppport of some article of *faith*, this same habit of mind will betray itself, in different individuals, by apparent contraries, which yet are but the two poles, or *Plus* and *Minus* states, of the same influence. The latter, or the *negative* pole may be suspected, as often as you hear a comment on some high and doctrinal text introduced with the words, *It only means so and so!* For instance, I object to a professed *free-thinking* christian the following solemn enunciation of "*the riches of the glory of the mystery hid from ages and from generations*" by the philosophic Apostle of the Gentiles. "*Who* (viz. the

Father) *hath delivered us from the power of darkness and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son: In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins: Who is the image of the invisible God, the first born* of every creature: For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him: And he is before all things, and by him all things consist. And he is the head of the body, the Church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the preeminence. For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell: And, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven.*" What is the reply?—Why, that by these words (very bold and figurative words it must be confessed, yet still) St. Paul *only*

* A mistaken translation. The words should be: Begotten before all creation; and even this does not convey the *full* sense of the superlative, πρωτοτοκος. The present version makes the following words absurd.

meant that the universal and eternal truths of morality and a future state had been reproclaimed by an inspired teacher and confirmed by miracles! The words *only* mean, Sir, that a state of retribution after this life had been proved by the fact of Christ's resurrection—that is all!—But I shall scarcely obtain an answer to certain difficulties involved in this free and liberal interpretation: ex. gr. that with the exception of a handful of rich men considered as little better than infidels, the Jews were as fully persuaded of these truths as Christians in general are at the present day. Moreover that this inspired Teacher had himself declared that if the Jews did not believe on the evidence of Moses and the Prophets, neither would they though a man should rise from the dead.

Of the positive pole, on the other hand, language to the following purport is the usual Exponent. "It is a mystery: and we are bound to believe the words without presuming to enquire into the meaning of them." That is we believe in St. Paul's *veracity*; and that is enough. Yet St. Paul repeatedly presses on his Hearers that thoughtful perusal of the Sacred Writings, and those habits of earnest though humble enquiry which if the heart

only have been previously re-generated would lead them "to a full *assurance* of Understanding εἰς ἐπίγνωσιν, *(to an entire assent of of the mind; to a spiritual intuition, or positive inward knowledge by experience)* of the mystery of God, *and* of the Father, and of Christ, in which (nempe, μυστηρίῳ,) are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

To expose the inconsistency of both these extremes, and by inference to recommend that state of mind, which looks forward to "*the fellowship of the mystery of the faith as a spirit of wisdom and revelation in the* KNOWLEDGE *of God, the eyes of the* UNDERSTANDING *being* enlightened—this formed my GENERAL purpose. Long has it been at my heart! I consider it as the contra-distinguishing principle of Christianity that in it alone πᾶς πλοῦτος τῆς πληροφορίας τῆς Συνέσεως (the Understanding in its utmost power and opulence) *culminates* in Faith, as in its crown of Glory, at once its light and its remuneration. On this most important point I attempted long ago to preclude, if possible, all misconception and misinterpretation of my opinions, though in a work which, from the mode of its publication and other circumstances must be unknown or known but by *name* to the great

majority of my present Readers. Alas! in this time of distress and embarrasment the sentiments have a more especial interest, a more immediate application, than when they were first written. If (I observed) it be a Truth attested alike by common feeling and common sense, that the greater part of human Misery depends directly on human Vices, and the remainder indirectly, by what means can we act on Men, so as to remove or preclude these Vices and purify their principles of moral election? The question is not by what means each man is to alter his own character—in order to this, all the means prescribed, and all the aidances given by religion may be necessary for him. Vain of themselves may be—

> The sayings of the Wise
> In ancient and in modern books inroll'd
> . . . . . .
> Unless he feel within
> Some source of consolation from above,
> Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
> And fainting spirits uphold.
>
> SAMPSON AGONISTES.

This is not the question. Virtue would not be Virtue could it be *given* by one fellow creature to another. To *make use* of all the means and appliances in our power to the ac-

tual attainment of Rectitude, is the abstract of the Duty which we owe to ourselves: To *supply* those means as far as we can, comprizes our Duty to others. The question then is, what are these means? Can they be any other than the communication of Knowledge and the removal of those Evils and Impediments which prevent it's reception? It may not be in our power to combine both, but it is in the power of every man to contribute to the former, who is sufficiently informed to feel that it is his Duty. If it be said, that we should endeavor not so much to remove Ignorance, as to make the Ignorant religious: Religion herself, through her sacred oracles, answers for me, that all effective Faith presupposes Knowledge and individual Conviction. If the mere acquiescence in Truth, uncomprehended and unfathomed, were sufficient, few indeed would be the vicious and the miserable, in this country at least where speculative Infidelity is, Heaven be praised, confined to a small number. Like bodily deformity, there is one instance here and another there; but three in one place are already an undue proportion. It is highly worthy of observation, that the inspired Writings received by Christians are distinguishable from all other books

pretending to Inspiration, from the scriptures of the Bramins, and even from the Koran, in their strong and frequent recommendations of Truth. I do not here mean Veracity, which cannot but be enforced in every Code which appeals to the religious principle of Man; but Knowledge. This is not only extolled as the Crown and Honor of a Man, but to seek after it is again and again commanded us as one of our most sacred Duties. Yea, the very perfection and final bliss of the glorified spirit is represented by the Apostle as a plain aspect, or intuitive beholding of truth in it's eternal and immutable source. Not that Knowledge can of itself do all! The light of religion is not that of the moon, light without heat; but neither is it's warmth that of the stove, warmth without light. Religion is the sun whose warmth indeed swells, and stirs, and actuates the life of nature, but who at the same time beholds all the growth of life with a master-eye, makes all objects glorious on which he looks, and by that glory visible to others. For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he would grant you according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your

hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth and heighth; and to know the love of Christ which passeth all knowledge, that ye might be filled with the fulness of God. For to know God is (by a vital and spiritual act in which to know and to possess are one and indivisible) to acknowledge him as the Infinite Clearness in the Incomprehensible Fulness, and Fulness Incomprehensible with Infinite Clearness.

This then comprizes my first purpose, which is in a two fold sense *general:* for in the *substance*, if not in the form, it belongs to all my countrymen and fellow-christians without distinction of Class, while for its object it embraces the whole of the inspired Scriptures from the recorded first day of Heaven and Earth, e're the light was yet gathered into celestial lamps or reflected from their revolving mirrors, to the predicted Sabbath of the New Creation, when Heaven and Earth shall have become one city with neither "sun nor moon to shine in it: for the glory of God shall lighten it and the Lamb be the light thereof." My second purpose is after the same manner in a two fold sense *specific:* for as this Disqui-

sition is nominally addressed to, so was it for the greater part exclusively intended for, the perusal of THE LEARNED: and its object likewise is to urge men so qualified to apply their powers and attainments to an especial study of the Old Testament as teaching the Elements of Political Science.

Is it asked, in what sense I use these words? I answer: in the same sense as the terms are employed when we refer to Euclid for the Elements of the Science of Geometry, only with one difference arising from the diversity of the subject. With one difference only; but that one how momentous! All other sciences are confined to abstractions, unless when the term Science is used in an improper and flattering sense—Thus we may speak without boast of NATURAL HISTORY; but we have not yet attained to a SCIENCE of Nature. The Bible alone contains a Science of *Realities:* and therefore each of it's Elements is at the same time a living GERM, in which the Present involves the Future, and in the Finite the Infinite exists potentially. That hidden mystery in every, the minutest, form of existence, which contemplated under the relations of time presents itself to the understanding retrospectively, as an infinite ascent of Causes,

and prospectively as an interminable progression of Effects—that which contemplated in Space is beheld intuitively as a law of action and re-action, continuous and extending beyond all bound—this same mystery freed from the phenomena of Time and Space, and seen in the depth of *real* Being, reveals itself to the pure Reason as the actual immanence of ALL in EACH. Are we struck with admiration at beholding the Cope of Heaven imaged in a Dew-drop? The least of the animalcula to which that drop would be an Ocean contains in itself an infinite problem of which God Omni-present is the only solution. The slave of custom is roused by the Rare and the Accidental alone; but the axioms of the Unthinking are to the philosopher the deepest problems as being the nearest to the mysterious ROOT and partaking at once of its darkness and it's pregnancy.

O what a mine of undiscovered treasures, what a new world of Power and Truth would the Bible promise to our future meditation, if in some gracious moment one solitary text of all its inspired contents should but dawn upon us in the pure untroubled brightness of an IDEA, that most glorious birth of the God-like within us, which even as the Light,

its material symbol, reflects itself from a thousand surfaces, and flies homeward to its Parent Mind enriched with a thousand forms, itself above form and still remaining in its own simplicity and identity! O for a flash of that same Light, in which the first position of geometric science that ever loosed itself from the generalizations of a groping and insecure experience, did for the first time reveal itself to a human intellect in all its evidence and all its fruitfulness, Transparence without Vacuum, and Plenitude without Opacity! O that a single gleam of our own inward experience would make comprehensible to us the rapturous EUREKA, and the grateful Hecatomb, of the philosopher of Samos! or that Vision which from the contemplation of an arithmetical harmony rose to the eye of KEPLER, presenting the planetary world, and all their orbits in the divine order of their ranks and distances: or which, in the falling of an Apple, revealed to the ethereal intuition of our own Newton the constructive principle of the material Universe. The promises which I have ventured to hold forth concerning the hidden treasures of the Law and the Prophets will neither be condemned as paradox or as exaggeration, by the mind

that has learnt to understand the possibility, that the reduction of the sands of the Sea to number should be found a less stupendous problem by Archimedes than the simple conception of the Parmenidean ONE. What however is achievable by the human understanding without this light, may be comprised in the epithet, κενοσπεδοι: and a melancholy comment on that phrase would the history of human cabinets and Legislatures for the last thirty years furnish! The excellent Barrow, the last of the disciples of Plato and Archimedes among our modern mathematicians, shall give the description and state the value: and in his words I shall conclude.

Aliud agere, to be impertinently busy, doing that which conduceth to no good purpose is in some respect worse than to do nothing. Of such industry we may understand that of the Preacher, "The labor of the foolish wearieth every one of them."

In the Press,

A SECOND LAY SERMON,

ADDRESSED

TO THE HIGHER AND MIDDLE CLASSES OF SOCIETY,

ON THE

PRESENT DISTRESSES OF THE COUNTRY.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

COMMENTS AND ESSAYS.

(A.)

IN this use of the word "sufficiency," I pre-suppose on the part of the reader or hearer, a humble and docile state of mind, and above all the practice of prayer, as the necessary condition of such a state, and the best if not the only means of becoming *sincere* to our own hearts. Christianity is especially differenced from all other religions by being *grounded* on *facts* which all men alike have the means of ascertaining, the same means, with equal facility, and which no man can ascertain for another. Each person must be herein querist and respondent to himself; Am I sick, and therefore need a physician?—Am I in spiritual slavery, and therefore need a ransomer?—Have I given a pledge, which must be redeemed, and which I cannot redeem by my own resources?—Am I *at one* with God, and is my will concentric with that holy power, which is at once the constitutive will and the supreme

reason of the universe?—If not, must I not be mad if I do not seek, and miserable if I do not discover and embrace, the means of *at-one-ment?* To collect, to weigh, and to appreciate historical proofs and presumptions is *not* equally within the means and opportunities of every man alike. The testimony of books of history is one of the strong and stately *pillars* of the church of Christ; but it is not the *foundation*, nor can it without loss of essential faith be mistaken or substituted for the foundation. There is a sect, which in its scornful pride of antipathy to *mysteries* (that is, to all those doctrines of the pure and intuitive *reason*, which transcend the understanding, and can never be contemplated by it, but through a false and falsifying perspective) affects to condemn all inward and preliminary experience as enthusiastic delusion or fanatical contagion. Historic evidence, on the other hand, these men treat, as the Jews of old treated the brazen serpent, which was the relic and evidence of the miracles worked by Moses in the wilderness. They turned it into an idol: and therefore Hezekiah (who clave to the Lord, and did right in the sight of the Lord, so that after him was none like him, among all the kings of Judah, nor any that were before him), not only 'removed the high places, and brake the images, and cut down the groves;' but likewise brake in pieces the BRAZEN SERPENT that Moses had made: *for the children of Israel did burn incense to it.*

To preclude an error so pernicious, I request that to the wilful neglect of those outward ministrations of the word which all Englishmen have the privilege of attending, the reader will add the setting at nought likewise of those inward means of grace, without which the language of the Scriptures, in the most

faithful translation and in the purest and plainest English, must nevertheless continue to be a dead language: a sun-dial by moonlight.

(B.)

Not without great hesitation should I express a suspicion concerning the genuineness of *any*, the least important passage in the New Testament, unless I could adduce the most conclusive evidence from the earliest manuscripts and commentators, in support of its interpolation: well knowing that such permission has already opened a door to the most fearful license. It is indeed, in its consequences, no less than an assumed right of picking and chusing our religion out of the Scriptures. Most assuredly I would never hazard a suggestion of this kind in any instance in which the retention or the omission of the words could make the slightest difference with regard to fact, miracle, or precept. Still less would I start the question, where the hypothesis of their interpolation could be wrested to the discountenancing of any article of doctrine concerning which dissension existed: no, not though the doubt or disbelief of the doctrine had been confined to those, whose faith few but themselves would honor with the name of Christianity; however reluctant we might be, both from the courtesies of social life and the nobler charities of humility, to withhold from the persons themselves the title of Christians.

But as there is nothing in v. 40 of Matthew, c. xii. which would fall within this general rule, I dare permit myself to propose the query, whether there does not exist internal evidence of its being a gloss of some unlearned, though pious, christian of the first century, which had

slipt into the text? The following are my reasons. 1. It is at all events a comment on the words of our Saviour, and no part of his speech. 2. It interrupts the course and breaks down the jut and application of our Lord's argument, as addressed to men who from their unwillingness to sacrifice their vain traditions, gainful hypocrisy, and pride both of heart and of demeanor, demanded a miracle for the confirmation of moral truths that must have borne witness to their own divinity in the consciences of all who had not rendered themselves conscience-proof. 3. The text strictly taken is irreconcileable with the fact as it is afterwards related, and as it is universally accepted. I at least remember no calculation of time, according to which the interspace from Friday evening to the earliest dawn of Sunday morning, could be represented as three days and *three nights*. As three *days* our Saviour, himself speaks of it (John ii. 19) and so it would be described in common language as well as according to the use of the Jews; but I can find no other part of Scripture which authorizes the phrase of *three nights*. This gloss is not found either in the repetition of the circumstance by Matthew himself (xvi. 4.) nor in Mark, (viii. 12.) nor in Luke, (xii. 54.) Mark's narration doth indeed most strikingly confirm my second reason, drawn from the purpose of our Saviour's argument: for the allusion to the prophet Jonas is omitted altogether; and the refusal therefore rests on the depravity of the applicants, as proved by the wantonness of the application itself. All signs must have been useless to such men as long as the great sign of the times, the call to repentance, remained without effect. 4. The gloss corresponds with the known fondness of the earlier jewish converts, and indeed of the christians in

general of the second century, to bring out in detail and into exact square every accommodation of the Old Testament, which they either found in the gospels, or made for themselves. It is too notorious into what strange fancies, (not always at safe distance from dangerous errors) the oldest uninspired writers of the christian church were seduced by this passion of transmuting without scriptural authority incidents, names and even mere sounds of the Hebrew Scriptures into evangelical types and correspondencies.

An *additional* reason may perhaps occur to those who alone would be qualified to appreciate its force: viz. to biblical scholars familiar with the opinions and arguments of sundry doctors, rabbinical as well as christian, respecting the first and second chapter of Jonah.

(c.)

Reason and Religion differ only as a two-fold application of the same power. But if we are obliged to distinguish, we must *ideally* separate. In this sense I affirm, that Reason is the knowlege of the laws of the WHOLE considered as ONE: and as such it is contradistinguished from the Understanding, which concerns itself exclusively with the quantities, qualities, and relations of *particulars* in time and space. The UNDERSTANDING, therefore, is the science of phænomena, and their subsumption under distinct kinds and sorts, (*genus* and *species*.) Its functions supply the rules and constitute the possibility of EXPERIENCE; but remain mere logical *forms*, except as far as *materials* are given by the senses or sensations. The REASON, on the other hand, is the science of the *universal*, having the ideas

of ONENESS and ALLNESS as its two elements or primary factors. In the language of the old schools,

Unity + Omnëity
=
Totality.

The Reason first manifests itself in man by the *tendency* to the comprehension of all as one. We can neither rest in an infinite that is not at the same time a whole, nor in a whole that is not infinite. Hence the natural Man is always in a state either of resistance or of captivity to the understanding and the fancy, which cannot represent totality without limit: and he either loses the ONE in the striving after the INFINITE, (i. e. Atheism with or without polytheism) or the INFINITE in the striving after the ONE, (i. e. anthropomorphic monotheism.)

The rational instinct, therefore, taken abstractedly and unbalanced, did *in itself*, ('ye shall be as gods! Gen. iii. 5.) and in its consequences, (the lusts of the flesh, the eye, and the understanding, as in verse the sixth,) form the original temptation, through which man fell: and in all ages has continued to originate the same, even from Adam, in whom we all fell, to the atheists who deified the human reason in the person of a harlot during the earlier period of the French revolution.

To this tendency, therefore, RELIGION, as the consideration of the Particular and Individual (in which respect it takes up and identifies with itself the excellence of the *Understanding*) but of the Individual, as it exists and has its being in the Universal (in which respect it is one with the pure *Reason*,)—to this tendency, I say,

RELIGION assigns the due limits, and is the echo of the 'voice of the *Lord* God walking in the garden.' Hence in all the ages and countries of civilization Religion has been the parent and fosterer of the Fine Arts, as of Poetry, Music, Painting, &c. the common essence of which consists in a similar union of the Universal and the Individual. In this union, moreover, is contained the true sense of the IDEAL. Under the old Law the altar, the curtains, the priestly vestments, and whatever else was to represent the BEAUTY OF HOLINESS, had an *ideal* character: and the Temple itself was a master-piece of Ideal Beauty.

There exists in the human being, at least in man fully developed, no mean symbol of Tri-unity, in Reason, Religion, and the Will. For each of the three, though a distinct agency, implies and demands the other two, and loses its own nature at the moment that from distinction it passes into division or separation. The perfect frame of a man is the perfect frame of a state: and in the light of this idea we must read Plato's REPUBLIC. For, if I judge rightly, this celebrated work is to 'The History of the Town of Man-soul,' what Plato was to John Bunyan.

The comprehension, impartiality, and far-sightedness of Reason, (the LEGISLATIVE of our nature) taken singly and exclusively, becomes mere visionariness in *intellect*, and indolence or hard-heartedness in *morals*. It is the science of cosmopolitism without country, of philanthropy without neighbourliness or consanguinity, in short, of all the impostures of that philosophy of the French revolution, which would sacrifice each to the shadowy idol of ALL. For Jacobinism is *monstrum hybridum*, made up in part of despotism, and in part of abstract reason misapplied to objects that belong

entirely to experience and the understanding. Its instincts and mode of action are in strict correspondence with its origin. In all places, Jacobinism betrays its mixt parentage and nature, by applying to the brute passions and physical force of the multitude (that is, to man as a mere animal,) in order to build up government and the frame of society on natural rights instead of social privileges, on the universals of abstract reason instead of positive institutions, the lights of specific experience, and the modifications of existing circumstances. RIGHT in its most proper sense is the creature of law and statute, and only in the technical language of the courts has it any substantial and independent sense. In morals, Right is a word without meaning except as the correlative of Duty.

From all this it follows, that Reason as the science of All as the Whole, must be interpenetrated by a Power, that represents the concentration of All in Each—a Power that acts by a contraction of universal truths into individual duties, as the only form in which those truths can attain life and reality. Now this is RELIGION, which is the EXECUTIVE of our nature, and on this account the name of highest dignity, and the symbol of sovereignty.

Yet this again—yet even Religion itself, if ever in its too exclusive devotion to the *specific* and *individual* it neglects to interpose the contemplation of the *universal*, changes its being into Superstition, and becoming more and more earthly and servile, as more and more estranged from the one in all, goes wandering at length with its pack of amulets, bead-rolls, periapts, fetisches, and the like pedlary, on pilgrimages to Loretto, Mecca, or the temple of Jaggernaut, arm in arm with sensuality on one side and self-torture

on the other, followed by a motly group of friars, pardoners, faquirs, gamesters, flagellants, mountebanks, and harlots.

But neither can reason or religion exist or co-exist as reason and religion, except as far as they are actuated by the WILL (the platonic Θυμὸς,) which is the sustaining, coercive and ministerial power, the functions of which in the individual correspond to the officers of war and police in the ideal Republic of Plato. In its state of immanence (or indwelling) in reason and religion, the WILL appears indifferently, as wisdom or as love: two names of the same power, the former more intelligential, the latter more spiritual, the former more frequent in the Old, the latter in the New Testament. But in its utmost abstraction and consequent state of reprobation, the Will becomes satanic pride and rebellious self-idolatry in the relations of the spirit to itself, and remorseless despotism relatively to others; the more hopeless as the more obdurate by its subjugation of sensual impulses, by its superiority to toil and pain and pleasure; in short, by the fearful resolve to find in itself alone the one absolute motive of action, under which all other motives from within and from without must be either subordinated or crushed.

This is the character which Milton has so philosophically as well as sublimely embodied in the Satan of his Paradise Lost. Alas! too often has it been embodied in *real* life! Too often has it given a dark and savage grandeur to the historic page! And wherever it has appeared, under whatever circumstances of time and country, the same ingredients have gone to its composition; and it has been identified by the same attributes. Hope in which there is no Cheerfulness; Stedfastness within and immovable Resolve, with out-

ward Restlessness and whirling Activity; Violence with Guile; Temerity with Cunning; and, as the result of all, Interminableness of Object with perfect Indifference of Means; these are the qualities that have constituted the COMMANDING GENIUS! these are the Marks, that have characterized the Masters of Mischief, the Liberticides, and mighty Hunters of Mankind, from NIMROD to NAPOLEON. And from inattention to the possibility of such a character as well as from ignorance of its elements, even men of honest intentions too frequently become fascinated. Nay, whole nations have been so far duped by this want of insight and reflection as to regard with palliative admiration, instead of wonder and abhorrence, the Molocks of human nature, who are indebted, for the far larger portion of their meteoric success, to their total want of principle, and who surpass the generality of their fellow creatures in one act of courage only, that of daring to say with their whole heart, 'Evil, be thou my good!'—All *system* so far is power; and a *systematic* criminal, self-consistent and entire in wickedness, who entrenches villainy within villainy, and barricadoes crime by crime, has removed a world of obstacles by the mere decision, that he will have no obstacles, but those of force and brute matter.

I have only to add a few sentences, in completion of this note, on the CONSCIENCE and on the UNDERSTANDING. The conscience is neither reason, religion, or will, but an *experience* (sui generis) of the coincidence of the human will with reason and religion. It might, perhaps, be called a *spiritual sensation*; but that there lurks a contradiction in the terms, and that it is often deceptive to give a common or generic name to that, which being unique, can have no fair analogy.

Strictly speaking, therefore, the conscience is neither a sensation or a sense; but a testifying state, best described in the words of our liturgy, as THE PEACE OF GOD THAT PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING.

Of this latter faculty considered in and of itself the peripatetic aphorism, nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu, is strictly true, as well as the legal maxim, de rebus non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio. The eye is not more inappropriate to sound, than the *mere* understanding to the modes and laws of spiritual existence. In this sense I have used the term; and in this sense I assert that "the understanding or experiential faculty, unirradiated by the reason and the spirit, has no appropriate object but the material world in relation to our worldly interests. The far-sighted prudence of man, and the more narrow but at the same time far less fallible cunning of the fox, are both no other than a nobler *substitute for salt, in order* that the hog may not putrefy before its destined hour!! FRIEND, p. 80.

It must not, however be overlooked, that this insulation of the understanding is our own act and deed. The man of healthful and undivided intellect uses his understanding in this state of abstraction only as a tool or organ: even as the arithmetician uses numbers, that is, as the means not the end of knowledge. Our Shakespear in agreement both with truth and the philosophy of his age names it "*discourse* of reason," as an instrumental faculty *belonging* to reason: and Milton opposes the discursive to the intuitive, as the lower to the higher,

"Differing but in degree, in *kind* the same!"

Of the *discursive* understanding, which forms for itself general notions and terms of classification for the purpose

of comparing and arranging phænomena, the Characteristic is Clearness without Depth. It contemplates the unity of things in their *limits* only, and is consequently a knowledge of superficies without substance. So much so indeed, that it entangles itself in contradictions in the very effort of comprehending the *idea* of substance. The completing power which unites clearness with depth, the plenitude of the sense with the comprehensibility of the understanding, is the IMAGINATION, impregnated with which the understanding itself becomes intuitive, and a living power. The REASON, (not the abstract reason, not the reason as the mere *organ* of science, or as the faculty of scientific principles and schemes a priori; but reason) as the integral *spirit* of the regenerated man, reason substantiated and vital, 'one only, yet manifold, overseeing all, and going through all understanding; the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence from the glory of the Almighty; which remaining in itself regenerateth all other powers, and in all ages entering into holy souls maketh them friends of God and prophets;' (Wisdom of Solomon, c. vii.) the REASON without being either the SENSE, the UNDERSTANDING or the IMAGINATION contains all three within itself, even as the mind contains its thoughts, and is present in and through them all; or as the expression pervades the different features of an intelligent countenance. Each individual must bear witness of it to his own mind, even as he describes life and light: and with the silence of light it describes itself, and dwells in *us* only as far as we dwell in *it*. It cannot in strict language be called a faculty, much less a personal property, of any human mind! He, with whom it is present, can as little appropriate it, whether, totally or by partition, as he can claim ownership in

the breathing air or make an inclosure in the cope of heaven.

The object of the preceding discourse was to recommend the Bible, as the end and center of our reading and meditation. I can truly affirm of myself, that my studies have been profitable and availing to me only so far, as I have endeavoured to use all my other knowledge as a glass enabling me to receive more light in a wider field of vision from the word of God. If you have accompanied me thus far, thoughtful reader! Let it not weary you if I digress for a few moments to another book, likewise a revelation of God—the great book of his servant Nature. That in its obvious sense and literal interpretation it declares the being and attributes of the Almighty Father, none but the *fool in heart* has ever dared gainsay. But it has been the music of gentle and pious minds in all ages, it is the *poetry* of all human nature, to read it likewise in a figurative sense, and to find therein correspondencies and symbols of the spiritual world.

I have at this moment before me, in the flowery meadow, on which my eye is now reposing, one of its most soothing chapters, in which there is no lamenting word, no one character of guilt or anguish. For never can I look and meditate on the vegetable creation without a feeling similar to that with which we gaze at a beautiful infant that has fed itself asleep at its mother's bosom, and smiles in its strange dream of obscure yet happy sensations. The same tender and genial pleasure takes possession of me, and this pleasure is checked and drawn inward by the like aching melancholy, by the same whispered remonstrance, and made restless by a similar impulse of aspiration. It seems as if the soul said to herself: from this state hast *thou* fallen! Such shouldst thou still become, thy Self all

permeable to a holier power! thy Self at-once hidden and glorified by its own transparency, as the accidental and dividuous in this quiet and harmonious-object is subjected to the life and light of nature which shines in it, even as the transmitted power, love and wisdom, of God over all fills, and shines through, nature! But what the plant *is*, by an act not its own and unconsciously—*that* must thou *make* thyself to *become*! must by prayer and by a watchful and unresisting spirit, *join* at least with the preventive and assisting grace to *make* thyself, in that light of conscience which inflameth not, and with that knowledge which puffeth not up.

But further, and with particular reference to that undivided Reason, neither merely speculative or merely practical, but both in one, which I have in this annotation endeavoured to contra-distinguish from the Understanding, I seem to myself to behold in the quiet objects, on which I am gazing, more than an arbitrary illustration, more than a mere *simile*, the work of my own Fancy! I feel an awe, as if there were before my eyes the same Power, as that of the REASON—the same Power in a lower dignity, and therefore a symbol established in the truth of things. I feel it alike, whether I contemplate a single tree or flower, or meditate on vegetation throughout the world, as one of the great organs of the life of nature. Lo!—with the rising sun it commences its outward life and enters into open communion with all the elements, at once assimilating them to itself and to each other. At the same moment it strikes its roots and unfolds its leaves, absorbs and respires, steams forth its cooling vapour and finer fragrance, and breathes a repairing spirit, at once the food and tone of the atmosphere, into the atmosphere that feeds *it*. Lo!—at the touch of light how it returns an

air akin to light, and yet with the same pulse effectuates its own secret growth, still contracting to fix what expanding it had refined. Lo!—how upholding the ceaseless plastic motion of the parts in the profoundest rest of the whole it becomes the visible organismus of the whole *silent* or *elementary* life of nature and, therefore, in incorporating the one extreme becomes the symbol of the other; the natural symbol of that higher life of reason, in which the whole series (known to us in our present state of being) is perfected, in which, therefore, all the subordinate gradations recur, and are re-ordained "*in more abundant honor.*" We had seen each in its own cast, and we now recognize them all as co-existing in the unity of a higher form, the Crown and Completion of the Earthly, and the Mediator of a new and heavenly series. Thus finally, the vegetable creation, in the simplicity and uniformity of its *internal* structure symbolizing the unity of nature, while it represents the omniformity of her delegated functions in its *external* variety and manifoldness, becomes the record and chronicle of her ministerial acts, and inchases the vast unfolded volume of the earth with the hieroglyphics of her history.

O!—if as the plant to the orient beam, we would but open out our minds to that holier light, which 'being compared with light is found before it, more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of stars,' (Wisdom of Solomon, vii. 29.) ungenial, alien, and adverse to our very nature would appear the boastful wisdom which, beginning in France, gradually tampered with the taste and literature of all the most civilized nations of christendom, seducing the understanding from its natural allegiance, and therewith from all its own lawful claims, titles, and privileges. It was placed as a ward of

honour in the courts of faith and reason; but it chose to dwell alone, and became an harlot by the way-side. The commercial spirit, and the ascendancy of the experimental philosophy which took place at the close of the fourteenth century, though both good and beneficial in their own kinds, combined to foster its corruption. Flattered and dazzled by the real or supposed discoveries, which it had made, the more the understanding was enriched, the more did it become debased; till science itself put on a selfish and sensual character, and *immediate utility*, in exclusive reference to the gratification of the wants and appetites of the animal, the vanities and caprices of the social, and the ambition of the political, man was imposed as the test of all intellectual powers and pursuits. *Worth* was degraded into a lazy synonyme of *value*; and value was exclusively attached to the interest of the senses. But though the growing alienation and self-sufficiency of the understanding was perceptible at an earlier period, yet it seems to have been about the middle of the last century, under the influence of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, say generally of the so-called Encyclopœdists, and alas!— of their crowned proselytes and disciples, Frederick, Joseph, and Catharine, that the Human Understanding, and this too in its narrowest form, was tempted to throw off all show of reverence to the spiritual and even to the moral powers and impulses of the soul; and usurping the name of reason openly joined the banners of Antichrist, at once the pander and the prostitute of sensuality, and whether in the cabinet, laboratory, the dissecting room, or the brothel, alike busy in the schemes of vice and irreligion. Well and truly might it, thus personified in our fancy, have been addressed in the words of the evangelical prophet, which I have once before quoted.

"Thou hast said, none is my overseer!—thy wisdom and thy knowlege, it hath perverted thee!—and thou hast said in thy heart, I am, and there is none besides me! (Isaiah, xlvii. 10.)

Prurient, bustling, and revolutionary, this French wisdom has never more than grazed the surfaces of knowledge. As political economy, in its zeal for the increase of food it habitually overlooked the qualities and even the sensations of those that were to feed on it. As ethical philosophy, it recognized no duties which it could not reduce into debtor and creditor accounts on the ledgers of self-love, where no coin was sterling which could not be rendered into *agreeable sensations*. And even in its height of self-complacency as chemical art, greatly am I deceived if it has not from the very beginning mistaken the products of destruction, cadavera rerum, for the elements of composition:—and most assuredly it has dearly purchased a few brilliant inventions at the loss of all communion with life and the spirit of nature. As the process, such the result! a heartless frivolity alternating with a sentimentality as heartless—an ignorant contempt of antiquity—a neglect of moral self-discipline—a deadening of the religious sense, even in the less reflecting forms of natural piety—a scornful reprobation of all consolations and secret refreshings from above—and as the caput mortuum of human nature evaporated, a French nature of rapacity, levity, ferocity, and presumption.

Man of understanding, canst thou command the stone to lie, canst thou bid the flower bloom, where thou hast placed it in thy classification?—Canst thou persuade the living or the inanimate to stand separate even as thou hast separated them?—And do not far rather all things spread out before thee in glad

confusion and heedless intermixture, even as a lightsome chaos on which the Spirit of God is moving?—Do not all press and swell under one attraction, and live together in promiscuous harmony, each joyous in its own kind, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Myriad others that in the system of thy understanding are distant as the Poles?—If to mint and to remember names delight thee, still arrange and classify and pore and pull to pieces, and peep into Death to look for Life, as monkies put their hands behind a looking-glass! Yet consider, in the first sabbath which thou imposest on the busy discursion of thought, that all this is, at *best* little more than a technical memory: that like can only be known by like: that as Truth is the correlative of Being, so is the act of Being the great organ of Truth: that in natural no less than in moral science, quantum sumus, scimus.

That, which we find in ourselves, is (gradu mutato) the substance and the life of *all* our knowledge. Without this latent presence of the 'I am,' all modes of existence in the external world would flit before us as colored shadows, with no greater depth, root, or fixture, than the image of a rock hath in a gliding stream or the rain-bow on a fast-sailing rain-storm. The human mind is the compass, in which the laws and actuations of all outward essences are revealed as the dips and declinations. (The application of Geometry to the forces and movements of the material world is both proof and instance.) The fact therefore, that the mind of man in its own primary and constituent forms represents the laws of nature, is a mystery which of itself should suffice to make us religious: for it is a problem of which God is the only solution, God, the one before all, and of all, and through all!—'True

natural philosophy is comprized in the study of the science and language of *symbols*. The power delegated to nature is all in every part: and by a symbol I mean, not a metaphor or allegory or any other figure of speech or form of fancy, but an actual and essential part of that, the whole of which it represents. Thus our Lord speaks symbolically when he says that 'the eye is the light of the body.' The genuine naturalist is a dramatic poet in his own line: and such as our myriad-minded Shakespear is, compared with the Racines and Metastasios, such and by a similar process of self-transformation would the man be, compared with the Doctors of the mechanic school, who should construct his physiology on the heaven-descended, Know Thyself.

Even 'the visions of the night' speak to us of powers within us that are not dreamt of in their day-dream of philosophy. The dreams, which we most often remember, are produced by the nascent sensations and inward motiunculæ (the fluxions) of the waking state. Hence, too they are more capable of being remembered, because passing more gradually into our waking thoughts they are more likely to associate with our first perceptions after sleep. Accordingly, when the nervous system is approaching to the waking state, a sort of under-consciousness blends with our dreams, that in all, we imagine as seen or heard, our own self is the ventriloquist, and moves the slides in the magic-lanthorn. We dream *about* things!

But there are few persons of tender feelings and reflecting habits, who have not, more or less often in the course of their lives, experienced dreams of a very different kind, and during the profoundest sleep that is compatible with after-recollection—States, of which it would be scarcely too bold to say that we

dream the things themselves; so exact, minute, and vivid beyond all power of ordinary memory is the portraiture, so marvellously perfect is our brief metempsychosis into the very *being*, as it were, of the person who seems to address us. If I may be allowed to quote from myself, (FRIEND, No. 8,) 'the dullest wight is at times a Shakespear in his dreams.' Not only may we expect, that men of strong religious feelings, but little religious knowledge, will occasionally be tempted to regard such occurrences as supernatural visitations; but it ought not to surprize us, if such dreams should sometimes be confirmed by the event, as though they had actually possessed a character of divination. For who shall decide, how far a perfect reminiscence of past experiences, (of many perhaps that had escaped our reflex consciousness at the time)—who shall determine, to what extent this reproductive imagination, unsophisticated by the will, and undistracted by intrusions from the senses, may or may not be concentered and sublimed into foresight and presentiment?—There would be nothing herein either to foster superstition on the one hand, or to justify contemptuous disbelief on the other. Incredulity is but Credulity seen from behind, bowing and nodding assent to the Habitual and the Fashionable.

To the touch (or feeling) belongs the proximate; to the eye, the distant. Now little as I might be disposed to believe, I should be still less inclined to ridicule, the conjecture that in the recesses of our nature, and undeveloped, there might exist an *inner* sense, (and therefore appertaining wholly to Time,)—a sense hitherto 'without a name,' which as an higher Third combined and potentially included both the former. Thus gravitation combines and includes the powers of attraction

and repulsion, which are the constituents of *matter*, as distinguished from *body*. And thus, not as a compound, but as a higher Third, it realizes matter (of itself ens fluxionale et præfluum) and constitutes it body. Now suppose, that this nameless inner sense stood to the relations of Time as the power of gravitation to those of Space? A priori, a presence to the Future is not more mysterious or transcendent, than a presence to the Distant: than a power equally immediate to the most remote objects, as it is to the central mass of its own body, toward which it seems, as it were, enchanting them: for instance, the gravity in the sun and moon to the spring tides of our ocean. The true reply to such an hypothesis would be, that as there is nothing to be said against its *possibility*, there is, likewise, nothing to be urged for its *reality;* and that the facts may be rationally explained without it.

It has been asked why knowing myself to be the object of personal slander, (slander as unprovoked as it is groundless, unless acts of kindness are provocation) I furnish this material for it, by pleading in palliation of so chimerical a fancy. With that half-playful sadness, which at once sighs and smiles, I answered: why not for that very reason?—Viz. in order that my calumniator might have, if not a material, yet some basis for the poison-gas of his invention to combine with?—But no,—pure falsehood is often for the time the most effective; for how can a man confute what he can only contradict?—Our opinions and principles cannot prove an *alibi*. Think only what your feelings would be if you heard a wretch deliberately perjure himself in support of an infamous accusation, so remote from all fact, so smooth and homogenous in its untruth, such a *round robin* of mere lies,

that you knew not which to begin with?—What could you do, but look round with horror and astonishment, pleading silently to human nature itself,—and perhaps (as hath really been the case with me) forget both the slanderer and his slander in the anguish inflicted by the passiveness of your many professed friends, whose characters you had ever been as eager to clear from the least stain of reproach as if a coal of fire had been on your own skin?—But enough of this which would not have occured to me at all, at this time, had it not been thus suggested.

The feeling, that in point of fact chiefly influenced me in the preceding half apology for the supposition of a divining power in the human mind, arose out of the conviction, that an age, or nation, may become free from certain prejudices, beliefs, and superstitious practices in *two* ways. It may have really risen above them; or it may have fallen below them, and become too bad for their continuance. "The rustic would have little reason to thank the philosopher, who should give him true conceptions of ghosts, omens, dreams, and presentiments at the price of abandoning his faith in Providence and in the continued existence of his fellow-creatures after their death. The teeth of the old serpent sowed by the Cadmuses of French literature under Lewis xv. produced a plenteous crop of such philosophers and truth-trumpeters in the reign of his ill-fated successor. They taught many *facts*, historical, political, physiological, and ecclesiastical, diffusing their notions so widely that the very ladies and hair-dressers of Paris became fluent encyclopœdists; and the sole price, which their scholars paid for these treasures of new light, was to believe christianity an imposture, the Scriptures a forgery, the

worship of God superstition, hell a fable, heaven a dream, our life without Providence, and our death without hope. What can be conceived more natural, than the result: that self-acknowledged beasts should first act, and next suffer themselves to be treated as beasts?" (FRIEND, p. 41.)

Thank heaven!—notwithstanding the attempts of Mr. Thomas Payne and his compeers, it is not so bad with us. Open infidelity has ceased to be a means even of gratifying vanity: for the leaders of the gang themselves turned apostates to Satan, as soon as the number of their Proselytes became so large, that Atheism ceased to give distinction. Nay, it became a mark of original thinking to defend the Belief and the Ten Commandments: so the *strong* minds veered round, and religion came again into fashion. But still I exceedingly doubt, whether the superanuation of sundry superstitious fancies be the result of any real diffusion of sound thinking in the nation at large. For instance, there is now no call for a Picus Mirandula to write seven books against Astrology. It might seem, indeed, that a single fact like that of the loss of Kemperfelt and his crew, or the explosion of the L'Orient, would prove to the common sense of the most ignorant, that even if Astrology could be true, the Astrologers must be false: for if such a science were possible it could be a science only for gods. Yet Erasmus, the prince of sound common sense, is known to have disapproved of his friend's hardihood, and did not himself venture beyond scepticism: and the immortal Newton, to whom more than to any other human being Europe owes the purification of its general notions concerning the heavenly bodies, studied Astrology with much earnestness and did not reject it till he had demonstrated the falsehood of all its pretended grounds and principles. The

exit of two or three superstitions is no more a proof of the entry of good sense, than the strangling of a Despot at Algiers or Constantinople is a symptom of freedom. If therefore not the mere disbelief, but the *grounds* of such disbelief, must decide the question of our superior illumination, I confess that I could not from my own observations on the books and conversation of the age vote for the affirmative without much hesitation. As many errors are despised by men from ignorance as from knowledge. Whether that be not the case with regard to *divination*, is a query that rises in my mind (notwithstanding my fullest conviction of the non-existence of such a power) as often as I read the names of the great statesmen and philosophers, which Cicero enumerates in the introductory paragraphs of his work de Divinatione.—Socrates, omnesque Socratici, plurimisque locis gravis Auctor Democritus, Cratippusque, familiaris noster, quem ego parem summis Peripateticis judico, &c. &c.—præsensionem rerum futurarum comprobârunt. Of all the theistic philosophers, Xenophanes was the only one who wholly rejected it. 'A Stoicis degenerat. Panætius, nec tamen ausus est negare, vim esse divinandi, sed dubitare se dixit." Nor was this a mere outward assent to the opinions of the state. Many of them subjected the question to the most exquisite arguments, and supported the affirmative not merely by experience, but (especially the Stoics, who of all sects most cultivated psychology) by a minute analysis of human nature and its faculties: while on the mind of Cicero himself (as on that of Plato with regard to a state of retribution after death) the universality of the faith in all times and countries appears to have made the deepest impression. 'Gentem quidem nullam video, neque tam humanam atque doctam, neque tam

immanem tamque barbaram, quæ non significari futura, et a quibusdam intelligi prædicique posse censeat.'

I fear, that the decrease in our feelings of reverence towards mankind at large, and our increasing aversion to every opinion not grounded in some appeal to the senses, have a larger share in this our emancipation from the prejudices of Socrates and Cicero, than reflection, insight, or a fair collation of the facts and arguments. For myself, I would far rather see the English people at large believe somewhat too much than merely just enough, if the latter is to be produced, or must be accompanied, by a contempt or neglect of the faith and intellect of their forefathers. For not to say what yet is most certain, that *a people* cannot believe *just enough*, and that there are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness, while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truth as yet below the horizon; it remains most worthy of our serious consideration, whether a fancied superiority to their ancestors' intellects must not be speedily followed in the popular mind by disrespect for their ancestors' institutions. Assuredly it is not easy to place any confidence in a form of church or state, of whose founders we have been taught to believe, that their philosophy was jargon, and their feelings and motions rank superstition. Yet are we never to grow wiser?—Are we to be credulous by birth-right, and take ghosts, omens, visions, and witchcraft, as an heir-loom?—God forbid!—A distinction must be made, and such a one as shall be equally availing and profitable to men of all ranks. Is this practicable?—Yes!—it exists. It is found in the study of the Old and New Testament, if only it be combined with a spiritual partaking of the Redeemer's

Blood, of which, mysterious as the symbol may be, the sacramental Wine is no mere or arbitrary, memento. This is the only certain, and this is the universal preventive of all debasing superstitions; this is the true HÆMONY, (αιμα, blood: οινος, wine) which our Milton has beautifully allegorized in a passage strangely overlooked by all his commentators. Bear in mind, Reader! the character of a militant christian, and the results (in this life and in the next) of the Redemption by the Blood of Christ; and *so* peruse the passage!

> Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
> But of divine effect, he culled me out:
> The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
> But in another country, as he said,
> Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil!
> Unknown and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
> Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
> And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
> That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.
> He called it HÆMONY and gave it me,
> And bad me keep it as of sovr'an use
> 'Gainst all inchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
> Or ghastly furies' apparition. MILTON'S COMUS.

These lines might be employed as an amulet against delusions: for the man, who is indeed a Christian, will as *little* think of informing himself concerning the future by dreams or presentiments, as of looking for a distant object at broad noon-day with a lighted taper in his hand.

But whatever of good and intellectual Nature worketh *in* us, it is our appointed task to render gradually our own work. For all things that surround us, and all things that happen unto us, have (each doubtless its own providential purpose, but) all one common final

cause: namely, the increase of Consciousness, in such wise, that whatever part of the terra incognita of our nature the increased consciousness discovers, our will may conquer and bring into subjection to itself under the sovereignty of reason.

The leading differences between mechanic and vital philosophy may all be drawn from one point: namely, that the former, demanding for every mode and act of existence real or possible *visibility*, knows only of distance and nearness, composition (or rather juxtaposition) and decomposition, in short the relations of unproductive particles to each other; so that in every instance the result is the exact sum of the component quantities, as in arithmetical addition. This is the philosophy of death, and only of a dead nature can it hold good. In life, much more in spirit, and in a living and spiritual philosophy, the two component counter-powers actually interpenetrate each other, and generate a higher third, including both the former, ita tamen ut sit alia et major.

To apply this to the subject of this present Essay. The elements (the factors, as it were) of Religion are Reason and Understanding. If the composition stopped in itself, an understanding thus rationalized would lead to the admission of the *general* doctrines of natural religion, the belief of a God, and of immortality; and probably to an acquiescence in the history and ethics of the Gospel. But still it would be a speculative faith, and in the nature of a THEORY; as if the main object of religion were to solve difficulties for the satisfaction of the intellect. Now this state of mind, which alas is the state of too many among our self-entitled *rational* religionists, is a mere balance or compromise of the two powers, not that living and generative interpenetration of both which would give being to *essential*

Religion—to the RELIGION, at the birth of which "we receive the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father; the Spirit itself bearing witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." (Rom. viii. 15, 16.) In RELIGION there is no abstractions. To the unity and infinity of the Divine Nature, of which it is the partaker, it adds the fullness, and to the fullness the grace and the creative overflowing. That which intuitively it at once beholds and adores, praying always, and rejoicing always—*that* doth it tend to become. In all things and in each thing—for the Almighty Goodness doth not create generalities or abide in abstractions—in each, the meanest, object it bears witness to a mystery of infinite solution. Thus 'beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, it is changed into the same image from glory to glory.' (2 Cor. iii. 18.) For as it is born and not made, so must it *grow*. As it is the image or symbol of its great object, by the organ of this similitude, as by an eye, it seeth that same image throughout the creation; and from the same cause sympathizeth with all creation in its groans to be redeemed. 'For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in earnest expectation' (Romans viii. 20—23) of a renewal of its forfeited power, the power, namely, of retiring into that image, which is its substantial form and true life, from the vanity of Self, which then only *is* when *for itself* it hath ceased to be. Even so doth Religion finitely express the *unity* of the infinite Spirit by being a total act of the soul. And even so doth it represent his *fullness* by its depth, by its substantiality, and by an all-pervading vital warmth which—relaxing the rigid consolidating the dissolute, and giving cohesion to that which is about to sink down and fall abroad, as into the dust and *crumble* of the Grave—is a life within life, evermore organizing the soul anew.

Nor doth it express the *fullness* only of the Spirit. It likewise represents his *Overflowing* by its communicativeness, budding and blossoming forth in all earnestness of persuasion, and in all words of sound doctrine: while, like the Citron in a genial soil and climate, it bears a golden fruitage of good-worksat the same time, the example waxing in contact with the exhortation, as the ripe orange beside the opening orange-flower. Yea, even his Creativeness doth it shadow out by its own powers of impregnation and production, ('being such a one as Paul the aged, and also a prisoner for Jesus Christ, who begat to a lively hope his son Onesimus in his bonds') regenerating in and through the Spirit the slaves of corruption, and fugitives from a far greater master than Philemon. The love of God, and therefore God himself who is Love, RELIGION strives to express *by* Love, and measures its growth by the increase and activity of its Love. For Christian Love is the last and divinest birth, the harmony, unity, and god-like transfiguration of all the vital, intellectual, moral, and spiritual powers. Now it manifests itself as the sparkling and ebullient spring of well-doing in gifts and in labors; and now as a silent fountain of patience and long-suffering, the fullness of which no hatred or persecution can exhaust or diminish; a more than conqueror in the persuasion, 'that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate it from the Love of God which is in Christ Jesus the Lord.' (Rom. viii. 38, 39.)

From God's Love through his Son, crucified for us from the beginning of the world, Religion begins: and in Love towards God and the creatures of God it hath

its end and completion. O how heaven-like it is to sit among brethren at the feet of a minister who speaks under the influence of Love and is heard under the same influence! For all abiding and spiritual knowledge, infused into a grateful and affectionate fellow-christian, is as the child of the mind that infuses it. The delight which he gives he receives; and in that bright and liberal hour the gladdened preacher can scarce gather the ripe produce of to-day without discovering and looking forward to the green fruits and embryons, the heritage and reversionary wealth of the days to come; till he bursts forth in prayer and thanksgiving—The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers few. O gracious Lord of the harvest, send forth labourers into thy harvest! There is no difference between the Jew and the Greek. Thou, Lord over all, art rich to all that call upon thee. But how shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent? And O! how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth glad tidings of good things, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto the captive soul, Thy God reigneth! God manifested in the flesh hath redeemed thee! O Lord of the harvest, send forth labourers into thy harvest!!

Join with me, Reader! in the fervent prayer, that we may seek within us, what we can never find elsewhere, that we may find within us what no words can put there, that one only true religion, which elevateth Knowing into Being, which is at once the Science of Being, the Being and the Life of all genuine Science.

(D.)

In all ages of the Christian church, and in the later period of the Jewish (that is, as soon as from their acquaintance first with the Oriental and afterwards with the Greek philosophy the precursory and preparative influences of the Gospel began to work) there have existed individuals (Laodiceans in spirit, Minims in faith, and nominalists in philosophy) who mistake outlines for substance, and distinct images for clear conceptions; with whom therefore not to be a *thing* is the same as *not to be at all.* The contempt, in which such persons hold the works and doctrines of all theologians before Grotius, and of all philosophers before Locke and Hartley (at least before Bacon and Hobbes) is not accidental, nor yet altogether owing to that epidemic of a proud ignorance occasioned by a diffused sciolism, which gave a sickly and hectic shewiness to the latter half of the last century. It is a real instinct of self-defence acting offensively by anticipation. For the authority of all the greatest names of antiquity is full and decisive against them; and man, by the very nature of his birth and growth, is so much the creature of authority, that there was no way of effectually resisting it, but by undermining the reverence for the past in toto. Thus, the Jewish Prophets *have*, forsooth, a certain degree of *antiquarian* value, as being the only specimens extant of the oracles of a barbarous tribe; the *Evangelists* are to be interpreted with a due *allowance* for their superstitious prejudices concerning evil spirits, and St. Paul never suffers them to forget that he had been brought up at the feet of a *Jewish* Rabbi! The Greeks indeed were *a fine* people in works of taste; but as to their philosophers! the writings of Plato are smoke and flash from the witch's

cauldron of a disturbed imagination!—Aristotle's works a quickset hedge of fruitless and thorny distinctions! and all the Philosophers before Plato and Aristotle fablers and allegorizers!

But these men have had their day: and there are signs of the times clearly announcing that that day is verging to its close. Even now there are not a few, on whose convictions it will not be uninfluencive to know, that the power, by which men are led to the truth of things, instead of the appearances, was deemed and entitled the living and substantial Word of God by the soundest of the Hebrew Doctors; that the eldest and most profound of the Greek philosophers demanded assent to their doctrine, mainly as σοφια θεοπαραδότος, i. e. a traditionary wisdom that had its origin in inspiration; that these men referred the same power to the πῦρ ἀείζωον ὑπο διοικοῦντος ΛΟΓΟΥ; and that they were scarcely less express than their scholar Philo Judæus, in their affirmations of the Logos, as no mere attribute or quality, no mode of abstraction, no personification, but literally and mysteriously Deus alter et idem.

When education has disciplined the minds of our gentry for austerer study; when educated men will be ashamed to look abroad for truths that can be only found within; within themselves they will discover, *intuitively* will they discover, the distinctions between "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" and the understanding, which forms the *peculium* of each man, as different in extent and value from another man's understanding, as his estate may be from his neighbour's estate. The words of St. John, from the 7th to the 12th verse of his first chapter, are in their whole extent interpretable of the Understanding, which derives its rank and mode of being in

the human race (that is, as far as it may be contrasted with the instinct of the dog or elephant, in all, which constitutes it *human* understanding) from the universal Light. This Light therefore comes as to its own. Being rejected, it leaves the understanding to a world of dreams and darkness: for in it alone is life and the LIFE IS THE LIGHT OF MEN. What then but *apparitions* can remain to a Philosophy, which strikes death through all things visible and invisible; satisfies itself then only when it can explain those abstractions of the outward senses, which by an unconscious irony it names indifferently facts and phænomena, *mechanically*—that is, by the laws of Death; and brands with the name of Mysticism every solution grounded in Life, or the powers and intuitions of Life?

On the other hand, if the light be received by faith, to such understandings it delegates the privilege to become Sons of God (ἐξουσίαν), expanding while it elevates, even as the beams of the sun incorporate with the mist, and make its natural darkness and earthly nature the bearer and interpreter of their own glory. Ἐὰν μὴ πιστεύσητε, οὐ μὴ συνῆτε.

The very same truth is found in a fragment of the Ephesian Heraclitus, preserved by Stobæus, and in somewhat different words by Diogenes Laertius. Ξὺν νοῳ λέγοντας ἰσχυρίζεσθαι χρὴ σῷ ξυνῷ πάντων· τρέφονται γὰρ πάντες οἱ ανθρώπινοι νόοι ὑπὸ ἑνὸς τοῦ θείου (Λόγου·) κρατεῖ γὰρ τοσοῦτον ὁκόσον ἐθέλει, καὶ ἐξαρκεῖ πᾶσι καὶ περιγινεται· TRANSLATION:—To discourse rationally (=if we would render the discursive understanding "*discourse of reason*") it behoves us to derive strength from that which is common to all men: (= the light that lighteth every man.) For all human understandings are nourished by the one Divine Word, whose

power is commensurate with his will, and is sufficient for all and overfloweth (= shineth in darkness, and is not contained therein, or comprehended by the darkness.)

This was Heraclitus, whose book is nearly six hundred years older than the Gospel of St. John, and who was proverbially entitled the Dark (ὁ σκοτεινὸς). But it was a darkness which Socrates would not condemn, and which would probably appear to enlightened Christians the darkness of prophecy, had the work, which he hid in the temple, been preserved to us. But obscurity is a word of many meanings. It may be in the subject; it may be in the author; or it may be in the reader;—and this again may originate in the state of the reader's heart; or in that of his capacity; or in his temper; or in his accidental associations. Two kinds are especially pointed out by the divine Plato in his Sophistes. The *Beauty* of the Original is beyond my reach. On my anxiety to give the fulness of the Thought, I must ground my excuse for *construing* rather than translating. The fidelity of the Version may well atone for its harshness in a passage that deserves a meditation beyond the ministry of words, even the words of Plato himself, though in them, or no where, are to be heard the sweet sounds, that issued from the Head of Memnon at the Touch of Light.—"One thing is the *Hardness-to-be-understood* of the Sophist, another that of the Philosopher. The former retreating into the obscurity *of that which hath not true Being*, (τοῦ μὴ ὄντος) and by long intercourse accustomed to the same, is hard to be known on account of the duskiness of the place. But the philosopher by contemplation of pure reason evermore approximating to the idea of true Being (του ὄντος) is by no means easy to be seen on account of the splendor of that region. For

the intellectual eyes of the Many flit, and are incapable of looking fixedly toward the God-like."

There are, I am aware, persons who willingly admit, that not in articles of Faith alone, but in the heights of Geometry, and even in the necessary first principles of Natural Philosophy, there exist truths of apodictic force in *Reason*, which the mere Understanding strives in vain to comprehend. Take, as an instance, the ascending series of Infinites in every Finite, a position which involves a contradiction for the Understanding, yet follows demonstrably from the very definition of Body, as that which fills a space. For wherever there is a space filled, there must be an extension to be divided. When therefore Maxims generalized from *Appearances* (Phænomena) are applied to Substances; when Rules, abstracted or deduced from the Forms in Time and Space, are used as measures of Spiritual Being, yea even of the Divine Nature which cannot be compared or classed; ("For my thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are my ways your ways, saith the Lord." Isaiah lv. 8.) such Professors cannot but protest against the whole Process, as grounded on a gross Metathesis εἰς ἄλλο γενος. Yet still they are disposed to tolerate it as a sort of sanative counter-excitement, that holds in check the more dangerous disease of Methodism. But I more than doubt of both the positions. I do not think Methodism, Calvinistic or Wesleian, the more dangerous disease; and even if it were, I should deny that it is at all likely to be counteracted by the *rational* Christianity of our modern Alogi (λόγος πιστέως αλογος!) who, mistaking Unity for Sameness, have been pleased by a misnomer not less contradictory to their own tenets than intolerant to those of Christians in general, to entitle themselves

UNITARIANS. The two contagions attack each a wholly different class of minds and tempers, and each tends to produce and justify the other, according as the predisposition of the patient may chance to be. If Fanaticism be as a fire in the flooring of the church, the Idolism of the unspiritualized Understanding is the dry rot in its beams and timbers. Υβριν χρὴ σβεννύειν μᾶλλον ἢ πυρκαΐην: says Heraclitus. It is not the *sect* of Unitarian Dissenters, but the *spirit* of Unitarianism in the members of the Established Church that alarms *me*. To what open revilings, and to what whispered slanders, I subject my name, by this public avowal, I well know: ἀπίσους γαρ τινὰς εἶναι ἐπιςύφων Ἡράκλειτος, φησιν, ἀκοῦσαι ὀνκ ἐπισαμένους ὀυδ' εἰπεῖν· ἄλλα καὶ, κύνες ὡς, βαΰζουσιν ὀν ἄν μὴ γινώσκωσι.

(E.)

The term, Idea, is an instance in point; and I hazard this assertion, together with the preceding sentences, in the full consciousness, that they must be unintelligible to those who have yet to learn, that an *Idea* is equi-distant in its signification from Sensation, Image, Fact, and Notion: that it is the antithesis not the synonyme of ειδωλον. The magnificent son of Cosmo was wont to discourse with Ficino, Politian, and the princely Mirandula on the *Ideas* of Will, God, and Immortality. The accomplished author of the Arcadia, the star of serenest brilliance in the glorious constellation of Elizabeth's court, our England's Sir Philip Sydney! He the paramount gentleman of Europe, the poet, warrior, and statesman, held high converse with Spencer on the *Idea* of Supersensual beauty; on all "earthly fair and amiable," as the *Symbol* of that Idea; and on Music and Poesy as its living *Educts!* With the same

genial reverence did the younger Algernon commune with Harrington and Milton on the *Idea* of a perfect state; and in what sense it is true, that the men (i. e. the aggregate of the inhabitants of a country at any one time) are made for the state, not the state for the men. But these lights shine no longer, or for a few. Exeunt: and enter in their stead Holofernes and Costard! masked as Metaphysics and Common-sense. And these too have *their* Ideas! The former has an *Idea*, that Hume, Hartley, and Condillac have exploded all *Ideas*, but those of sensation; he has an Idea that he was particularly pleased with the fine *idea* of the last-named Philosopher, that there is no absurdity in asking, *What color Virtue is of?* inasmuch as the proper philosophic answer would be black, blue, or bottle-green, according as the coat, waistcoat and small-clothes might chance to be of the person, the series of whose motions had excited the sensations, which formed our *idea* of virtue. The latter has no idea of a better-flavored haunch of venison than he dined off at the Albion, he admits that the French have an excellent *Idea* of cooking in general, but holds that their best cooks have no more *Idea* of dressing a turtle than the gourmands themselves, at Paris, have of the true *taste* and *color* of the fat!

It is not impossible that a portion of the high value attached of late years to the Dates and Margins of our old Folios and Quartos, may be transferred to their Contents. Even now there exists a shrewd suspicion in the minds of reading men, that not only Plato and Aristotle, but even Scotus Erigena, and the schoolmen from Peter Lombard to Duns Scotus, are not such mere blockheads, as they pass for with those who have never perused a line of their writings. What the

results may be, should this ripen into conviction, I can but guess. But all History seems to favor the persuasion, I entertain, that in every age the speculative Philosophy in general acceptance, the metaphysical opinions that happen to be predominant, will influence the *Theology* of that age. Whatever is proposed for the Belief, as true, must have been previously admitted by Reason as possible, as involving no contradiction to the universal forms (or laws) of Thought, no incompatibility in the terms of the proposition; and the determination on this head belongs exclusively to the science of Metaphysics. In each article of Faith embraced on conviction, the mind determines, first *intuitively* on its logical possibility; secondly, *discursively*, on its analogy to doctrines already believed, as well as on its correspondencies to the wants and faculties of our nature; and thirdly, *historically*, on the direct and indirect evidences. But the probability of an event is a part of its historic evidence, and constitutes its presumptive proof, or the evidence *a priori*. Now as the evidence a posteriori, requisite in order to a satisfactory proof of the actual occurrence of any Fact stands, in an inverse ratio to the strength or weakness of the evidence a priori (that is, a fact probable in itself may be believed on slight testimony) it is manifest that of the three Factors, by which the mind is determined to the admission or rejection of the point in question, the last must be greatly influenced by the second, and that both depend on the first, not indeed as their cause or preconstituent, but as their indispensable condition; so that the very inquiry concerning them is preposterous (=σόφισμα τοῦ Ὑστέρου Πρότερου) as long as the first remains undetermined. Again: the history of human opinions (ecclesiastical and philosophical history)

confirms by manifold instances, what attentive consideration of the position itself might have authorized us to presume, namely, that on all such subjects as are out of the sphere of the senses, and therefore incapable of a direct proof from outward experience, the question whether any given position is logically impossible (incompatible with Reason) or only incomprehensible (i. e. not reducible to the forms of Sense, namely, Time and Space, or those of the Understanding, namely Quantity, Quality, and Relation—) in other words, the question, whether an assertion be in itself inconceivable, or only by us unimaginable, will be decided by each individual according to the positions assumed as first principles in the metaphysical system which he had previously adopted. Thus the existence of a Supreme Reason, the Creator of the material Universe, involved a contradiction for a disciple of Epicurus, who had convinced himself that causative thought was tantamount to something out of nothing or substance out of shadow, and incompatible with the axiom Nihil ex nihilo: While on the contrary, to a Platonist the position is necessarily pre-supposed in every other truth, as that without which every fact of experience would involve a contradiction in Reason. Now it is not denied that the Framers of our Church Liturgy, Homilies and Articles, entertained metaphysical opinions irreconcileable in their first principles with the system of speculative philosophy which has been taught in this country, and only not universally received, since the asserted and generally believed defeat of the Bishop of Worcester (the excellent Stillingfleet) in his famous controversy with Mr. Locke. Assuredly therefore it is well worth the consideration of our Established Clergy whether it is at all pro-

bable in itself, or congruous with experience, that the disputed Articles of our Church *de revelatis et credendis* should be adopted with singleness of heart, and in the light of knowlege, when the grounds and *first philosophy*, on which the Framers themselves rested the antecedent credibility (may we not add even the *revelability?*) of the Articles in question, have been exchanged for principles the most dissimilar, if not contrary? It may be said and truly, that the Scriptures, and not metaphysical systems, are our best and ultimate authority. And doubtless, on Revelation must we rely for the *truth* of the Doctrines. Yet what is held incapable of being conceived as possible, will be deemed incapable of having been revealed as real: and that philosophy has hitherto had a negative voice, as to the *interpretation* of the Scriptures in high and doctrinal points, is proved by the course of argument adopted in the controversial volumes of all the orthodox Divines from Origen to Bishop Bull, as well as by the very different sense attached to the same texts by the disciples of the modern *Metaphysique*, wherever they have been at liberty to form their own creeds according to their own expositions.

I repeat the question then: is it likely, that the faith of our ancestors will be retained when their philosophy is rejected? rejected a priori, as baseless notions not worth inquiring into, as obsolete errors which it would be "*slaying the slain*" to confute? Should the answer be in the negative, it would be no strained inference that the Clergy at least, as the Conservators of the national Faith, and the accredited Representatives of Learning in general amongst us, might with great advantage to their own peace of mind qualify themselves to judge for themselves concerning the comparative

worth and solidity of the two schemes. Let them make the experiment, whether a patient re-hearing of their predecessors' cause, with enough of predeliction for the men, to counterpoise the prejudices against their system, might not induce them to move for a new trial—a result of no mean importance in my opinion, were it on this account alone, that it would recall certain ex-dignitaries in the *Book-republic* from their long exile on the shelves of our public libraries to their old familiar station on the reading desks of our theological students. However strong the presumption were in favor of principles authorized by names that must needs be so dear and venerable to a Minister of the Church of England, as those of HOOKER, WHITAKER, FIELD, DONNE, SELDEN, STILLINGFLEET, (masculine intellects, formed under the robust discipline of an age memorable for keenness of research, and iron industry!) yet no undue preponderance from any previous weight in this scale will be apprehended by minds capable of estimating the counter-weights, which it must first bring to a balance in the scale opposite! The obstinacy of opinions that have always been taken for granted! opinions unassailable even by the *remembrance* of a doubt! the silent accrescence of belief from the unwatched depositions of a general, never-contradicted, hearsay! the concurring suffrage of modern books, all pre-supposing or re-asserting the same principles with the same confidence, and with the same contempt for all prior systems!—and among these, Works of highest authority, appealed to in our Legislatures, and lectured on at our Universities; the very books, perhaps, that called forth our own first efforts in thinking! the solutions and confutations in which must therefore have appeared tenfold more satisfactory from their having given us our first information of the difficulties to be

solved, of the opinions to be confuted!—Verily, a Clergyman's partiality towards the tenets of his forefathers must be intense beyond all precedent, if it can more than sustain itself against antagonists so strong in themselves, and with such mighty adjuncts!

Nor in this enumeration dare I (though fully aware of the obloquy to which I am exposing myself) omit the noticeable fact, that we have attached a portion even of our national glory (not only to the system itself, that system of disguised and decorous *epicureanism*, which has been the only orthodox philosophy of the last hundred years; but also, and more emphatically) to the name of the assumed father of the system, who raised it to its present "pride of place," and almost universal acceptance throughout Europe. And how was this effected? *Extrinsically*, by all the causes, consequences, and accompaniments of the Revolution in 1688: by all the opinions, interests, and passions, which *counteracted* by the sturdy prejudices of the mal-contents with the Revolution; *qualified* by the compromising character of its chief conductors; not more propelled by the spirit of enterprize and hazard in our commercial towns, than held in check by the characteristic VIS INERTIÆ of the peasantry and landholders; both parties cooled and lessoned by the equal failure of the destruction, and of the restoration, of monarchy; it was effected extrinsically, I say, by the same influences, which, (*not* in and of themselves, but *with* all these and sundry other modifications) combined under an especial controul of Providence to perfect and secure the majestic Temple of the British Constitution!—But the very same which in France, *without* this providential counterpoise, overthrew the motly fabric of feudal oppression to build up

in its stead the madhouse of jacobinism! *Intrinsically*, and as far as the philosophic scheme itself is alone concerned, it was effected by the mixed policy and bon hommie, with which the author contrived to retain in his celebrated work whatever the system possesses of soothing for the indolence, and of flattering for the vanity, of men's average *understandings*: while he kept out of sight all its darker features, that outraged the instinctive faith and moral feelings of mankind, ingeniously threading-on the dried and shrivelled, yet still wholesome and nutritious fruits, plucked from the rich grafts of ancient wisdom, to the barren and worse than barren fig tree of the mechanic philosophy. Thus, the *sensible* Christians "the angels of the church of Laodicea" with the numerous and mighty Sect of their admirers, delighted with the discovery that they could purchase the decencies and the *creditableness* of religion at so small an expenditure of faith, extolled the work for its pious *conclusions*: while the Infidels, wiser in their generation than the children (at least than these *nominal* children) of light, eulogized it with no less zeal for the sake of its principles and assumptions, and with the foresight of those obvious and only *legitimate* conclusions, that might and would be deduced from them. Great at all times and almost incalculable are the influences of party spirit in exaggerating contemporary reputation; but never perhaps "from the first syllable of recorded time" were they exerted under such a concurrence and conjunction of fortunate accidents, of helping and furthering events and circumstances, as in the instance of MR. LOCKE.

I am most fully persuaded, that the principles both of taste, morals, and religion taught in our most popular compendia of moral and political philosophy,

natural theology, evidences of Christianity, &c. are false, injurious, and debasing. But I am likewise not less deeply convinced, that all the well-meant attacks on the writings of modern infidels and heretics, in support either of the miracles or of the mysteries of the Christian religion, can be of no permanent utility, while the authors themselves join in the vulgar appeal to common sense as the one infallible judge in matters, which become subjects of philosophy only, because they involve a contradiction between this common sense and our *moral* instincts, and require therefore an arbiter, which containing both *(eminenter)* must be higher than either. We but mow down the rank misgrowth instead of cleansing the soil, as long as we ourselves protect and manure, as the pride of our garden, a tree of false knowledge, which looks fair and shewy and variegated with fruits not its own, that hang from the branches which have at various times been ingrafted on its stem; but from the roots of which under ground the runners are sent off, that shoot up at a distance and bring forth the true and natural crop.—I will speak plainly, though in so doing I must bid defiance to all the flatterers of the folly and foolish self-opinion of the half-instructed many. The articles of our Church, and the true principles of government and social order, will never be effectually and consistently maintained against their antagonists till the champions have themselves ceased to worship the same Baal with their enemies, till they have cast out the common Idol from the recesses of their own convictions, and with it the whole service and ceremonial of IDOLISM. While all parties agree in their abjuration of Plato and Aristotle, and in their contemptuous neglect of the schoolmen and the scholastic logic, without

which the excellent Selden (that genuine *English* Mind whose erudition, broad, deep, and manifold as it was, is yet less remarkable than his robust healthful common sense) affirms it (see his Table Talk) impossible for a Divine thoroughly to comprehend or reputably to defend the whole undiminished and unadulterated scheme of Catholick faith: while all alike pre-assume, with Mr. Locke, that the *Mind* contains only the reliques of the *Senses*, and therefore proceed with him to explain the substance from the shadow, the voice from the echo: they can but detect, each the others inconsistencies. The champion of orthodoxy will victoriously expose the bald and staring incongruity of the Socinian scheme with the language of Scripture, and with the final causes of all revealed religion:—the Socinian will retort on the orthodox the incongruity of a belief in *mysteries* with his own admissions concerning the origin, and nature of all tenable ideas, and as triumphantly expose the pretences of *believing* in a form of words, to which the believer himself admits that he can attach no consistent meaning. Lastly, the godless materialist, as the only consistent because the only consequent reasoner, will secretly laugh at both.—If these sentiments *should* be just, the consequences are so important, that every well-educated man, who has given proofs that he has at least patiently studied the subject, deserves a patient hearing. Had I not the authority of the greatest and noblest intellects for at least two thousand years on my side, yet from the vital interest of the opinions themselves, and their natural, unconstrained, and (as it were) spontaneous coalescence with the faith of the Catholick church, (they being, moreover, the opinions of its most eminent fathers) I might appeal to all orthodox Christians, whether they

adhere to the faith only or both to the faith and forms of the established Church, in the words of my motto: Ad isthæc quæso vos, qualiacunque primo videantur aspectu, adtendite ut qui vobis forsan insanire videar, saltem quibus insaniam rationibus cognoscatis.

There are still a few, however, young men of loftiest minds, and the very stuff out of which the sword and shield of truth and honor are to be made, who will not withdraw all confidence from the writer, although

> 'Tis true, that passionate for ancient Truths
> And honoring with religious love the Great
> Of elder times, he hated to excess,
> With an unquiet and intolerant Scorn,
> The hollow Puppets of an hollow Age
> Ever idolatrous, and changing ever
> Its worthless Idols!

a few there are, who will still less be indisposed to follow him in his milder mood, whenever their FRIEND,

> Piercing the long-neglected holy Cave,
> The haunt obscure of OLD PHILOSOPHY,
> Shall bid with lifted Torch its starry walls
> Sparkle, as erst they sparkled to the flame
> Of odrous lamps tended by saint and sage!

I have, hinted, above, at the necessity of a Glossary, and I will conclude these supplementary remarks with a nomenclature of the principal terms that occur in the *elements* of speculative philosophy, in their old and rightful sense, according to my belief; at all events the sense in which I have myself employed them.—The most general term (genus summum) belonging

to the speculative intellect, as *distinguished* from acts of the will, is REPRESENTATION, or (still better) PRESENTATION.

A conscious Presentation, if it refers exclusively to the *Subject*, as a modification of his own state of Being, is = SENSATION.

The same if it refers to an OBJECT, is = PERCEPTION.

A PERCEPTION, immediate and individual is = an INTUITION.

The same, mediate, and by means of a character or mark common to several things, is = a CONCEPTION.

A CONCEPTION, extrinsic and sensuous, is = a FACT, or a COGNITION.

The same, purely mental and abstracted from the forms of the Understanding itself = a NOTION.

A Notion may be realized, and becomes Cognition; but that which is neither a Sensation or a Perception, that which is neither individual (i. e. a sensible Intuition) nor general (i. e. a conception) which neither refers to outward Facts nor yet is abstracted from the FORMS of perception contained in the Understanding; but which is an educt of the Imagination actuated by the pure Reason, to which there neither is or can be an adequate correspondent in the world of the senses—this and this alone is = AN IDEA. Whether Ideas are regulative only, according to Aristotle and Kant; or likewise CONSTITUTIVE, and one with the power and Life of Nature, according to Plato, and Plotinus (εν λόγῳ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ανθρώπων) is the highest *problem* of Philosophy, and not part of its nomenclature.

FINIS.

00027217

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 21 October, 2015